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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXII.

LADY CONSTANTINE flung down the old-fashioned lace-work, whose beauties she had been pointing out to Swithin, and exclaimed, "Who can it be? Not Louis, surely?"

They listened. An arrival was such a phenomenon at this unfrequented mansion, and particularly a late arrival, that no servant was on the alert to respond to the call; and the visitor rang again, more loudly than before. Sounds of the tardy opening and shutting of a passage door from the kitchen quarter then reached their ears, and Viviette went into the corridor to hearken more attentively. In a few minutes she returned to the dressing-room, in which she had left Swithin.

"Yes; it is my brother," she said, with difficult composure. "I just caught his voice. He has no doubt come back from Paris to stay. This is a rather vexatious, indolent way he has, never to write to prepare me."

"I can easily go away," said Swithin.

By this time, however, her brother had been shown into the house, and the footsteps of the page were audible, coming in search of Lady Constantine.

"If you will wait there a moment," she said, directing St. Cleeve into her bedroom, which adjoined. "You will

be quite safe from interruption, and I will quickly come back." Taking the light, she left him.

Swithin waited in darkness. Not more than ten minutes had passed when a whisper in her voice came through the keyhole. He opened the door.

"Yes; he is come to stay!" she said. "He is at supper now."

"Very well; don't be flurried, dearest. Shall I stay, too?"

"Oh, Swithin, I fear not!" she replied anxiously. "You see how it is. To-night we have broken the arrangement that you should never come here; and this is the result. Will it offend you if — I ask you to leave?"

"Not in the least. Upon the whole, I prefer the comfort of my little cabin and homestead to the gauntness and alarms of this place."

"There, now, I fear you are offended!" she said, a tear collecting in her eye. "Would that I were going back with you to the cabin! How happy we were those three days of our stay there."

It is better, perhaps, just now, that I should leave me. Yes, these rooms are oppressive. They require a large household to make them cheerful. . . . Yet, Swithin," she added, after reflection, "I will not request you to go. Do as you think best. I will light a night-light, and leave you here to consider."

For myself, I must go down-stairs to my brother at once, or he'll wonder what I am doing."

She kindled the little light, and again retreated, closing the door upon him. Swithin stood and waited some time, till he had considered that upon the whole it would be preferable to leave. With this intention he emerged, and went softly along the dark passage towards the extreme end, where there was a little crooked staircase that would conduct him down to a disused side door. Descending this, he duly arrived at the other side of the house, facing the quarter whence the wind blew, and here he was surprised to catch the noise of rain beating against the windows. It was a state of weather which fully accounted for the visitor's impatient ringing. St. Cleve was in a minor kind of dilemma. The rain reminded him that his hat and great coat had been left down-stairs, in the front part of the house; and though he might have gone home without either in ordinary weather, it was not a pleasant feat in the pelting winter rain. Retracing his steps to Viviette's room, he took the light, and opened a closet door that he had seen ajar on his way down; it was a closet in which hung various articles of apparel, upholstery lumber of all kinds filling the back part. Swithin thought he might find here a cloak of hers to throw round him, but finally took down from a peg a more suitable garment, the only one of the sort that was there. It was an old moth-eaten great-coat, heavily trimmed with fur; removing it a companion cap of seal-skin was disclosed. "Whose can they be?" he thought, and a gloomy answer suggested itself. "Pooh," he then said (summoning the scientific side of his nature), "matter is matter, and mental association only a delusion." Putting on the garments, he returned the light to Lady Constantine's dressing-room, and again prepared to depart, as before.

Scarcely, however, had he regained the corridor a second time, when he heard a light footstep — seemingly Viviette's — again on the front landing. Wondering what she wanted with him further, he waited, taking the precaution to step into the closet till sure it was she. The figure came onward, bent to the keyhole of the bedroom door, and whispered, "Swithin, on second thoughts I think you may stay with safety." Having no further doubt of her personality, he came out with thoughtless abruptness from the closet behind her, and looking round suddenly she beheld his shadowy outline. At once she raised her hands in horror, as if to protect herself from him; she uttered a shriek, and turned shudderingly to the wall. He came still nearer, and she crouched completely down on the floor, covering her face.

Swithin would have picked her up in a moment, but by this time he could hear footsteps rushing up-stairs, in response to her cry. In consternation, and entirely with the view of not compromising her, he effected his retreat as fast as possible, reaching the bend of the corridor just as her brother Louis appeared with a light at the other extremity.

"What's the matter, for Heaven's sake, Viviette?" said Louis.

"My husband!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"What nonsense!"

"Oh, yes, it is nonsense; it was nothing."

"But what was the cause of your cry?"

She had evidently by this time recovered her reason and judgment. "Oh, it was a trick of the imagination," she said, with a faint laugh. "I live so much alone that I get superstitious — and — I thought for the moment I saw an apparition!"

"Of your late husband?"

"Yes. But it was nothing; it was

the outline of the tall clock and the chair behind. Would you mind going down, and leaving me to go into my room for a moment?"

She entered the bedroom, and her brother went down-stairs. Swithin thought it best to leave well alone, and, going noiselessly out of the house, plodded through the rain homeward. It was plain that agitations of one sort and another had so weakened Viviette's nerves as to lay her open to every impression. That the clothes he had borrowed were some cast-off garments of the late Sir Blount had occurred to St. Cleeve in taking them; but in the moment of returning to her side he had forgotten this, and the shape they lent his figure had obviously been a reminder of too sudden a sort for her. Musing thus, he walked along as if he were still, as before, the lonely student, dissociated from all mankind, and with no shadow of right or interest in Welland House or its mistress.

The great-coat and cap were unpleasant companions; but Swithin having been reared, or having reared himself, in the scientific school of thought, he, as has been said, would not give way to his sense of their weirdness. To do so would have been like treason to his own beliefs and aims. When nearly home, at a point where his track converged on another path, there approached him from the latter a group of indistinct forms, whose tones of speech revealed them to be Hezzy Biles, Nat Chapman, Fry, and other laborers. Swithin was about to say a word to them, till, recollecting his disguise, he deemed it advisable to hold his tongue, lest his attire should tell a too dangerous tale as to where he had come from. By degrees they drew closer, their walk being in the same direction.

"Good-night, stranger," said Nat.

No reply.

All of them paced on abreast of him, and he could perceive in the gloom that

their faces were turned inquiringly upon his form. Then a whisper passed from one to another of them; then Chapman, who was the boldest, dropped immediately behind his heels, and followed there for some distance, taking close observations of his outline, after which the men grouped again and whispered. Thinking it best to let them pass on, Swithin slackened his pace, and they went ahead of him, apparently without much reluctance. There was no doubt that they had been impressed by the clothes he wore; and having no wish to provoke similar comments from his grandmother and Hannah, Swithin took the precaution, on arriving at Welland Bottom, to enter the homestead by the outhouse. Here he deposited the cap and coat in secure hiding, afterwards going round to the front, and opening the door in the usual way. In the entry he met Hannah, who said, "D'ye know what have been seed to-night, Mr. Swithin? The work-folk have dropped in to tell us!"

In the room were the men who had outstripped him on the road. Their countenances, instead of wearing the usual knotty irregularities, had a smoothed-out expression of blank concern; and Swithin's entrance having been unobtrusive and quiet, as if he had merely come down from his study upstairs, they only noticed him by enlarging their gaze, so as to include him in the audience.

"We was in a deep talk at the moment," continued Blore, "and Nat had just brought up that story about old Jeremiah Paddock's crossing the park one night at one o'clock in the morning, and seeing Sir Blount a-shutting my lady out-o'-doors; and we was saying that it seemed a true return that he should perish in a foreign land, when we happened to look up, and there was Sir Blount a-walking along."

"Did it overtake you, or did you overtake it?" inquired Hannah.

"I don't say 't was *it*," returned Sam-
my. "God forbid that I should drag
in a resurrection word about what per-
haps was still solid manhood, and has to
die. But he, or it, closed in upon us,
as 't were."

"Yes, closed in upon us," said Hay-
moss.

"And I said 'Good-night, stranger,'" added Chapman.

"Yes, 'Good-night, stranger,' — that
wez yer words, Natty. I support ye in
it."

"And then he closed in upon us still
more."

"We closed in upon he, rather," said
Chapman.

"Well, well; 't is no difference in
these solemn matters! And the form
was Sir Blount's. My nostrils told me,
for — there, 'a smelled. Yes, I could
smell 'n, being to leeward."

"Lord, lord, what an unwholesome
scandal about the ghost of a respectable
gentleman!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Now, wait. I don't say 't were a
low smell, mind ye. 'T were a high
smell, a sort of gamey flavor, calling to
mind venison and hare, just as you 'd
expect of a great squire, — not like a
poor man's 'natomy, at all; and that
was what strengthened my faith that
't was Sir Blount."

("It was the skins that old coat was
made of. I smelt them, too," said
Swithin to himself.)

"Well, well; I've not defied the
figure of starvation these five and twenty
year, on nine shillings a week, to be
afear'd of a walking vapor, sweet or sa-
vory," said Hezzy. "So here 's home-
along."

"Bide a bit longer, and I'm going,
too," continued Fry. "Well, when I
found 't was Sir Blount my spet dried
up within me; for neither hedge nor
bush were there for refuge against any
foul spring 'a might have made at us."

"'T was very curious; but we had
likewise mentioned his name just afore,

in talking of the confirmation that's
shortly coming on."

"Is there soon to be a confirmation?"

"Yes. In this parish, — the first time
in Welland church for twenty years. As
I say, I had mentioned that he was con-
firmed the same year that I went up to
have it done, as I have very good reason
to mind. When we went to be exam-
ined, the parson said to me, 'Rehearse
the articles of thy belief.' Mr. Blount
(as he was then) was next me, and
he whispered, 'Women and wine.'
'Women and wine,' says I, as innocent
as a lamb: and for that I was sent back
till next confirmation, Sir Blount never
owning that he was the rascal."

"Confirmation was different at that
time," said Biles. "The Bishops did n't
lay it on so strong then as they do now.
Nowadays, yer Bishop gives both hands
to every Jack-rag and Tom-straw that
drops the knee afore him; but 't was
six chaps to one blessing when we was
boys. The Bishop a' that time would
stretch out his palms and run his fingers
over our row of crowns as off-hand as
a bank gentleman telling money. The
great prophets of the church in them
days was n't particular to a soul or two
more or less; and, for my part, I think
living was easier for 't."

"The new Bishop, I hear, is a bach-
elor-man; or a widow gentleman is it?"
asked Mrs. Martin.

"Bachelor, I believe, ma'am. Mr.
San Cleeve, making so bold, you've
never faced him yet, I think?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head. "No;
it was a piece of neglect. I hardly
know how it happened," she said.

"I am going to, this time," said
Swithin, and turned the chat to other
matters.

XXIII.

Swithin could not sleep that night for
thinking of his Viviette. Nothing told
so significantly of the conduct of her

first husband towards the poor lady as the abiding dread of him which was revealed in her by any sudden revival of his image or memory. But for that consideration, her almost child-like terror at Swithin's inadvertent disguise would have been ludicrous.

He waited anxiously through several following days for an opportunity of seeing her, but none was afforded. Her brother's presence in the house sufficiently accounted for this. At length he ventured to write a note, requesting her to signal to him in a way she had done once or twice before, — by pulling down a blind in a particular window of the house, one of the few visible from the top of the Rings-Hill column; this to be done on any evening before dark, when she could see him after dinner on the terrace. When he had leveled the glass at that window for five successive nights he beheld the blind in the position suggested. Three hours later, quite in the dusk, he repaired to the place of appointment.

"My brother is away this evening," she explained, "and that's why I can come out. He is not gone for more than a few hours, nor is he likely to do so just yet. He keeps himself a good deal in my company, which has made it unsafe for me to venture near you."

"Has he any suspicion?"

"None, apparently. But he rather depresses me."

"How, Viviette? I fear, from your manner, that this is something serious."

"I would rather not tell."

"But — Well, never mind."

"Yes, Swithin, I will tell you. There should be no secrets between us. He urges upon me the necessity of marrying, day after day."

"For money and position, of course."

"Yes. But I take no notice. I let him go on."

"Really, this is sad!" said the young man. "I must work harder than ever, or you will never be able to own me."

"Oh, yes, in good time!" she cheerfully replied.

"I shall be very glad to have you always near me. I felt the gloom of our position keenly when I was obliged to disappear, that night, without assuring you it was only I who stood there. Why were you so frightened at those old clothes I borrowed?"

"Don't ask, — don't ask!" she said, burying her face on his shoulder. "I don't want to speak of that. There was something so ghastly and so uncanny in your putting on such garments that I wish you had been more thoughtful, and had left them alone."

"I did not stop to consider whose they were. By the way, they must be sent back."

"No; I never wish to see them again! I cannot help feeling that your putting them on was ominous."

"Nothing is ominous in serene philosophy," he said, kissing her. "Things are either causes, or they are not causes. When can you see me again?"

In such wise the hour passed away. The evening was typical of others which followed it at irregular intervals through the winter. And during the intenser months of the season, frequent falls of snow lengthened even more than other difficulties had done the periods of isolation between the pair. Swithin adhered with all the more strictness to the letter of his promise not to intrude into the house, from his sense of her powerlessness to compel him to keep out should he choose to rebel. A student of the greatest forces in nature, he had, like others of his sort, no personal force to speak of, in a social point of view, mainly because he took no interest in human ranks and intricacies; and hence he was docile as a child in her hands wherever matters of that kind were concerned.

Her brother wintered at Welland; but whether because his experience of tropic climes had unfitted him for the

brumal rigors of Britain, or for any other reason, he seldom showed himself out-of-doors, and Swithin caught but passing glimpses of him. Now and then, Viviette's impulsive kindness would overcome her sense of risk, and she would press Swithin to call on her, at all cost. This he would by no means do. It was obvious to his more logical mind that the secrecy to which they had bound themselves must be kept in its fullness, or might as well be abandoned altogether.

He was now sadly exercised on the subject of his uncle's will. There had as yet been no pressing reasons for a full and candid reply to the solicitor who had communicated with him, owing to the fact that the annuity was not to begin till Swithin was one and twenty; but time was going on, and something definite would have to be done soon. To own to his marriage and consequent disqualification for the bequest was easy in itself; but it involved telling at least one man what both Viviette and himself had great reluctance in telling anybody. Moreover, he wished Viviette to know nothing of his loss in making her his wife. All he could think of doing for the present was to write a postponing letter to his uncle's lawyer, and wait events.

The one comfort of this dreary winter-time was his perception of a returning ability to work with the regularity and much of the spirit of earlier days.

One bright night in April there was an eclipse of the moon, and Mr. Tor-kingham, by arrangement, brought to the observatory several laboring men and boys, to whom he had promised a sight of the phenomenon through the telescope. The coming confirmation, fixed for May, was again talked of; and St. Cleeve learned from the parson that the Bishop had arranged to stay the night at the vicarage, and was to be invited to a grand luncheon at Welland House immediately after the ordinance.

This seemed like a going back into

life again as regarded the mistress of that house; and St. Cleeve was a little surprised that, in his communications with Viviette, she had mentioned no such probability. The next day he walked round the mansion, wondering how in its present state any entertainment could be given therein. He found that the shutters had been opened, giving an unexpected liveliness to the aspect of the windows. Two men were putting a chimney-pot on one of the chimneys-stacks, and two more were scraping green mould from the front wall. He made no inquiries on that occasion. Three days later he strolled thitherward again. Now a great cleaning of window-panes was going on, Hezzy Biles and Sammy Blore being the operators, for which purpose their services must have been borrowed from the neighboring farmer. Hezzy dashed water at the glass with a force that threatened to break it in, the broad face of Sammy being discernible inside, smiling at the onset. In addition to them, Anthony Green and another were weeding the gravel walks, and putting fresh plants into the flower beds. Neither of these reasonable operations was a great undertaking, singly looked at; but the life Viviette had latterly led and the mood in which she had hitherto regarded the premises rendered it somewhat significant. Swithin, however, was rather curious than concerned at the proceedings, and returned to his tower with feelings of interest not entirely confined to the worlds overhead.

Lady Constantine may or may not have seen him from the house; but the same evening, which was fine and dry, while he was occupying himself in the observatory with cleaning the eye-pieces of the equatorial, skull-cap on head, observing-jacket on, and in other ways primed for sweeping, the customary stealthy step on the winding staircase brought her form in due course into the rays of the bull's-eye lantern. The

meeting was all the more pleasant to him from being unexpected, and he at once lit up a larger light in honor of the occasion.

"It is but a hasty visit," she said, when, after putting up her mouth to be kissed, she had seated herself in the low chair used for observations, panting a little with the labor of ascent. "But I hope to be able to come more freely soon. My brother is still living on with me. Yes, he is going to stay until the confirmation is over. After the confirmation he will certainly leave. So good it is of you, dear, to please me by agreeing to the ceremony. The Bishop, you know, is going to lunch with us. It is a wonder he has agreed to come, for he is a man averse to society, and mostly keeps entirely with the clergy on these confirmation tours, or circuits, or whatever they call them. But Mr. Torkingham's house is so very small, and mine is so close at hand, that this arrangement to relieve him of the fuss of one meal, at least, naturally suggested itself; and the Bishop has fallen in with it very readily. How are you getting on with your observations? Have you not wanted me dreadfully, to write down notes?"

"Well, I have been obliged to do without you, whether or no. See here, —how much I have done." And he showed her a book ruled in columns, headed "Object," "Right Ascension," "Declination," "Features," "Remarks," and so on.

She looked over this and other things, but her mind speedily winged its way back to the confirmation. "It is so new to me," she said, "to have persons coming to the house that I feel rather anxious. I hope the luncheon will be a success."

"You know the Bishop?" said Swithin.

"I have not seen him for many years. I knew him when I was quite a girl, and he held the little living of Puddle-

sub-Hedge, near us; but after that time, and ever since I have lived here, I have seen nothing of him. There has been no confirmation in this village, they say, for twenty years. The other bishop used to make the young men and women go to Warborne; he would n't take the trouble to come to such an out-of-the-way parish as ours."

"This cleaning and preparation that I observe going on must be rather a tax upon you?"

"My brother Louis sees to it, and, what is more, bears the expense."

"Your brother?" said Swithin, with surprise.

"Well, he insisted on doing so," she replied, in a hesitating, despondent tone. "He has been active in the whole matter, and was the first to suggest the invitation. I should not have thought of it."

"Well, I will hold aloof till it is all over."

"Thanks, dearest, for your consideration. I wish it was not still advisable! But I shall see you in the day, and watch my own philosopher all through the service from the corner of my pew! . . . I hope you are well prepared for the rite, Swithin?" she added, turning tenderly to him. "It would perhaps be advisable for you to give up this astronomy till the confirmation is over, in order to devote your attention exclusively to that more serious matter."

"More serious! Well, I will do the best I can. I am sorry to see that you are less interested in astronomy than you used to be, Viviette."

"No; it is only that these preparations for the Bishop unsettle my mind from study. Now put on your other coat and hat, and come with me a little way."

XXIV.

The morning of the confirmation was come. It was mid-May time, bringing with it weather not, perhaps, quite so

blooming as that assumed to be natural to the month by the joyous poets of three hundred years ago; but a very tolerable, well-wearing May, that the average rustic would willingly compound for in lieu of Mays possibly fairer, but probably more foul.

Among the larger shrubs and flowers which composed the outworks of the Welland gardens, the lilac, the laburnum, and the guelder-rose hung out their respective colors of purple, yellow, and white; whilst within these, belted round from every disturbing gale, rose the columbine, the peony, the larkspur, and the solomon's seal. The animate things that moved amid this scene of color were plodding bees, gadding butterflies, and numerous sauntering young feminine candidates for the impending confirmation, who, having gayly bedecked themselves for the ceremony, were enjoying their own appearance by walking about in twos and threes till it was time to start. Swithin St. Cleeve, whose preparations were somewhat simpler than those of the village belles, waited till his grandmother and Hannah had set out, and then, locking the door, followed towards the distant church. On reaching the church-yard gate he met Mr. Torkingham, who shook hands with him in the manner of a man with several irons in the fire, and telling Swithin where to sit, disappeared to hunt up some candidates who had not yet made themselves visible. Swithin, casting his eyes round for Viviette, and seeing nothing of her, went on to the church porch, and looked in. From the north side of the nave smiled a host of girls, gayly uniform in dress, age, and a tendency to "skip like a hare over the meshes of good counsel." Their white muslin dresses, their round white caps, from beneath whose borders hair-knots and curls, of various shades of brown, escaped upon their low shoulders, as if against their will, lighted up the black pews and gray stonework to an un-

wonted warmth and life. On the south side were the young men and boys,—heavy, angular, and massive, as indeed was rather necessary, considering what they would have to bear at the hands of wind and weather before they returned to that mouldy nave for the last time.

Over the heads of all these he could see into the chancel, to the square pew on the north side, which was attached to Welland House. There he discerned Lady Constantine already arrived, her brother Louis sitting by her side. Swithin entered, and seated himself at the end of a bench, and she, who had been on the watch, at once showed, by subtle signs, her consciousness of the presence of the young man who had reversed the ordained sequence of the church services on her account. She appeared in black attire, though not strictly in mourning, a touch of red in her bonnet setting off the richness of her complexion without making her gay. Handsomest woman in the church she decidedly was; and yet a disinterested spectator who had known all the circumstances would probably have felt that, the future considered, Swithin's more natural mate would have been one of the muslin-clad maidens who were to be presented to the Bishop with him that day.

When the Bishop had come, and gone into the chancel, and blown his nose, the congregation were sufficiently impressed by his presence to leave off looking at one another. Twenty years, people said, had elapsed since a bishop had sat in that humble and remote house of prayer. The Right Reverend Cuthbert Helmsdale, D.D., ninety-fourth occupant of the episcopal throne of the diocese, revealed himself to be a dark man in skin as well as hair, whose darkness was thrown still further into prominence by the lawn protuberances that now rose upon his shoulder, like the Eastern and Western hemispheres. In

stature he seemed to be tall and imposing, but something of this aspect may have been derived from his robes. The service was, as usual, of a length which severely tried the tarrying powers of the young people assembled; and it was not till the youth of all the other parishes had gone up that the turn came for the Welland bevy. Swithin and some older ones were nearly the last. When, at the heels of Mr. Torkingham, he passed Lady Constantine's pew, he lifted his eyes from the red lining of that gentleman's hood sufficiently high to catch hers. She was abstracted, tearful, — regarding him with all the rapt mingling of religion, love, fervor, and hope which such women can feel at such times, and which men know nothing of. How fervidly she watched the Bishop place his hand on her beloved youth's head; how she saw the great episcopal ring glistening in the sun among Swithin's brown curls; how she waited to hear if Dr. Helmsdale uttered the form "this thy child" (which he used for the younger ones), or "this thy servant" (which he used for those older); and how, when he said "this thy *child*," she felt a prick of conscience, like a person who had entrapped an innocent youth into marriage, for her own gratification, till she remembered that she had raised his position thereby, — all this could only have been told in its entirety by herself. As for Swithin, he felt ashamed of his own utter lack of the high enthusiasm which beamed so eloquently from her eyes. When he passed her again, on the return journey from the Bishop to his seat, her face was warm with a blush, which her brother might have observed had he regarded her.

Whether he had observed it or not, as soon as St. Cleeve had sat himself down again, Louis Glanville turned, and looked hard at the young astronomer. This was the first time that St. Cleeve and Viviette's brother had been face to face. Swithin was not in the habit of

noticing people's features; he scarcely ever observed any detail of physiognomy in his friends, a generalization from their whole aspect being his idea of them; and he now only noted a young man of perhaps thirty, who lolled a good deal, and in whose small dark eyes seemed to be concentrated the activity that the rest of his frame decidedly lacked. This gentleman's eyes were henceforward, to the end of the service, continually fixed upon Swithin; but as this was their natural direction, from the position of his seat, there was no great strangeness in the circumstance.

Swithin wanted to say to Viviette, "Now I hope you are pleased; I have conformed to your ideas of my duty, leaving my fitness out of consideration;" but as he could only see her bonnet, it was not possible even to look the intelligence. He turned to his left hand, where the organ stood, Miss Tabitha Lark being seated behind it. It being now sermon-time, the youthful blower had fallen asleep over the handle of his bellows, and Tabitha pulled out her handkerchief, apparently with the intention of flapping him awake with it. With the handkerchief tumbled out a whole family of unexpected articles: a silver thimble; item, a photograph; item, a little purse; item, a scent-bottle; item, some loose halfpence; item, nine green gooseberries; item, a key. They rolled to Swithin's feet, and, passively obeying the first instinct which came, he picked up as many of the articles as he could find, and handed them to her. Tabitha was so overpowered with consternation at such a wretched event happening to her under the very eyes of the Bishop that she turned pale as a sheet, and could hardly keep her seat. Fearing she might faint, Swithin bent over and whispered, "Shall I take you out into the air?" She declined his offer, and presently the sermon came to an end.

Swithin lingered behind the rest of

the congregation sufficiently long to see Lady Constantine, accompanied by her brother, the Bishop, the Bishop's chaplain, Mr. Torkingham, and several other clergy and ladies, enter to the grand luncheon by the door which admitted from the church-yard to the lawn of Welland House; the whole group talking with a vivacity all the more intense, as it seemed, from the recent two hours' enforced repression of their social qualities within the adjoining building. The young man stood till he was left quite alone in the church-yard, and then went slowly homeward over the hill, perhaps a trifle depressed at the impossibility of being near Viviette in this her one day of gayety, and joining in the conversation of those who surrounded her.

Not that he felt any jealousy of her situation, as his wife, in comparison with his own. He had so clearly understood from the beginning that, in the event of marriage, their outward lives were to run on as before that to rebel now would have been unmanly in himself and cruel to her, by adding to embarrassments that were great enough already. His momentary doubt was of his own strength to achieve sufficiently high things to render himself, in relation to her, other than a patronized young favorite, whom she had married at an immense sacrifice. Now, at twenty, he was doomed to isolation, even from a wife; could it be that, at, say, thirty he would be welcomed everywhere?

But with motion through the sun and air his mood assumed a lighter complexion, and on reaching home he remembered with interest that Venus was in a favorable aspect for observation that afternoon.

XXV.

Meanwhile, the interior of Welland House was in a rattle with the progress of the ecclesiastical luncheon. The Bishop, who sat on Lady Constantine's

right hand, seemed enchanted with her company, and from the beginning she engrossed his attention almost entirely. The truth was that the circumstance of her not having her whole soul centred on the success of the repast and the pleasure of Bishop Helmsdale imparted to her, in a great measure, the mood to insure both. Her brother Louis it was who had laid out the plan of entertaining the Bishop, to which she had assented but indifferently. She was secretly bound to another, on whose career she had staked all her happiness. Having thus other interests, she evinced to-day all the ease of one who hazards nothing, and there was no sign of that preoccupation with housewifely contingencies which often so disfigures the not over-rich hostess that she is hardly recognizable as the same charming woman who graced a friend's home the day before. In marrying Swithin, Lady Constantine had played her card,—recklessly, impulsively, ruinously, perhaps, but she had played it; it could not be withdrawn; and she took this morning's luncheon as an episode that could result in nothing to her beyond the day's entertainment.

Hence, by that power of indirectness to accomplish in an hour what strenuous aiming will not effect in a life-time, she fascinated the Bishop to an unprecedented degree. A bachelor, he rejoiced in the hard-headed period of life that fills the tract of years between the time of waning impulse and the time of incipient dotage, when a woman can reach him neither by awakening a young man's passion nor an old man's infatuation. Lady Constantine, to external view, was in a position to desire many things, and of a sort to desire them. She was obviously, by nature, warm and impulsive to indiscretion. But instead of exhibiting activities to correspond, recently gratified affection lent to her manner just now a sweet serenity, a truly Christian contentment, which it puzzled the

good Bishop exceedingly to find in a warm young widow, and increased his interest in her every moment. Thus matters stood, when the conversation veered round to the morning's confirmation.

"That was a singularly engaging young man who came up among Mr. Torkingham's candidates," said the Bishop to her, somewhat abruptly.

But abruptness does not catch a woman without her wit. "Which one?" she said innocently.

"That youth with the 'corn-colored' hair, as a poet of the new school would call it, who sat just at the side of the organ. Do you know who he is?"

In answering, Viviette showed a little nervousness, for the first time that day. "Oh, yes. He is the son of an unfortunate gentleman who was formerly curate here, — a Mr. St. Cleeve."

"I never saw a handsomer young man in my life." (Lady Constantine blushed.) "There was a lack of self-consciousness, too, in his manner of presenting himself, which very much won me. A Mr. St. Cleeve, do you say? His father must have been St. Cleeve of All Angels, whom I knew. How comes he to be staying on here? What is he doing?"

Mr. Torkingham, who kept one ear on the Bishop all the lunch-time, finding that Lady Constantine was not ready with an answer, hastened to reply: "His father was an All Angels man, my lord. The youth is rather to be pitied."

"He was a man of talent," affirmed the Bishop. "But I quite lost sight of him."

"He was curate to the late vicar," resumed the parson, "and was much liked by the parish: but, being erratic in his tastes and tendencies, he rashly contracted a marriage with the daughter of a farmer, and then quarreled with the local gentry for not taking up his wife. This lad was an only child. There was enough money to educate him, and he

is sufficiently well provided for to be independent of the world, so long as he is content to live here with great economy. But of course this gives him few opportunities of bettering himself."

"Yes, — yes, indeed," replied Bishop Helmsdale. "Better been left entirely dependent on himself. These half incomes do men little good, unless they happen to be either weaklings or geniuses."

Lady Constantine would have given the world to say, "He is a genius, and the hope of my life;" but it would have been decidedly risky, and in another moment was unnecessary, for Mr. Torkingham said, "There is a certain genius in this young man, I sometimes think."

"Well, he really looks quite out of the common," said the Bishop.

"Youthful genius is sometimes disappointing," observed Viviette, not believing it in the least.

"Yes," said the Bishop. "Though it depends, Lady Constantine, on what you understand by disappointing. It may produce nothing visible to the world's eye, and yet may complete its development within in a very perfect degree. Objective achievements, though the only ones which are counted, are not the only ones that exist and have value; and I for one should be sorry to assert that, because a man of genius dies as unknown to the world as when he was born, he therefore was an instance of fruit that fell among thorns, or on stony ground."

Objective achievements were, however, those that Lady Constantine had a weakness for in the present case, and she asked her more experienced guest if he thought early development of a special talent a good sign in youth.

The Bishop thought it well that a particular bent should not show itself too early, lest disgust should result.

"Still," argued Lady Constantine rather firmly (for she felt this opinion

to be one throwing doubt on Swithin), "sustained fruition is compatible with early bias. Tycho Brahe showed quite a passion for the solar system when he was but a youth, and so did Kepler; and James Ferguson had a surprising knowledge of the stars by the time he was eleven or twelve."

"Yes, sustained fruition," conceded the Bishop (rather liking the words), "is certainly compatible with early bias. Fénelon preached at fourteen."

"He is not in the church," said Lady Constantine.

"He is a scientific young man, my lord," explained Mr. Torkingham.

"An astronomer," she added, with suppressed accents of pride.

"An astronomer! Really, that makes him still more interesting than being handsome and the son of a man I knew. How and where does he study astronomy?"

"He has a beautiful observatory. He has made use of an old column that was erected on this manor to the memory of one of the Constantines. It has been very ingeniously adapted for his purpose, and he does very good work there. I believe he occasionally sends up a paper to the Royal Society, or Greenwich, or somewhere, and to astronomical periodicals."

"I should have had no idea, from his boyish look, that he had advanced so far," the Bishop answered. "And yet I saw on his face that within there was a book worth studying. His is a career I should very much like to watch."

A thrill of pleasure passed through Lady Constantine's heart at this praise of her chosen one. It was an unwitting compliment to her taste and discernment in singling him out for her own, despite the temporary inexpediency of so doing.

Her brother Louis now spoke. "I fancy he is as interested in one of his fellow-creatures as in the science of astronomy," observed that cynic dryly.

"In whom?" said Lady Constantine quickly.

"In the fair maiden who sat at the organ, — a pretty girl, rather. I noticed a sort of by-play going on between them occasionally, during the sermon, which meant mating, if I am not mistaken."

"She!" said Lady Constantine. "She is only a village girl, a dairyman's daughter, — Tabitha Lark, who used to come to read to me."

"She may be a savage, for all that I know: but there is something between those two young people, nevertheless."

The Bishop looked as if he had allowed his interest in a stranger to carry him too far, and Mr. Torkingham was horrified at the irreverent and easy familiarity of Louis Glanville's talk in the presence of a consecrated bishop. As for Viviette, her tongue lost all its volubility. She felt quite faint at heart, and hardly knew how to control herself.

"I have never noticed anything of the sort," said Mr. Torkingham.

"It would be a matter for regret," said the Bishop, "if he should follow his father in forming an attachment that would be a hindrance to him in any honorable career; though perhaps an early marriage, abstractedly considered, would not be bad for him. A youth who looks as if he had come straight from old Greece may be exposed to many temptations, should he go out into the world without a friend or counselor to guide him."

Despite her sudden jealousy, Viviette's eyes grew moist at the picture of her innocent Swithin going into the world without a friend or counselor. But she was sick in soul and disquieted still by Louis's dreadful remarks, who, unbeliever as he was in human virtue, could have no reason whatever for representing Swithin as engaged in a private love affair, if such were not his honest impression. She was so absorbed during the remainder of the luncheon that she did not even observe the kindly

light that her presence was shedding on the right reverend gentleman by her side. He reflected it back in tones duly mellowed by his position ; the minor clergy caught up the rays thereof, and so the gentle influence played down the table.

The company soon departed, when luncheon was over ; and the remainder of the day passed in quietness, the Bishop being occupied in his room at the vicarage with writing letters or a sermon. Having a long journey before him the next day, he had expressed a wish to be housed for the night without ceremony, and would have dined alone with Mr. Torkingham, but that, by a happy thought, Lady Constantine and her brother were asked to join them. However, when Louis crossed the churchyard and entered the vicarage drawing-room at seven o'clock, his sister was not in his company. She was, he said, suffering from a slight headache, and much regretted that she was on that account unable to come. At this intelligence the social sparkle disappeared from the Bishop's eye, and he sat down to table, endeavoring to mould into the form of episcopal serenity an expression which was really one of common human disappointment.

In his simple statement, Louis Glanville had by no means expressed all the circumstances which accompanied his sister's refusal, at the last moment, to dine at her neighbor's house. Louis had strongly urged her to bear up against her slight indisposition, — if it were that, and not disinclination, — and come along with him on just this one occasion, perhaps a more important episode in her life than she was aware of. Viviette thereupon knew quite well that he alluded to the favorable impression she was producing on the Bishop, notwithstanding that neither of them mentioned the Bishop's name. But she did not give way, though the argument waxed strong between them ; and Louis left her in no very amiable mood, saying, "I don't be-

lieve you have any more headache than I have, Viviette. It is some provoking whim of yours, — nothing more."

Now in this there was a substratum of truth. When her brother had left her, and she had seen him from the window entering the vicarage gate, Viviette seemed to be much relieved, and sat down in her dressing-room till the evening grew dark, and only the lights shining through the trees from the parsonage dining-room revealed to the eye where that dwelling stood. Then she arose, and putting on the cloak she had used so many times before for the same purpose, she locked her bedroom door (to be supposed within, in case of any accidental approach by a servant), and let herself privately out of the house. Lady Constantine paused for a moment under the vicarage windows, till she could sufficiently well hear the voices of the diners to be sure that they were actually within, and then went on her way, which was towards the Rings-Hill column. She appeared a mere spot, hardly distinguishable from the grass, as she crossed the open ground, and soon became absorbed in the black mass of the fir plantation.

Meanwhile, the conversation at Mr. Torkingham's dinner table was not of a highly exhilarating quality. The parson, in long self-communing during the afternoon, had decided that the Diocesan Synod, whose annual session at Melchester had occurred the month previous, would afford a solid and unimpeachable subject to launch upon during the meal, whenever conversation flagged ; and that it would be one likely to win the respect of his spiritual chieftain for himself, as the introducer. Accordingly, in the further belief that you could not have too much of a good thing, Mr. Torkingham acted upon his idea, and at every pause rallied to the synod point with unbroken firmness. Everything which had been discussed at that last session — such as the introduction of the lay

element into the councils of the church, the reconstitution of the ecclesiastical courts, church patronage, the tithe question — was revived by Mr. Torkingham, and the excellent remarks which the Bishop had made in his addresses on those subjects were quoted back to him. As for Bishop Helmsdale himself, his instincts seemed to be to allude in a debonaire spirit to the incidents of the past day, — to the flowers in Lady Constantine's beds, the date of her house, — perhaps with a view of hearing a little more about their owner from Louis, who would very readily have followed the Bishop's lead, had the parson allowed him room. But this Mr. Torkingham seldom did, and about half past nine they prepared to separate.

Louis Glanville had risen from the table, and was standing by the window, looking out upon the sky, and privately yawning, the topics discussed having been hardly in his line. "A fine night," he said at last.

"I suppose our young astronomer is hard at work now," said the Bishop, following the direction of Louis's glance towards the clear sky.

"Yes," said the parson; "he is very assiduous whenever the nights are good for observation. I have occasionally joined him in his tower, and looked through his telescope with great benefit to my ideas of celestial phenomena. I have not seen what he has been doing lately."

"Suppose we go?" said Louis. "Would you be interested in seeing the observatory, Bishop?"

"I am quite willing to go," said the Bishop, "if the distance is not too great. I should not be at all averse to making the acquaintance of so exceptional a young man as this Mr. St. Cleeve seems to be; and I have never seen the inside of an observatory in my life."

The intention was no sooner formed than it was carried out, Mr. Torkingham leading the way.

XXVI.

Half an hour before this time Swithin St. Cleeve had been sitting in his cabin, at the base of the column, working out some calculations from observations taken on preceding nights, with a view to a theory that he had in his head on the motions of certain so-called fixed stars. The evening being a little chilly, a small fire was burning in the stove, and this and the shaded lamp before him lent a remarkably cosy air to the chamber. He was awakened from his reveries by a scratching at the window-pane like that of the point of an ivy leaf, which he knew to be really caused by the tip of his sweetheart-wife's forefinger. He rose and opened the door to admit her, not without astonishment as to how she had been able to get away from her friends.

"Dearest Viv, why, what's the matter?" he said, perceiving that her face, as the lamplight fell on it, was sad, and even stormy.

"I thought I would run across to see you. I have heard something so — so — to your discredit, and I know it can't be true! I know you are constancy itself; but your constancy produces strange effects in people's eyes!"

"Good heavens! Nobody has found us out" —

"No, no, — it is not that. You know, Swithin, that I am always sincere, and willing to own if I am to blame in anything. Now will you prove to me that you are the same by owning some fault to me?"

"Yes, dear, indeed; directly I can think of one worth owning."

"I wonder one does not rush upon your tongue in a moment!"

"I confess that I am sufficiently a Pharisee not to experience that spontaneity."

"Swithin, don't speak so, when you know so well what I mean! Is it noth-

ing to you that, after all our vows for life, you have thought it right to — flirt with a village girl?”

“Oh, Viviette!” interrupted Swithin, taking her hand, which was hot and trembling. “You who are full of noble and generous feelings, and regard me with devoted tenderness that has never been surpassed by woman, — how can you be so greatly at fault? I flirt, Viviette? By thinking that you injure yourself in my eyes. Why, I am so far from doing so that I continually pull myself up for watching you too jealously, as to-day, when I have been dreading the effect upon you of other company in my absence, and thinking that you rather shut the gates against me when you have big-wigs to entertain.”

“Do you, Swithin?” she cried. It was evident that the honest tone of his words was having a great effect in clearing away the clouds. She added, with an uncertain smile, “But how can I believe that, after what was seen to-day? My brother, not knowing in the least that I had an iota of interest in you, told me that he witnessed the signs of an attachment between you and Tabitha Lark in church, this morning.”

“Ah!” cried Swithin, with a burst of laughter. “Now I know what you mean, and what has caused this misunderstanding! How good of you, Viviette, to come at once and have it out with me, instead of brooding over it with dark imaginings, and thinking bitter things of me, as many women would have done!” He succinctly told the whole story of his little adventure with Tabitha that morning; and the sky was clear on both sides. “When shall I be able to claim you,” he added, “and put an end to all such painful accidents as these!”

She partially sighed. Her perception of what the outside world was made of, latterly somewhat obscured by solitude and her lover’s company, had been revived to-day by her entertainment of

the Bishop, clergymen, and, more particularly, clergymen’s wives; and it did not diminish her sense of the difficulties in Swithin’s path to see anew how little was thought of the greatest gifts, mental and spiritual, if they were not backed up by substantial temporalities. However, the pair made the best of their future that circumstances permitted, and the interview was at length drawing to a close, when there came, without the slightest forewarning, a smart rat-tat-tat upon the little door.

“Oh, I am lost!” said Viviette, seizing his arm. “Why was I so incautious!”

“It is nobody of consequence,” whispered Swithin assuringly. “Somebody from my grandmother, probably, to know when I am coming home.”

They were unperceived so far, for the only window which gave light to the hut was screened by a curtain. At that moment they heard the sound of their visitors’ voices, and, with a consternation as great as her own, Swithin discerned the tones of Mr. Torkingham and the Bishop of Melchester.

“Where shall I get? What shall I do?” said the poor lady, clasping her hands.

Swithin looked around the cabin, and a very little look was required to take in all its resources. At one end, as previously explained, were a table, stove, chair, cupboard, and so on; while the other was completely occupied by an Arabian bedstead, hung with curtains of pink-and-white chintz. On the inside of the bed there was a narrow channel, about a foot wide, between it and the wall of the hut. Into this cramped retreat Viviette slid herself, and stood trembling behind the curtains.

By this time the knock had been repeated more loudly, the light through the window-blind unhappily revealing the presence of some inmate. Swithin threw open the door, and Mr. Torkingham introduced his visitors.

The Bishop shook hands with the young man, told him he had known his father, and at Swithin's invitation, weak as it was, entered the cabin, the vicar and Louis Glanville remaining on the threshold, not to inconveniently crowd the limited space within. Dr. Helmsdale looked benignantly around the apartment, and said, "Quite a settlement in the backwoods, — quite: far enough from the world to afford the votary of science the seclusion he needs, and not so far as to limit his resources. A hermit might apparently live here in as much solitude as in a primeval forest."

"His lordship has been good enough to express an interest in your studies," said Mr. Torkingham to St. Cleeve. "And we have come to ask you to let us see the observatory."

"With great pleasure," stammered Swithin.

"Where is the observatory?" inquired the Bishop, peering round again.

"The staircase is just outside this door, my lord," Swithin answered. "I am at your service, and will show you up at once."

"And here are your books," said the Bishop, turning to the table and the shaded lamp. "You take an observation at the top, I presume, and come down here to record your observations."

The young man explained his precise processes as well as his state of mind would let him, and while he was doing so Mr. Torkingham and Louis waited patiently without, looking sometimes into the night, and sometimes through the door at the interlocutors, and listening to their scientific converse. When all had been exhibited here below, Swithin lit his lantern, and, inviting his visitors to follow, led the way up the column, experiencing no small sense of relief as soon as he heard the footsteps of all three tramping on the stairs behind him. He knew very well that, once they were inside the spiral, Vivi-

ette was out of danger, her knowledge of the locality enabling her to find her way with perfect safety through the plantation, and into the park, home.

At the top he uncovered his equatorial, and, for the first time at ease, explained to them its beauties, and revealed by its help the glories of those stars that were eligible for inspection. The Bishop spoke as intelligently as could be expected on a topic not peculiarly his own; but, somehow, he seemed rather more abstracted in manner now than when he had arrived. Swithin thought that perhaps the long clamber up the stairs, coming after a hard day's work, had taken his spontaneity out of him, and Mr. Torkingham was afraid that his lordship was getting bored. But this did not appear to be the case; for, though he said little, he stayed on some time longer, examining the construction of the dome after relinquishing the telescope, while occasionally Swithin caught the eyes of the Bishop fixed hard on him. "Perhaps he sees some likeness of my father in me," the young man thought; and the party making ready to leave at this time, he conducted them to the bottom of the tower.

Swithin was not prepared for what followed their descent. All were standing at the foot of the staircase. The astronomer, lantern in hand, offered to show them the way out of the plantation, to which Mr. Torkingham replied that he knew the way very well, and would not trouble his young friend. He strode forward with the words, and Louis followed him, after waiting a moment, and finding that the Bishop would not take the precedence. The latter and Swithin were thus left together for one moment, whereupon the Bishop turned.

"Mr. St. Cleeve," he said in a low voice, "I should like to speak to you privately, before I leave, to-morrow morning. Can you meet me — let me see — in the church-yard, at half past ten o'clock?"

"Yes, my lord," murmured Swithin. And before he had recovered from his surprise the Bishop had joined the others in the shades of the plantation.

Swithin immediately opened the door of the hut, and scanned the nook behind the bed. As he had expected, his bird had flown.

XXVII.

All night the astronomer's mind was on the stretch with curiosity as to what the Bishop could wish to say to him. A dozen conjectures entered his brain, to be abandoned in turn as unlikely. That which finally seemed the most plausible was that the Bishop, having become interested in his pursuits, and entertaining friendly recollections of his father, was going to ask if he could do anything to help him on in the profession he had chosen. Should this be the case, thought the suddenly sanguine youth, it would seem like an encouragement to that spirit of firmness which had led him to reject his late uncle's offer, because it involved the renunciation of Lady Constantine.

At last he fell asleep; and when he awoke it was so late that the hour was ready to solve what conjecture could not. After a hurried breakfast he paced across the fields, entering the church-yard by the south gate precisely at the appointed minute. The inclosure was well adapted for a private interview, being bounded by bushes of laurel and alder nearly on all sides. He looked round; the Bishop was not there, nor any living creature save himself. Swithin sat down upon a tombstone to await Dr. Helmsdale's arrival.

While he sat he fancied he could hear voices in conversation, not far off, and further attention convinced him that they came from Lady Constantine's lawn, which was only divided from the church-yard by a high wall and shrubbery. As the Bishop still delayed his

coming, though the time was nearly eleven, and as the lady whose sweet voice mingled with those heard from the lawn was his personal property, he became exceedingly curious to learn what was going on within that screened promenade. A way of doing so occurred to him. The key was in the church door; he opened it, entered, and ascended to the ringer's loft in the west tower. At the back of this was a window commanding a full view of Viviette's garden front.

The flowers were all in gayest bloom, and the creepers on the walls of the house were bursting into tufts of young green. A broad gravel-walk ran from end to end of the façade, terminating in a large conservatory. In the walk were three people, pacing up and down. Lady Constantine's was the central figure, her brother being on one side of her, and the stately form of the Bishop on the other. She carried over her shoulder a sunshade lined with red, which she twirled idly. They were laughing and chatting gayly, and when the group approached the church-yard many of their remarks entered the silence of the church tower through the ventilator of the window.

The conversation was general, yet interesting enough to Swithin. At length Louis stepped upon the grass, and picked up something, which turned out to be a bowl that had lain there: throwing it forward, he took a second, and bowled it towards the first, or jack. The Bishop, who seemed to be in a sprightly mood, followed suit, and bowled one in a curve towards the jack, turning and speaking to Lady Constantine as he concluded the feat. As she had not left the graveled terrace, he raised his voice, so that the words reached Swithin distinctly. "Do you follow us?" he asked gayly.

"I am not skillful," she said. "I always bowl narrow."

The Bishop meditatively paused. "This moment reminds one of the scene

in Shakespeare's Richard the Second," he said. "I mean the Duke of York's garden, where the queen and her two ladies play, and the queen says, —

'What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?'

To which her lady answers, 'Madam, we'll play at bowls.'"

"That's an unfortunate quotation for you," said Lady Constantine; "for if I don't forget, the queen declines, saying, 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs, and that my fortune runs against the bias.'"

"Then I am *mal à propos*. But it is an interesting old game, and might have been played at that very date, on this very green."

The Bishop lazily bowled another, and while he was doing it Viviette's glance rose by accident to the church-tower window, where she recognized Swithin's face. Her surprise was only momentary; and waiting till both her companions' backs were turned, she smiled and blew him a kiss. In another minute she had another opportunity, and blew him another; afterwards blowing him one a third time.

Her blowings were put a stop to by the Bishop and Louis throwing down the bowls and rejoining her in the path, the house-clock at the moment striking half past eleven.

"This is a fine way of keeping an engagement," said Swithin. "I have waited an hour while you indulge in those trifles."

He fumed, turned, and behold somebody was at his elbow: Tabitha Lark. Swithin started, and said, "How did you come here, Tabitha?"

"In the course of my calling, Mr. St. Cleeve," said the smiling girl. "I come to practice on the organ. When I entered I saw you up here through the tower arch, and I crept up to see what you were looking at. The Bishop is a striking man, is he not?"

"Yes, rather," said Swithin.

"I think he is much devoted to Lady Constantine, and I am glad of it. Aren't you?"

"Oh, yes — very," said Swithin, wondering if Tabitha had seen the tender little salute of Lady Constantine and himself.

"I don't think she cares much for him," added Tabitha judiciously. "Or, even if she does, she could be got away from him in no time by a younger man."

"Pooh, that's nothing," said Swithin impatiently.

Tabitha then remarked that her blower had not come to time, and that she must go to look for him; upon which she descended the stairs, and left Swithin again alone.

A few minutes later the Bishop suddenly looked at his watch, Lady Constantine having withdrawn towards the house. Apparently apologizing to Louis, the Bishop came down the terrace, and through the door into the church-yard. Swithin hastened down-stairs, and met him in the path under the sunny wall of the aisle. Their glances met, and it was with some consternation that Swithin beheld the change that a few short minutes had wrought in that episcopal countenance. On the lawn with Lady Constantine, the rays of an almost perpetual smile had brightened his dark aspect like flowers in a shady place: now the smile was gone as completely as yesterday; the lines of his face were firm; his dark eyes and whiskers were overspread with gravity; and as he gazed upon Swithin from the repose of his stable figure, it was like an evangelized King of Spades come to have it out with the Knave of Hearts.

To return for a moment to Louis Glanville. He had been somewhat struck with the abruptness of the Bishop's departure, and more particularly by the circumstance that he had gone away by the private door into the church-yard, instead of by the regular exit on the other

side. True, great men were known to suffer from absence of mind, and Bishop Helmsdale, having a dim sense that he had entered by that door yesterday, might have unconsciously turned thitherward now. Louis, upon the whole, thought little of the matter, and being now left quite alone on the lawn, he seated himself in an arbor, and began smoking.

The arbor was situated against the church-yard wall. The atmosphere was as still as the air of a hot-house; fourteen inches of brickwork only divided Louis from the scene of the Bishop's interview with St. Cleeve, and, as voices on the lawn had been audible to Swithin in the church-yard, it is obvious that voices in the church-yard could be heard without difficulty from that close corner of the lawn. No sooner had Louis lit a cigar than the dialogue began.

"Ah, you are here, St. Cleeve," said the Bishop, hardly replying to Swithin's good-morning. "I fear I am a little late. Well, my request to you to meet me may have seemed somewhat unusual, seeing that we were strangers till a few hours ago."

"I don't mind that, if you wish to see me, my lord."

"I thought it best to see you regarding your confirmation yesterday; and my reason for taking a more active step with you than I should otherwise have done is that I have some interest in you through having known your father when we were undergraduates. His room was on the same staircase with mine at All Angels, and we were friendly till time and affairs separated us even more completely than usually happens. However, about your presenting yourself for confirmation." (The Bishop's voice grew stern.) "If I had known yesterday morning what I knew twelve hours later, I would n't have confirmed you at all."

"Indeed, Bishop Helmsdale!"

"Yes, I say it, and I mean it. I visited your observatory last night."

"You did."

"In inspecting it I noticed something which I may truly describe as extraordinary. I have had young men present themselves to me who turned out to be notoriously unfit, either from giddiness, from being profane or intemperate, or from some bad quality or other. But I never remember a case which equaled the cool culpability of this. While infringing the first principles of social decorum, you might at least have respected the ordinance sufficiently to have stayed away from it altogether. Now I have sent for you here to see if a last entreaty and a direct appeal to your sense of manly uprightness will have any effect in inducing you to change your course of life."

The voice of Swithin in his next remark showed how tremendously this attack of the Bishop had told upon his feelings. Louis, of course, did not know the reason why the words should have affected him precisely as they did; to any one in the secret, the double embarrassment arising from misapprehended ethics and inability to set matters right, because his word of secrecy to another was inviolable, would have accounted for the young man's emotion sufficiently well.

"I am very sorry you should have seen anything objectionable, my lord," said Swithin. "May I ask what it was?"

"You know what it was. Something in your chamber, which forced me to the above conclusions. I disguised my feelings of sorrow at the time for obvious reasons, but I never in my whole life was so shocked."

"At what, my lord?"

"At what I saw."

"Pardon me, Bishop Helmsdale, but you said just now that we are strangers; so what you saw in my cabin concerns me only."

"There I contradict you. Twenty-four hours ago that remark would have

been plausible enough ; but by presenting yourself for confirmation at my hands, you have invited my investigation into your principles."

Swithin sighed. "I admit it," he said.

"And what do you find them?"

"You say reprehensible. But you might at least let me hear the proof."

"I can do more. I can let you see it."

There was a pause. Louis Glanville was so highly interested that he stood upon the seat of the arbor, and looked through the leafage over the wall. The Bishop had produced an article from his pocket.

"What is it, my lord?" said Swithin, scrutinizing the object with a microscopic look of curiosity, as if he did not understand its nature or use.

"Why, don't you see?" said the Bishop, holding it out between his finger and thumb in Swithin's face. "A bracelet, — a coral bracelet. I found it on the coverlet in your chamber. And of the sex of the owner there can be no doubt. More than that, she was concealed behind the curtains, for I saw them move." In the decision of his opinion the Bishop threw the coral bracelet down on a tombstone.

"Nobody was in my room, my lord, who had not a perfect right to be there," said the younger man, firmly.

"Well, well, that's a matter of assertion. Now don't get in a passion, and say to me in your haste what you'll repent of saying afterwards."

"I am not in a passion, my lord,

I assure you. I am too sad for passion."

"Very well; that's a hopeful sign. Now I would ask you, as one man of another, do you think that to come to me, the Bishop of this large and important diocese, as you came yesterday, and pretend to be something that you are not, is quite upright conduct, leave alone religious? Think it over. We may never meet again. But bear in mind what your Bishop and spiritual head says to you, and see if you cannot mend before it is too late."

Swithin was meek as Moses, and he brushed away a tear. "My lord, I am in a difficult position," he said mournfully. "How difficult, nobody but myself can tell. I cannot explain; there are insuperable reasons against it. But will you take my word of assurance that I am not so bad as I seem? Some day I will prove it. Till then I only ask you to suspend your judgment on me."

The Bishop shook his head, and went towards the vicarage. Swithin followed him with his eyes, and Louis's followed the direction of Swithin's. Before the Bishop had reached the vicarage entrance, Lady Constantine crossed in front of him. She had a basket on her arm, and was, in fact, going to visit some of the poorer cottages. Who could believe the Bishop now to be the same man that he was a moment before? The darkness left his face as if he had come out of a cave; his look was all sweetness and shine and gayety, as he again greeted Viviette.

Thomas Hardy.

DARKNESS.

COME, blessèd Darkness, come, and bring thy balm
 For eyes grown weary of the garish Day!
 Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
 Thy veiling shadows, bearing in thy palm

The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm!
 Come with thy patient stars, whose far-off ray
 Steals the hot fever of the soul away,
 Thy stillness sweeter than a chanted psalm!
 O blessed Darkness, Day indeed is fair,
 And Light is dear when summer days are long,
 And one by one the harvesters go by;
 But so is rest sweet, and surcease from care,
 And folded palms, and hush of evensong,
 And all the unfathomed silence of the sky!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

AMERICAN HISTORY ON THE STAGE.

PUBLIC taste in America has of late years taken two lines that have a tendency to converge into one, and we have been watching curiously to see what the result would be. Every one has observed the marked increase of interest in American history. The impetus was given by the anniversaries which clustered about the opening of a second century in national life, and have not yet ceased. At these anniversaries great oratorical exhibitions have been given, where men and women have assisted with attention and applause; lectures, books, magazine articles, and public gatherings of various sorts have attested the interest. The newspapers, reflecting the popular taste, have given an amount of space to historical subjects which would have buried them in bankruptcy if it had not been that the readers of newspapers wanted all that was given them.

Not only this, but a vigorous effort has been made to reconstruct to the eye the historic past. We have had exhibitions of historical curiosities, and a lively competition has been set up for the possession of historical bricabrac. Even our houses have rapidly acquired an historic imposture. People have put on their ancestors' clothes, and have tried by games, theatricals, tableaux, and

masquerades to see how the heroes looked who have suddenly come forward in such near perspective. There is something almost pathetic in the eagerness with which, but a few years ago, everybody was centennializing himself, and looking over his shoulder to catch a glimpse of the century behind him in the mirror which he held. How charmingly the young American girl slipped into the Revolutionary costume! the only one of us, we are sure, who really reproduced the past. Howells caught her at her gentle masquerading, and drew her portrait in his sonnet to Dorothy Dudley, the feigned chronicler of the Cambridge of 1776:—

"Fair maiden, whom a hundred summers keep
 Forever seventeen, and whose dark locks
 Are whitened only from the powder-box,
 After these many winters: on the steep
 Of high-heeled shoes, and with the silken sweep
 Of quaint brocade, and an arch smile that
 mocks
 At Time's despite, thy lovely semblance walks,
 This year, our continent from deep to deep,
 At numberless Centennial Tea-Parties,
 With chicken-salad, coffee, chocolate
 For retrospective youth, whose bosoms swell,
 When they behold thee and thy pleasing
 freight,
 With love of country, and each patriot sees
 Thy charm in all that thou dost chronicle."

Now the interest in this amiable masquerade is part also of the new taste in theatricals. It would be quite as easy

to show that the period which witnessed the Centennial fever saw also a great increase in dramatic entertainments of an amateur character. The theatre has its own history and development, dependent upon conditions often only remotely connected with other phases of social life; and it does not follow, because there has been an extraordinary impulse given to private theatricals, that there has also been a corresponding popular interest in the regular stage. Yet there is a connection between the two. Amateur theatricals educate audiences rather than actors. Now and then a person discovers a talent for acting by taking part in amateur performances, but it cannot be said that such performances are in any way a school for the stage. What we are justified in inferring is that the increased activity in private dramatic entertainments points to a wider interest in the drama, a greater familiarity with plays, and an accession to the ranks of theatre-goers from a part of the community not hitherto especially given to frequenting the theatre.

Generalizing on such a subject is usually only the writer's private impressions, so my assertion may be taken for what it is worth, that the readers of good literature have not, as a rule, in America, been supporters of the theatre, but that in this class there has sprung up of late a decided interest in the drama, and that this interest is to affect the stage. The adhesion of the literary class — both the writers and the readers of books — to the drama, which has gradually come about, is likely to cause a different order of plays, and in various respects to modify the present state of things.

It must be remembered that Puritanism and literature combined have caused the theatre in England, and still more in America, to hold a position which is not necessarily permanent. That is, the theatre has been made more exclu-

sively a place of amusement than it has been in France, Italy, or Germany. The drama has been so far divorced from literature that we have been taught to make a distinction between plays to be acted and plays to be read, — a distinction almost as irrational as songs to be recited and songs to be sung. Each has gone its own way and formed its own tradition. The drama, thrown in upon itself, has been developed independently of literary influences. It has come to rely largely on stage effects; that is, it has used the material at its disposal with reference to points of display, and has subordinated the text of the play to the actors, the scenery, and the dresses. It has turned novels which were dramatic into plays which excite the ridicule of the critics who praised the novels, and it has been dependent for its new blood either on translations or on dramatic artisanship, neither of which contains any real inspiration. It has allied itself with business rather than with letters, and a strong tendency has been shown toward the merely spectacular.

On the other hand, literature, for lack of this healthful outlet, has been driven within narrower bounds; has contracted its power, lost a fine faculty of expression, and tended to insulate society instead of making it mobile. Society, when intellectually occupied, might almost be pictured as a household sitting in the evening round a table, with backs to the light, for the sake of saving weak eyes, each reading to himself, "all silent," as Shelley says, —

"All silent and all damned."

Shut out from the stage, literature has tried to make itself vivid through other forms. The novel, in the hands of Dickens and his school, was distinctly affected by the effort to introduce stage effects by merely mental processes; and it is largely owing to the same cause that literature has developed a farcical quality of humor, — the painful effort

of a book to do what a comedian does with an easy contortion of face.

Now, in the popular awakening to the worth of American history, in the new interest felt by educated people in the drama, may there not be discovered a restoration of old relations between literature and the stage, too long dis-severed? Such a combination of literary and dramatic forces must depend for permanence upon the audience, and it is the audience which has been in process of education. The principal facts and personages in American history are every year becoming more positively a part of the furniture of the average mind, and there is a more familiar acquaintance with what may be called the scenery and properties of history through the aid of museums, collections, exhibitions, pictures, and picture-books. It is from this common acquaintance with history that any popular appreciation will come of literary work which is based upon history. What is it in art that makes subjects drawn from the Bible so quickly received by the people, except that familiarity with the book which renders it unnecessary for the artist to add a literary commentary to his picture? And when American history is a household tale, then we may look for a ready appreciation of literature suggested by it. The concentration of attention, in manifold ways, upon this subject, in schools and among young people generally, is rapidly preparing the ground for a literature which shall react upon the subjects treated, and make history a still more real and interesting thing to common people. The rehabilitation of the stage opens a conspicuous field for the exercise of these forces.

Granting the possibility of a time, which for our own pleasure we will make near at hand, when author, audience, and actors shall be ready, does our reading of American history justify us in believing that it will be a storehouse for

dramatic incident and movement? Schlegel, in his lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, remarks that the great requisite in the historical drama consists in this: "It must be a crowded extract and a living development of history," — by which I suppose him to mean that it shall present a series of tableaux, which shall discover an actual growth and culmination of historic life. Now in the fullest and most familiar portion of our early history, that of New England, there are no tableaux, because there are no groups and no contrasts appealing vividly to the eye. The contrast which we bear in mind is to the contemporary history of England, or the subsequent history of America. There is scarcely even a contrast of figures: the Indian makes the sketchiest possible personage, and the Quaker, at this distance, is only another shade of dun from the Puritan. Then there is no culmination of historic fact. The history has been called the march of a headless mob, but there is not even the picturesque violence of a mob. We recognize the growth of ideas and the expansion of material prosperity, neither of which admits of very animated presentation; and there were no crises which could furnish corresponding dramatic points, — scarcely any persons of marked prominence for centres of dramatic interest.

Mr. Longfellow, with his unflinching perception of artistic values, seized upon the two tragic elements in early New England history, the persecution of the Quakers and the witchcraft delusion. These he significantly termed *The New England Tragedies*, and in arranging them he kept within historical bounds. If he did not expect them to be played, at least he took no advantage of the doubt to free himself from any restriction of the acted drama. Except that the scenes and acts are shorter than is common, nothing is lacking for a feasible representation on the boards, — but, one instinctively adds, on the boards

of an amateur theatre. The high lights required on the regular stage would disclose the meagreness of the two plays as spectacles, while the possible refinement and delicacy of impersonation in an amateur performance, and the equalizing of text and setting, would disclose the grace and gentle charm of the situations. But any representation would be likely to show the inadequacy of the themes taken as historical pictures. When we bring Puritans and Quakers together in the little town of Boston, and take for the turning-point of the drama merely the expulsion of the Quakers, there is not enough appeal to the imagination to call out any very profound feeling. Moreover, there is no real culmination either in this play or in *Giles Corey of the Salem Farms*; we are simply given scenes out of a very provincial history, with only remote reference to universal passions. It must be borne in mind that the poet viewed the themes as a part of his trilogy, and was occupied with their humanitarian aspect.

The persecution of the Quakers was simply an exhibition of the Puritan character and training; it sprang from nothing, it led to nothing; and spectacularly there is in the contrast of Puritan and Quaker only two shades of the same color, since modern decorum scarcely allows the Quaker to appear on the stage in his historic occasional dress. The witchcraft delusion does offer an opportunity for some passionate and fiery scenes; there is a chance for a lurid light against the sombre Puritan background, and for finely modeled figures in such persons as Sewall and Mather. A dramatic incident of value is to be found in the sudden revulsion of feeling which followed the indictment of Madam Hale as a witch; that and Judge Sewall's confession would make telling points on the stage.

A better subject than either of these is to be found in the legend which Haw-

thorne used in *The Grey Champion*. A drama founded on Goffe's adventures would give a series of historic scenes in two continents, beginning with the trial of a king, and closing with an apparently miraculous interposition. It would have the great advantage of dealing with great subjects, and of introducing figures already familiar to the ordinary reader.

There is another subject in New England provincial history which offers dramatic situations, but it would perhaps be more correct to call it a passage in Canadian history; and it has the misfortune of all Canadian subjects, that it suggests a tragedy without a fifth act. In 1690, Sir William Phips, at the head of an expedition of twenty-two hundred men, — shipmasters, merchants, master mechanics, and substantial farmers, — sailed out of Boston harbor to attack and capture Quebec. Phips's own history is one of romantic interest, and this bluff, choleric, prompt, rude man stands opposed to the picturesque governor of Canada, Count Frontenac, one of that long list of adventurous men who light the canvas of Canadian history with brilliant points. Frontenac sought the aid of the Indian in the defense of Quebec, and a grand council of all the tribes of the lakes was held. At this council a curious scene occurred, which I give in Mr. Parkman's words: —

"Frontenac [at this time a man of seventy] took a hatchet, brandished it in the air, and sang the war song. The principal Frenchmen present followed his example. The Christian Iroquois of the two neighboring missions joined them, and so also did the Hurons and Algonquins of Lake Nipissing, stamping and screeching like a troop of madmen, while the governor led the dance, whooping like the rest. His predecessor would have perished rather than play such a part in such a company, but the punctilious old courtier was himself half an Indian at heart, — as much at

home in a wigwam as in the halls of princes."

The actual fighting before Quebec was insignificant. Phips waited for reinforcements, and kept up only a feeble cannonading. Meanwhile, he tried the effect of a summons to surrender, and his messenger, received blindfold into the town, was conducted by tortuous ways, and amid the jeers of the populace, to the château, where, when the bandage was removed, his eye dropped before the haughty presence of Frontenac, surrounded by French and Canadian officers, glittering with all the gay insignia of rank and office. The interview was short and contemptuous; the New England general was bluffed by the Frenchman, and withdrew from the contest just as he was about to be aided by a powerful ally, — famine. As he sailed away, "Quebec," says Parkman, "was divided between thanksgiving and rejoicing. The captured flag of Phips's ship was borne to the cathedral in triumph; the bishop sang *Te Deum*; and amid the firing of cannon the image of the Virgin was carried to each church and chapel in the place by a procession in which priest, people, and troops all took part. The day closed with a great bonfire in honor of Frontenac."

This historic event has the misfortune, as I have intimated, of having been a failure on Phips's part. It is necessary for us to be on Frontenac's side to see the possibility of a drama culminating in the triumph at the withdrawal of Phips's fleet; and even then we see how different for dramatic purposes is a successful defense from a successful attack. What pleases me is the spectacular element in the grouping of Frenchmen, New Englanders, and Indians in Frontenac's breakdown and in the pageant. For one, I like a good show on the stage, and I commend this historic episode as offering a good background for a bright love story.

The career of Joseph Warren is not

without dramatic hints. The Boston Massacre, Warren's oration at the Old South, with his suppression of the rumble of violence, and his fall at Bunker Hill give points around which could be grouped the conflict between Great Britain and America. For the point of time was not only critical; it held the larger development of the war in miniature. And that is precisely what the drama attempts; for the historical drama is a microcosm, an epitome of the great conflict, just as tragedy is an epitome of human life; and when a single contest contains the germ of an epoch, the dramatist has only to give it artistic selection. In the secret councils of the Committee of Safety, the arrogance and timidity of Governor Gage and the court party, the national instincts of the conscientious loyalists, the restlessness of the populace, the foresight and steadiness of a few patriots, we find the elements of true dramatic representation; and it only needs to arrange these in a culminating series of events to give in reduced scale the entire historic movement.

Yet the Revolution, as we used to call it, is singularly lacking in dramatic properties. We are misled by the title; the American Development would be a truer phrase, and it is observable that careful historical writers almost uniformly speak of the War for Independence. The French Revolution was rightly so called; it shook to the centre an old order of things. The American Revolution set the seal to a foregone conclusion. It disturbed existing political relations, but not until new ones of a higher order were germinant. The very nature of the conflict interfered with strong dramatic situations, — situations that is, which seem to hold soluble elements of national life for a moment, and suffer them to become indestructible before our eyes. There are romantic incidents, but the only group of events during the war which offers any opportunity for an his-

torical drama is that relating to Arnold's treachery and André's execution. In those events there would be a chance to lift the figure of Washington into dramatic prominence.

We often hear it said, Happy the nation that has no history; but of course by that phrase is meant the nation that suffers no violence of war and devastation, for it is these things which, in the old conception of history, went to make up the account,—these and the quarrels of kings. In the more modern conception of history, which regards the movement of a nation toward the realization of freedom, there are many things besides war and quarrels which are reckoned; but it must be admitted that the possibilities of dramatic representation lie in circumstances of sharp change, and in the action of the passions. This is merely making use of the very etymon of the drama, which is a *thing done*, and done before our eyes. In the history of our country, when we leave behind the period of war, and the adjustment of parts which make the nation, what remains for representation in the historic drama? Plainly, not the progress of laws, nor the growth of cities, nor westward emigration, nor the finding of gold in California. The philosopher and economist and social novelist have the monopoly in such fields. Neither does the invention of the cotton-gin, the reaper, or the sewing-machine serve the purpose of the historical drama, though Mr. Whitman can cram them boldly into a lyric. They all help to make up our history, as do numberless other factors in civilization, but they are not dramatic in their nature.

It needs no special insight to see that the one subject which lies at the heart of our history since the Revolution is the one subject in which dramatic incidents are imbedded. Slavery and its extinction constitute the theme of our history since the Union was reached; and because the extinction of slavery has

made possible a nation no longer divided by irreconcilable differences, there is always in every drama based on the slavery contest, however tragic may be its incidents, the possibility of a triumphant conclusion, accordant with history and the prophecy of history. The conflict for freedom is so large and so moving in its nature, and has always been so dramatic in its incident; its roots lie so deep in the moral nature, where only the great drama thrives; and it is so involved in national development, that all other subjects in our history are weak and insignificant before the possibilities of this theme. We stand, perhaps, too near the scenes of the late war, and are too much a part of the conflict, to be able to bear the spectacle of that drama reenacted on the stage; but in due time the events not so much of the war as of the moral and political conflict will find adequate presentation, when the vast proportions of the theme will be reduced in epitome and made vivid in action, which concentrates the thought of the historic movement into a few characters and situations.

There is a subject—I had almost said the only subject—magnificently conspicuous, and capable of holding the entire history of American slavery and its downfall. The material for illustrating it is copious and well known; in parts, indeed, almost ready for use. It is just one of the cases where history pauses for a moment, puts its finger on the page, and says There! The immediate incidents and events, when compared with other scenes, look trivial; yet how perfectly typical and dramatic are every one of the facts which we possess regarding the life and death of Captain John Brown! Here is the moral indignation of the people finding expression in one sharp explosion; here is the prophet saying, "Let my people go." Victor Hugo's sketch of John Brown on the gallows, which look in the darkness like a cross, presents in a theatrical and offensive way the intense feeling

which found in Brown a sacrifice for a great sin. The figure looms, in the midst of its fellows, into gigantic proportions. Even for those who call his character an insane and fanatic one his adventures have a strange fascination, and the farther we get away from the scenes the more typical do they become. The very smallness of the scale upon which his attempt at Harper's Ferry was made renders the action all the more fitted for dramatic copying, and none the less prefigurative of the mighty contest at hand; the failure of the attempt, moreover, holds a finer power than success.

The quaint Puritanic speech of the man is singularly fitted to express the religious and historical opposition to slavery. No one can read the simple narrative of Brown's conduct after his capture without perceiving that history has furnished drama with the very words he used, and almost the very order of those words. The conversation which took place mainly between Mason, the author of the fugitive slave law, and Vallandigham on one side and John Brown on the other is curiously dramatic in its character and force. The letters of Brown and his reported conversations are crowded with characteristic, spontaneous expressions, so that it would be entirely possible to present the man in his own terms, and to find in these truly poetical and fit language. Then the incidents connected with his execution are precisely of the kind to touch us with their representative character: the taking up of a negro child and caressing it; the cry of the old black woman, "God bless you, old man! I wish I could help you, but I cannot;" and it is a matter of tradition that among the Virginia militia who surrounded the gallows, and marched and countermarched, was Wilkes Booth.

These and other trivial incidents help to show how rich in subsidiary action is the entire dramatic scene. The great

value of it lies in its microcosmic presentation of the mighty conflict so soon to shake the land. The representatives of the slave power in hotspur Governor Wise and the cold and crafty Mason stood confronting Brown; the Northern apologist for slavery was there; and if it were necessary to confine the action to Harper's Ferry, it would be quite possible to bring upon the stage spokesmen for all the leading parties in the country without violating the facts of history. What prophetic significance could be given by the wild refrain which made John Brown's soul the ghostly leader of the Union armies!

A great drama is not to be had for the ordering, any more than a great work of art of any kind, but the chances for it are increased by the gradual recovery of the stage to wider relations. The hope of good drama does not lie in the repetition of old plays; it is not a dead power; its life is in the present, and there can be no real vitality in the drama in any country unless it takes root in the soil. The drama is still a foreign thing with us, — foreign from our traditional tastes, and foreign in its appointments. To my thinking the chance for greater things lies through historic scenes rather than through social contrasts. It is significant that Tennyson, an Englishman through and through, expressed his political feeling in *Queen Mary*. It was not a success, because people are not yet accustomed to go to the theatre as they read the newspaper, and Tennyson shares in the disadvantage of taking up the drama as something foreign from English literary culture. His assumption of archaic forms of speech was an indication of his effort to bring his play into relation with the older English theatre; it suffered from its excess of antiquarianism. But Tennyson's failure points toward a change, and it is not impossible that in America, where prejudice sits more lightly on its throne, we may witness an increased

consciousness of national being through the presentation of history in dramatic form, as well as through other forms of literary art, which have hitherto been more familiar to us. There has been gathering a delightful moss of legend and

romance to cover the stony facts of our history. It may well be that the reader of Hawthorne and Irving will yet have the pleasure of seeing the historic life of America epitomized on the stage in dramatic action.

R. Fellow.

EVIL IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

THERE are two methods of studying mythology. One considers its origin, and the other examines, *not* the manufacture of myths, which was an unconscious process, but the ethical meaning attached to them when men began to think. While the first method is important in establishing the kinship of races, the second is necessary to show wherein the individuality of each cultus consists. Whence the Greeks obtained their myths, therefore, is a question less pertinent to the analysis of their conception of evil than an inquiry as to how they interpreted them.

When Mephistopheles, in Goethe's *Faust*, arrives on the plains of Erichtho to attend the classical Walpurgis night, his first remark is that here, as in the North, he is at home. But after searching about among the griffins and sirens of Greece, he confesses that he feels himself entirely strange. Of late years scientists have been so engrossed in upholding the resemblance between the mythologies of Aryan nations that, unlike Mephistopheles, they have neglected those minor particulars which make them in reality so different. They dwell upon the soil from which myths spring, and forget the light, air, and climate which give them, as living organisms, their vitality, and impress each development with its specific qualities. Greek mythology had its roots in Sanskrit soil, but its sunshine and rain and air came from a clime which was neither

frozen as in Iceland, nor heated with furnace heat as in India. It was fresh, wholesome, and temperate, its winters being just long and severe enough to prevent people from feeling satiated with roses and soft winds. As a poet out of the simplest words in daily use can make a melodious song, so, from those mythical germs which in the East developed into exaggerated supernaturalisms, and in the North into rugged home truths, the Greeks evolved poetry. Their struggle for existence was not so easy that they could become dreamers, like the Hindus. They could not afford to ignore the visible world in useless speculations as to the invisible. They might, with the companions of Odysseus, sometimes long for repose and forgetfulness, but the requirements of life forced them into action, even as the Ithacan chief compelled his unwilling men to leave the shores of the lotus-land. On the other hand they were not met by those bodily hardships which are so engrossing as to hinder intellectual growth. Physical beauty and mental culture developed side by side, the latter finding its fullest and fairest expression in the idealization of the former. This equilibrium between mind and body made men form natural and human theories of life and the world. They studied objects for their beauty and fitness, instead of ruthlessly tearing them to pieces to discover some inner and hidden meaning. Virtue and vice were not analyzed in reference

to eternal rewards and punishments, but that their influence upon earthly happiness might be understood. If life gave pain as well as pleasure, they were equally fearless in enjoying the one and bearing the other. They felt the "wild joys of living" too keenly to spend their time bemoaning what had been and what might be, and they were too wise to deteriorate into mere slaves of their senses. They took the evil with the good in nature, and made the best of it; and they treated their mythology in the same spirit, receiving it much as we receive history, and not as a revealed definition of practical morality. Many of their legends related incidents in the career of the gods which were foreign to Hellenic ideals, but to the people, who never questioned their authenticity, these seemed to be as inevitable as the ills of life. They were themes for the poet, and not for the moralist. The truth is, religion and ethics were never really made to coalesce in Greece.

The contrast between light and darkness, storm and sunshine, winter and summer, was the first natural phenomenon that attracted the attention of men, and the first problem in their own lives that puzzled them was the coexistence of good and evil, crime and virtue, health and disease. When the elements were personified, the powers of light became the creators of good, both spiritual and temporal, while the powers of darkness reappeared as the principles of evil. This personification supplied the majority of men with what seemed a sufficient solution of their problem. But it meant little to Greeks, who made human life the stand-point from which they reasoned, and whose identification of man's spiritual with his physical life rendered it impossible for them to represent the world as one large battle-field for two opposite and irreconcilable powers. Mr. Conway, in his *Demonology*, explains the difference between devils and demons by defining the former as

those who love evil for its own sake, and the latter as those who, even when hostile to the human race, have no more moral character than a man-eating tiger. According to this definition, Greek mythology differs from all others in the fact that, though it abounds in demons, it is absolutely without devils. The enumeration of all the demoniacal beings figuring in the different myths and legends would here be useless and impossible. The Greek conception of evil in the supernatural world can best be understood by considering, first, the demons, *pur et simple*; secondly, those creatures associated with a scheme of moral retribution; and thirdly, the nature ascribed to the gods.

"From Harz to Hellas cousins we discover!" cries Mephistopheles. There were in Greece creatures as grotesque, as improbable, as hideous, as any to be found in India or in Scandinavia. There were dragons with seven heads, and great giants with but one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Strange beings, partly birds, partly women, haunted hill and valley, and the calm blue sea concealed terrible monsters. At first it seems as if sirens and lamiae, griffins, hell-hounds, and cyclopes, must be the same in every respect as the Asuras in the East, or the grotesque demons of mediæval Europe, whom they resemble in outward form. But they are in reality as distinct from them as classic is from oriental and romantic poetry. Goethe, in pointing out the likeness, has also analyzed the difference between Greek and Northern demons. This dualism has never been so tersely explained as when he makes Mephistopheles, on the mountains of Hellas, miss the smell of pitch and brimstone, to which he is accustomed on the Blocksberg, while he wonders what can be the nature of their hell-fire. The wiles and wickedness of the "cousins" he there encounters do not originate in hell; they are not, like his friends of the Brocken, sworn allies

of an arch-fiend, whose kingdoms they would fill with the souls of sinners. Partly from the effect of mythical tradition, partly from their own poetic instinct, the Greeks pictured nature as alive with legions of supernatural beings. They filled the woods with dryads and sileni, fauns and satyrs, creatures half god, half brute, while Pan, the noise-loving, the dance-loving, held all living things spellbound with the melody of his "sweet pipings." These sylvan deities were not without a spice of joyous, rollicking mischief, but they were untainted by evil. They were in such close relationship to the earth that they became intoxicated with her beauty, and in their rich exuberance of animal spirits played tricks which were in keeping with their cloven feet, their tails and horns. Sometimes the satyrs robbed sheepfolds; at other times they danced among the trees, and, in goblin form, jumped out before poor, timid women, to terrify them as they walked homewards in the twilight.¹ Notwithstanding their pranks, they were really personifications of the kindly elements, just as nymphs and tritons represented the sea when fair and friendly. But, as poisonous plants grow side by side with anemones and violets, and as the placid water is often lashed by the fury of the tempest into angry waves, so hideous monsters were supposed to wander upon the land, and the ocean had its Scylla and Charybdis. Yet, while the physical characteristics of the demon monsters were described in all their repulsiveness, no effort was made to give them souls or minds, or to define their emotions. Poets would as soon have thought of studying the morals of wild beasts. They looked at them with what Heine would call objective eyes, and never through the clouds of mysticism or superstition.

¹ A precisely similar anecdote was related to me of a monkey and his friend, a tame raccoon. These rogues, — *arcades ambo*, — after roaming about the

The legendary dragons and impossible beasts were direct descendants of the Vedic Ahi or Vritra, but there was as little ethical value attached to them as an English farmer would lay to the account of the fox who had carried off his geese. Myths which had the same beginning for Hellenes and Hindus, when distilled through Greek æsthetic ideals and Indian pessimism, acquired very different forms. The storm serpent of the Vedas multiplied in India into an interminable demonology. In Persia it became *Angro-Mainyus*, the arch-devil. In both these countries the personified conflict between light and darkness was treated subjectively, and represented a spiritual duel. If the evil spirits in the East tormented man's body, the end they clamored for was his soul. But the demons of Greece, just as if they had been ordinary lions or reptiles, had no desire beyond catering to an insatiable physical appetite. While *Angro-Mainyus* might be put to flight by sacrifices of Homa and the recital of magical incantations, and while Hindu demons might be conquered by the twirls and leaps of devil-dancers, the Pytho and Minotaur succumbed only before the arrows and spears of Apollo and Theseus. A glance at the myths relating to these creatures will show them to be devoid of any intention to connect them with the moral welfare of man. The legend of the Pythian dragon, since the victor in it was a god, would seem the most likely to contain a spiritual meaning. But, with the exception of a few miracles which would not be added nowadays, the incidents in the story might be told of a nineteenth-century hero. Heracles strangled snakes in his very cradle, encountered and overcame the Cithæron and Nemean lions, and slew the Lernæan hydra and the Erymanthian boar. In his choice of hardships and labor in

country all day long, would in the twilight leap out from unsuspected hiding-places at unwary travelers, and frighten them for fun.

preference to pleasure and ease, and in the devotion of his strength to the cause of others, the myth of Heracles teaches a fine moral lesson; but his slaying of deadly animals could no more influence the laws of human virtue and vice than the shooting of a wolf in Russia could affect the fate of the Greek church. Perseus destroyed the Libyan dragon, Theseus the Minotaur, Œdipus the Sphinx, and Bellerophon the Chimæra, because heroes of legendary fame would have been only half heroes had they not met and conquered enemies of more than natural power, or else, according to comparative or Müller mythology, because their exploits were but different versions of the solar myth. But where Persians and Hindus made devils, Greeks introduced barbarians and monsters. The difference between the dangers in the path of an Odysseus and the snares surrounding a Saint Anthony is an admirable illustration of the distinction between the demons born of a religion occupied entirely with thought of another world, and those sprung from a cultus interested chiefly in life as it is. In the one case they use all their wiles to make a man sin; whereas, in the other, they aim at overwhelming him with physical hardships.

It is when we consider those beings to whom the Greeks ascribed influence over man's moral nature that the superiority of their mythological theory of sin and retribution is made apparent. At the dawning of moral consciousness, when men begin to question the origin and in-being of right and wrong, and really reflect upon the religion of which they find themselves possessed, they, like Omar Khayyam, send their souls, through the Invisible,

"Some letter of that after-life to spell."

The mental bias of a people is indicated in the conclusions then formed, since they are arguing for themselves their own doctrines of the supernatural, and not simply accepting stories which have

come to them from unknown sources. Men are ruled by fear before they feel the influence of a law of love, and hence the first reasoning as to the fate awaiting men after death has usually resulted in a belief in a hell and in the creation of devils, or beings who are no longer governed by animal impulses, but inspired by a keen sense of evil and a desire to make men as corrupt as themselves, and to suffer in consequence an eternity of misery. Like Milton's fallen angels, ever to do evil is their sole delight. Eastern races, being naturally more cruel than the Western, have made cruelty the principal element in their doctrines of the soul's destiny. All the wild luxuriance of Hindu imagination was let loose in the description of the numerous hells into which the wicked were plunged, and of the hideous, pitiless demons who presided over these torture-chambers. Christianity, unfortunately inheriting the Jewish vindictiveness, vented on dead sinners the bitterness which Hebrew rabbis had expended on living Goyim. The Greeks as a race were not cruel. They had none of the intolerance which seems, indeed, to be the special property of Semitic races, and which we see in the hatred the Mohammedan has for the Giaour, the Jew for the Gentile. From the words of the Rabbi Shimon ben Yochai, "Kill the best of Gentiles and crush the head of the best of serpents," the Greeks, whose cardinal virtue was moderation, would have recoiled in horror. They were therefore kept from developing any very elaborate system of future punishment. Though most men probably agreed with Euripides, that what came after this life lay

"In folding shroud of darkness all-concealing," they still had their hell, which many of the poets described with great accuracy and vividness. There were streams of fire, blood, and tears in Hades, and the sufferings there destined for such offenders as Tantalus or Sisyphus were as

substantial and as intense as those that awaited Hindu or Christian. But these horrors never became weapons in the hands of priests and moralists, as the sulphur and brimstone of hell did with the mediæval clergy. The latter treated the faithful like children, who could be forced into good behavior only by constant reminder of the whip; their idea of discipline being not unlike that of the father in *Wilhelm Meister*, who thrashed his boy in order to insure good conduct, and not because of any misdemeanor. But in Greece men were held to be rational beings, who, knowing the value of right and wrong, must choose for themselves between them. Goodness born of fear did not agree with their ideals, and, human hopes being directed to a known present rather than to an unknown future, Tartarus and its torments were subjects never brought into great prominence. In the times of Homer it was believed that saints and sinners alike were doomed to Hades, and the visit of Odysseus to the underworld and his interview with the shades of Achilles and the other heroes made the fate awaiting the good seem as gloomy as that reserved for the wicked. Later, however, the doctrine generally accepted was that the souls of the saved wandered through the Isles of the Blest, while only the condemned were sent to Tartarus. The very idea of rewards and punishments necessitated the belief in beings who distributed them, and Hades soon had its rulers, judges, and minor officials. But none of these were actually devils. Pluto and Persephone were sovereigns of the regions under the earth, but they were gods as great and as worthy of worship as Zeus and Here. Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus judged the damned, but they were never, like the French police as described by Canler, the cause of the deeds which brought men to their tribunal. The Greeks could as easily have imagined human judges forcing a man to commit

a crime, that they might have the pleasure of sentencing him, as to represent the administrators of eternal justice plotting and planning the destruction of souls. There were demons who rushed to the battle-field and haunted all scenes of human carnage in order to feed upon the slain. There was a horrible Eury-nomus, who devoured the flesh of dead men until only their bones were left. The gates of hell were guarded by the three-headed Cerberus, whose hunger was so great that the dead were provided with cakes of honey to appease his appetite. Charon ferried the shades across the awful Styx. But among all the creatures who lived in the kingdom of Pluto, there were none who, like Satan and his hosts, wandered through the world in order to snare men into sin. The temptation of souls and the undermining of an individual's morality were ideas unknown to the Greeks. Not reveling in cruelty themselves, they could not conceive of a spiritual being deliberately and with malice prepense leading men to eternal damnation. In their demonology there was no suggestion of hellish glee over the loss of human souls, and there was none of that righteous triumph which the just are usually supposed to feel at the punishment of the wicked. The story of Lazarus and Dives as illustrated in mediæval pictures, where Lazarus is smiling with satisfaction at the sight of Dives' soul tormented by demons, would have been incomprehensible to Hellenes.

Other religions taught that men sinned because devils tempted them; the Greek, that the tormentors came because man had sinned. Gautama, before he could become Buddha, had to fight the armies of Mara, which surrounded him as he sat under the Bo tree. Christ was thrice tried by Satan before the latter was vanquished. It was hatred of purity and perfection, and a desire to destroy them, that led Buddhist and Christian devils to make their attacks. But in the Greek

legend it was not until the hero Orestes had become a murderer that the dread Furies began to persecute him. They came as ministers of justice, and not as enemies of virtue. Beings like Nemesis, Ate, the Furies, and the Fates had many attributes which seem devilish, but they were not devils in the real sense of the word. The Greeks, with thorough appreciation of their true character, called them gods, and offered them divine honors. The Furies, or Erinnys, the "blood-faced, snake-encircled women," are perhaps the most typical of all the Greek demon-like divinities. They were untiring in their persecutions once they began them, but their wild ferocity was never aroused save in the pursuit of those men who, by their own actions, deserved to suffer. In the song of the Eumenides, Æschylus makes them define the real nature of their fierce fury:—

"Swift of foot t' avenge are we!
He whose hands are clean and pure,
Naught our wrath to dread hath he;
Calm his cloudless days endure.
But the man that seeks to hide,
Like him, his gore-bedewed hands,
Witnesses to them that died,
The blood avengers at his side,
The Furies' troop forever stands!"

Because of the despair and anguish they awoke in the hearts of the guilty they seemed hateful, and therefore were represented with serpent-covered heads and blood-dripping eyes, or else as dog-visaged goddesses. But even when they appeared most vindictive, then they were really most merciful; for in punishing the wicked they were avenging the innocent, and therefore they were beloved and worshiped by those who cried for justice. This was why they were called the Eumenides, the "well-meaning;" and it explains the declaration of Æschylus that "he who has not found them gentle knows not whence come the ills of life." In the hymns of Orpheus they are addressed as "holy and pure;" and Sophocles, in his *Œdipus Coloneus*, has described the grove of the Furies as a lovely place, where the bay, the olive,

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and the vine bloomed luxuriantly, where nightingales sang their sweetest songs, and all was quiet and peaceful. Their very frenzy insured justice and order for mortals. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who brought good or evil to a man at his birth, and who pursued the transgressions of gods and men, were, like the Furies, guardians of the harmony of the universe. They made every deed bear its due result, and were at enmity with miracle working. They would have opposed any schemes of the gods to make grapes grow on thistles, or to let thorns choke the roses. Adrastia, who sat in the vestibule of Night, holding her brazen drumsticks and cymbals, at whose sound all things obeyed her laws, was another personification of Fate, or, as this power was understood by the Greeks, the law of divine order.

While the demon monsters were as purely physical enemies as storms and volcanoes, and the demon-like divinities were, notwithstanding the horror they inspired, man's truest friends, the high gods of Olympus were the beings most capable of inflicting evil from moral, or perhaps immoral, motives. Many human miseries came from them, and at times they are closely allied in malevolence to Persian or Hebrew devils. But still there was no Loki in Olympus, no Satan in Hades. The extreme anthropomorphism of their deities and their own clear mental vision made it impossible for the Greeks to believe in one being solely evil in motives and actions, opponent of gods and enemy of man, whose mission was to counteract the beneficence of deities, and to drag mortals down to hell. But, on the other hand, divinity did not imply capacity for good alone. In the first place, it was boldly recognized that a god in bestowing a blessing on one man was by so doing overwhelming another perhaps equally innocent person with wretchedness. The rain that saves the farmer's crops may blast the mariner's

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hopes; the saviour must necessarily be the destroyer. And in the second place, gods and goddesses were represented as idealized men and women, whose impulses and passions were like those of mortals in all respects, save in strength, which was increased in proportion as Olympus exceeded Hellas in greatness. Divinity was nourished with nectar and ambrosia, and was immortal; humanity was fed with earthly food, and was mortal: beyond this there was but little difference. The Greeks themselves were quite ready to admit that gods were immortal men, and men mortal gods. To them the three Fates seemed real necessities, since capriciousness, tempered with but little sense of justice, was a characteristic of the high gods. They were all keenly sensitive to any personal insult or injury, while they had none of the self-command which men are forced to practice. They were quite as quick in imagining slights as they were in revenging them, and therefore their protection and enmity were both apt to be short-lived, and were not to be relied upon. Athene was the faithful ally of the Greeks throughout the Trojan war; but as soon as the contest was over she leagued with Poseidon against them, simply because, in the first moments of victory, they had neglected to pay her that attention which she felt to be her due. In the *Iliad* we are constantly reminded of the very human nature of the deities, who were warm partisans, but possessed very limited powers.

Zeus was the greatest of all the Olympian deities, the merciful father, the divine judge; yet in the legend of Prometheus he appears as the creator of all earthly evils. Not because he was incensed at the sins or short-comings of mankind, but because his wrath was aroused at the sight of their increased happiness and prosperity. It may be that at first the story was that of a demon, who brought fire to earth in some malignant form; but there is no proof of

this, and in the legend as it has come to us, Prometheus is the demiurgus and Zeus is the devil. The laugh of the latter, when he sends woman — to him the greatest of all evils — to earth, is like that of a Satan exulting over the woe he has wrought. But his malignant glee is as isolated a fact in Greek mythology as the two human sacrifices offered by Themistocles at Salamis were in Athenian history. Here the queen of heaven became a fiend through jealousy. Her life with Zeus, with his constant infidelities, and her bitter resentment of them all, reads absurdly like the incidents of a French novel. But Hermes, the “schemer, subtle beyond all belief,” manifested more than any other god the qualities usually credited to devils, while at the same time he was the most useful and devoted member of the Hellenic Pantheon. He was the patron of stealing and trickery, but he was also the messenger of the gods, janitor of Olympus, and guide of the souls of the dead to Hades. He was the hardest worked of all the deities, and it may have been the hard work that saved him from developing into an entirely evil being, as the Northern Loki did. If he stole the flocks of Phœbus Apollo, he could also win his friendship by

“the might
Of winning music.”

At one time he ran off with the garments of the bathing nymphs, or played tricks on Aphrodite and Zeus. But he alone of all the gods could face the dangers of the under-world to bring Persephone back to the sorrowing Demeter. It was Hermes who, through his persuasive entreaties, moved Priam to intercede with Achilles for the body of Hector, who gave the magic moly to Odysseus, and who armed Theseus with the winged sandals. In these myths more than any other we see how impossible it was for the Greeks to represent good and evil as distinct and antagonistic

powers. But the incongruity in the divine character did not trouble the faith of the people, nor lessen their respect for their gods. Poets described the contentions in Olympus, and dramatists took for their themes the divine vengeance inflicted on such heroes as Pentheus, Hippolytus, or Heracles; and yet the sacrifices and rites of Dionysus, Aphrodite, and Athene, who in these legends appear no better than devils, continued to be celebrated with the same fervor and devotion. We are constantly puzzled by the *sang froid* with which highly cultured Greeks described the horrid crimes of the gods they worshiped. But it must be borne in mind that their own morality had no relation to that of the deities. They never made the character of an Apollo or an Aphrodite the standard upon which they based their own conduct, as Christians do with that of Christ. The morals of Hellas were very different from the morals of Olympus. The divinities were, as Heine says, "festival gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts." That which the people were really honoring by their sacrifices and sacred games, their drama and bacchanalia, their graceful dances and garlands of flowers, their music and incense, was the idealization of the beautiful forces in nature. In Apollo the beauty of the human form was made divine, and in Aphrodite love became immortal; Dionysus and Demeter were personifications of the earth's fertility. The true worship of the Greek was the worship of beauty. In the working of the natural elements, where other men found chaos, Hellenes saw order; and thus, though they would not have recommended the imitation of the divine character, they never questioned its fitness. In their myths, as in a painted picture, there were lights and shadows, and to them the shadow had its æsthetic value as well as the light. They understood, too, that what seems to us evil is

often in reality a great good, and that the destructive forces are as essential as the productive. It was this belief that caused them to appoint the same deity to preside over two opposites. Thus Demeter was sometimes associated with the Furies, and known as Erinnys Demeter, as if to show that the barrenness of winter was to be loved as well as the fruitfulness of summer. If Apollo was the healer, he was also the destroyer. Athene was the patron of arts and war. Aphrodite was at times identified with Persephone, this union of love and death agreeing with the Venus-Libitina of the Romans. The same union of extremes was found even in the minor mythological beings. "Never," writes Mr. J. E. Harrison, in his *Myths of the Odyssey*, "perhaps so keenly as in the conception of the sirens are we made to feel how fluctuating, how almost antithetic, are the elements which go to form a Greek myth. The sinister demon of one moment is the gracious goddess of the next; the boundary between good and evil is a soft shadow to a people whose moral standard was in the main æsthetic."

Gods who obtained their power only after a long-protracted struggle with Titans, in which, indeed, they were unsuccessful until assisted by strong allies; who shed tears, and whose influence ceased during their sleep; who fought in earthly combats, and who, like mortals, could be wounded,—such gods were not omnipotent or omniscient. Just as Odysseus, though able to subdue the Cyclops, could not regulate his own destiny, so the gods, who could control men, were themselves in turn governed by a superior force. The Greeks felt that there was something greater than divinity and humanity,—something which caused the mortality of the one and the immortality of the other. Good and evil, pleasure and pain, as abstract powers were not the creations of Zeus and Apollo, though these gods could give

their clients concrete forms of happiness or unhappiness. All forces, whether natural or supernatural, were based on the law of necessity, and weighed by the measures of cause and effect. Certain actions would inevitably be followed by certain results, and the seeds that were sown in the beginning of time would bring forth their own fruit, in spite of men and gods.

"Till my day of destiny is come

No man may take my life; and when it comes
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day,"

Hector cried when parting with Andromache. Thetis might beseech Zeus to hinder the success of the Greeks, but she would not ask him to prolong the life of Achilles, since fate decreed that if he stayed at Troy he must be the shortest-lived of mortals. Cræsus consulted the oracle at Delphi, only to be told that it was impossible even for a god to escape the lot appointed by fate. Notwithstanding their mysticism, the hymns of Orpheus clearly declare fate to be greater than gods and celestial spheres, and above even the primal Triad and the One. There was no need of a doctrine of original sin and a redeemer, or the creation of hordes of demons, for men who believed right and wrong to be innate in human nature, and order and disorder inherent in the elements. Physical phenomena and moral discord were not chance work of gods and devils, but were subject to a law which mortals could not altogether understand, and which, for want of a better name, might be called fate. Greek fatalism had nothing in common with Eastern pessimism or modern so-called Schopenhauerism, nor was it strengthened with the sternness of Presbyterian predestination. Belief in fate usually implies hopelessness in struggling against the ills of life, and a strong conviction that misery must exceed pleasure. To the Greeks it meant confidence in the supremacy of order and harmony, for it was the power which insured the symmetrical sequence

of events. Hindu philosophers proclaimed life to be an evil, and therefore tried to free themselves from the chains of the senses by inflicting suffering upon their bodies. But penance and humiliation meant nothing to the Greeks, who held that their lives were ruled by a law against which their resistance would have been useless. If trouble and sin must be, they felt there was no true wisdom in thinking only of them, when the world was still beautiful and human pleasures were sweet:—

"Because thou must not dream, thou needst not
then despair!"

The analysis of evil in Greek mythology bears an important relation to the science of ethics. It supplies a substantial proof to the modern argument that morality *per se* is a growth apart from religion, though the two have often seemed identical. In Greece it may be said that morality grew in spite of religion. The vilest actions and lowest passions were attributed to the gods; and when we remember the peculiar rites held in honor of Hermes, Dionysus, or Aphrodite, we must confess that, while art would have lost immeasurably had the early myths been forgotten, morality might have gained thereby. If the conception of divinity was purified, and the sense of right and wrong made more definite, it was not owing to priest, ritual, or dogma, but because of philosophers, poets, and artists. It was no learned Brahman or Angelic Doctor who declared Zeus to be the creator of heaven and earth, the god of justice, the omnipotent, the lord of all. These were the words of Æschylus, of Pindar, of Therpander; and Phidias was the divinely inspired, who, by his chisel, taught the people that the qualities which are truly godlike are strength, wisdom, and benevolence. The fact that it is impossible to draw a distinct line of separation between the good and evil powers in their mythology gives us the key to Greek culture. Their religion was never more

than a collection of traditions. Mystics introduced strange doctrines from Asia and Egypt, endeavoring to turn men's thoughts to the future life, and philosophers threw doubts upon the truth of old myths and beliefs. But the number of the initiated was never very large, and schools of philosophy were formed only to give way to new ones. The popular religion, however, still lived on; it was dear to the people, because its legends of gods and goddesses were inextricably blended with the early history of Hellas. All the thoughts and hopes of the Greeks were centred upon Hellas and upon the present. Their religious philosophy may be summed up in this maxim of Theognis, which, to show that

the sentiment received divine sanction, was inscribed in the temple of Leto, at Delos: "That which is most just is most noble; health most preferable; but the gaining the object of one's desires is the most pleasant feeling." Now men who love the world in which they live will contribute more to its improvement than those who despise it. The reason of the perfection of Greek art and literature, and of the joyousness and serenity of Hellenes as a race, was their honest, earnest love of life. According to Spinoza, "the free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life." If this be true, then the Greeks alone attained perfect wisdom and freedom.

Elizabeth Robins.

DOCTOR ZAY.

XII.

It was an ill-tempered December day, —gray from Passamaquoddy to Point Judith; grimmer in the State of Maine than in any other privileged portion of the proud New England coast.

"We allers do hev everything wuss here than other folks," said a passenger in the Bangor mail-coach. "Freeze and Prohibition, mud and Fusion. We've got one of the constitooshuns that *take* things. Like my boy. He's had the measles 'n the chicken-pox and the mumps and the nettle-rash, and fell in love with his school-marm 'n got religion and lost the prize for elocootin' all in one darned year."

A passenger from Boston laughed at this. He had not laughed before since they left Bangor, at seven o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer eight below, and the storm-signals flying from Kittery to Kitty Hawk. Of all places where it might be supposed that a man

with a free will and foreknowledge absolute of his especial fate would not be on a December day, the Bangor and Sherman mail-stage was the most notable. The mud of forgotten seasons and unmentioned regions, splashed, tormented, and congealed, adorned the rotund yellow body and black, loose-jointed top of the vehicle. The high windows were opaque with the thick brown spatter. The laborious wheels, encrusted with frozen clay, had given place to gaunt runners, that "brought up" on the abundant inequalities of the road with a kind of moral ferocity, like unpleasant second thoughts or good resolutions after moral lapses. The driver swore at his horses, and insulted the passengers by looking perfectly comfortable in a new buffalo coat. Inside the stage, lunatic gloom and the chill of the Glacial Period descended upon the unfortunate travelers. The straw was cold and thin. The blankets were icy and emaciated. The leather seats seemed to have absorbed and pre-

served the storms of winters, the rheumatism of the past, the sciatica of the future. The Boston passenger, though protected by his individual traveling-blanket and highly-becoming seal-bound coat, expressed an opinion that he was freezing to the cushions, which the jocosose passenger honored by a stare and the comforting observation, —

“Why, we *expect* to.”

This pleasant person got out, about four o'clock, at what he called his “store,” — a centre of trade at some uncertain remove from the metropolis of East Sherman, — and the traveler from Boston had the impressive experience of finding himself alone in the stage during its passage through that segment of the Black Forest which the Bangor and Sherman route embraced.

He looked through the muddy windows upon the ghastly scenery with a sense of repulsion so active that it fairly kept him warm. The forest, through which the Machias stage-route ran nine awful miles unmet by a human habitation, turned its December expression upon him like a Medusa, before which the bravest pulse must petrify. Twilight and the storm were coming on. The runners made a fine, grating sound, like a badly-tuned stringed instrument, in the solidly-packed snow. Darkness already had its lair in the woods. Ice encrusted the trunks of the trees and the fallen logs. The stripped and tossing boughs moaned in the rising wind with an incredibly human cry. The leathery leaves that clung to the low oaks rustled as the stage crept by, as if they had been watching for it. It was too late to hear in the distant gloom the thud of the wood-chopper's axe. One leisurely and lonely rabbit, white against the whiteness, crossed the way and disappeared in the thicket. All the shadows on the snowy road were blue. The light that struggled from the sky was gray. The drifts were freshly blown over and deep, and the horses plunged and strug-

gled in them, and panted up the little hills. In the forest the snow lay on a level of five feet. The silence was profound; the desolation pathetic; the cold deadly. It was like the corpse of a world. The vivid face of the young man in the fur-trimmed coat disappeared, at the end of the first mile, from the mud-bespattered stage window. He rolled himself up to the throat in his traveling-rug, pulled his hat over his eyes, and let the Black Forest severely alone. His whole soul sank before it. He thought of the lives barred in behind it, bound to their frozen places like its icicles. He thought of the delicate nerve, the expectant possibility, the burgeoning nature —

“Poor girl!” he said aloud. “Poor girl!”

It seemed that he felt the necessity of commanding himself, or of defending himself from his own thoughts; for after a few moments' surrender to them he fumbled in his pockets for letters, and, selecting one, perused it with a studiousness devoid of curiosity, which implied that this was not the first or second reading. This done, he put it out of sight, and, leaning forward with folded arms upon the slippery ledge of the stage window-sill, stared out once more at the icy forest, with the look of a man who stood readier to fight his Gorgons than to flee them.

This was the letter: —

SHERMAN, *December 10th.*

MY DEAR MR. YORKE, — I suppose you've forgotten us, but it don't follow. We talk a good deal about you, and should feel honored if you would visit us. I should be pleased to see you some time in holidays, for it's as much as your soul's worth to stand holidays in Sherman. If the Lord had had to be born in Maine at this time of year — But there! Isaiah says I'm growing profane as I grow old, and I don't know as he's far out. The Baptists are getting

up a tree to head off ours. They are depending on a new recipe for a ginger-bread donkey, and turkey-red candy-bags. Our committee have sent to Bangor for cheap *bon-bons*, to spite 'em. I've bought some greens of a peddler, and Doctor asked me to find something suitable for her to give the cook. (I've had three since you were here.) The peddler was drunk, and the cook is going to leave next week. This is the extent of our Christmas news. Doctor is very busy, and Isaiah is n't very well. He's got sciatica. He talks a good deal about your uncle, the estate, and you. The big sorrel is dead. This has been a great affliction to him. It would be a great pleasure to him to tell you about it. It is the only thing that has happened in Sherman since you left. I hope you are in improved health, and that I have not made too bold in writing you this letter. I never wrote to a gentleman before, unless he began the correspondence. I have n't mentioned it to Isaiah, nor to any of the folks. Wishing to be respectfully remembered to your mother, I am truly yours,

SARAH J. BUTTERWELL.

P. S. Doctor has had the diphtheria. She caught it of Molly Paisley. She was sick enough for a week, and got out long before she was able. I look to see her down with something any day. It's been an awfully sickly winter, and they've worked her enough to kill five men and ten ministers. Dr. Penhallow's been here, and he talked with me about it. He said she was carrying it too far. He was very anxious about her. But nobody can manage Doctor, any more than you can a blocking snow-storm. If Providence himself undertook to manage her, he'd have his hands full.

S. J. B.

The stage had wrestled through its last important struggle, known to the passengers as the "long drift," more familiar to the profane driver as the

"d——d long drift," and the Black Forest lay at length behind the traveler. He let down the window to take a look at it, as they turned the familiar corner at the cross-roads, made immortal by an apple-blossom. They were close upon the still unseen village, now, and the night came down fast. The forest rose, a tower of blackness, like a perplexity from which one had escaped. He could just see the narrow road, winding gray and snow-blown through; it pierced the gloom for a space, and vanished with mysterious suddenness. There was one low streak of coppery yellow in the sky, upon which the storm was massing heavily in stratified clouds. The protest of the wind in the woods was like the protest of the sea. A few steely flakes had already begun to fall; they cut the faint light with meagre outlines, as if the very snow were starved in this famishing place. They struck Yorke in the face; he shivered, and put up the window impatiently. As he did so, he heard the sudden sound of sleigh-bells, and perceived that some one was passing the stage, almost within his hand's reach. The sleigh was a low cutter, overflowing with yellow fox-skins and bright woollen robes. The horse was a gray pony, closely blanketed. The driver was a lady, solitary and young. She wore a cap and coat of seal, trimmed with leopard's fur. She had a fine, high color. Her strong profile was cut for an instant against that last dash of yellow in the sky, before she swept by and vanished in the now implacable twilight. She had nodded to the driver with a smile, as she passed him, — one of those warm, brilliant, fatally generous smiles that an abundant feminine creature bestows anywhere, and takes no thought where they may strike, or how. The driver touched his cap with his whip. His pet oath stuck half-way in his throat, and gurgled away into "Evenin', Doctor!" as he yielded the narrow road to the pony, and struggled on with unpre-

cedented meekness into the silent, frozen village street.

It occurred to Waldo Yorke, leaning back there in the stage, with his hand over his eyes, after she had swept by, that it was impossible for him to chatter with those people before he should see her. It was unbearable now that there should be anybody in the world but herself and him. It was incredible. What man could have believed that one look would undo so much, would do so much? She seemed to have sprung on him, like a leopardess indeed. He panted for breath, and thrust his hand out, alone there in the dark stage, with a motion as if he could have thrust her off for life's sake.

The driver reined up at the post-office, and the passenger got out. He walked over to the Sherman Hotel and called for supper, and tried to calm himself by a smoke in the dingy office. But his cigar disgusted him, and he threw it away. He got out into the freezing air again as soon as possible, and walked up and down, for a while, in the middle of the road. The sidewalks were not broken out; the drifts lay even with the fences; there were no street-lamps, and between the scattered houses long wastes of blackness crouched. There were no pedestrians. Occasionally a sleigh tinkled up to the post-office; the drivers clapped their ears with blue-mittened hands, and crouched under old buffaloes worn to the skin.

He passed the town hall, where a sickly handbill set forth that the celebrated Adonita Duella, the only female child drummer in the world, would perform that night, and could be seen and heard for the sum of twenty-five cents.

He passed the Baptist church, where the vestry was lighted for a prayer-meeting, and a trustful choir were pathetically rehearsing Hold the Fort, with what they were pleased to call a cabinet organ and a soprano who cultivated a cold upon the lungs. The frost was as thick

as plush upon the windows of the vestry.

It was too early for either of these sources of social diversion to be open to the public. Yorke met no one, and walked as slowly as he could without congealing, stumbling through the dark, over the drifted road, till he came in sight of Mr. Butterwell's familiar square house. He came first upon the doctor's wing. Lights were in the office, and in her parlor. The reception-room was dark. Encouraged by this to think that the office hour was either over—it used to be over by seven o'clock—or else that no one was there, he pushed on, and softly made his way up the walk and to the piazza, where he paused. It was now snowing fast, and he stood in the whirl and wet, overwhelmed by a hesitation that he dared neither disregard nor obey. His thoughts at that moment, with a whimsical irrelevance, reverted to the letter he wrote when he first got back to Nahant, in which he had asked for her bill. She sent it, after a scarcely perceptible delay. He thought it rather small, but dared not say so. She had not written since. Now, after a few moments' reflection, he softly turned the handle of the door, without ringing. There was no furnace in the house, and the entry was cold. The door of the reception-room was shut. He opened this, also, without knocking, and, closing it quietly behind him, stood for a minute with his back to the door. She was not there, or she did not hear him. There was a soapstone stove in the reception-room, in which a huge fire burned sturdily. Plants were blossoming somewhere, and he perceived that there must be carnations among them. The office door and the door into the parlor were both open; a delicious, even warmth, summer-like and scented, pervaded all the rooms. He stepped on into the office, and stood still. The snow was sprinkled on his fur collar and black hair and beard.

"Handy?" she called from the parlor, in that rapid way he had noticed when he first knew her, and which he had come to associate with her anxious or wearied moods. "Handy, is that you? Come here."

Yorke made no answer, but advanced a step or two, and so met her—for, startled by silence, she had risen immediately—on the threshold of the inner room.

His heart leaped to see that she lost her color. She did, indeed. A flash, like fear, vibrated across her figure and up-raised face, then fell, and she had herself instantly. She held out both hands to him, and drew him graciously into the bright warmth of the room, led him to the lamp before she spoke, took off the yellow globe, and let the white radiance full on his face.

"You are well!" she said, exultantly. "You are a well man!"

"As well as I ever was in my life, Doctor Zay. And stronger, by far. Do you see?"

He squared his fine shoulders, and smiled.

"Yes, I see."

Her firm eyes lifted, looked at him piercingly, then wandered, wavered. A beautiful mistiness overswept them; her will, like a drowning thing, seemed to struggle with it; she regarded him through it fixedly; then her dark lashes dropped. She turned away, not without embarrassment, and motioned him to a chair.

He forgot to take it, but stood looking at her dizzily. She wore something brown, a dress of heavy cloth, and it was trimmed with leopard fur, like that he saw in the sleigh. She did not recover her composure. She was like a beautiful wild creature. Her splendid color and fire mocked him. Who was he that he should think to tame her?

Yet, should a man let go his hold on a moment like this? By the beating of his own heart, he knew that life itself

might never yield him such another. He flung his whole soul into one swift venture.

"Dear," he said, "I am too strong, now, to be denied. I have come back for you."

"Oh, hush!" she cried. She had a tone of fathomless entreaty. She turned from him passionately, and began to pace the room.

He saw how she tried to regain her poise, and he saw with exultance how she failed.

"No, no," he said, with a low laugh. "That is not what I have traveled three hundred miles for. Oh, how glad I am I surprised you,—that I took you off your guard! Don't mind it! Why should you care? Why should you battle so? Why should you fight me? Tell me why."

He followed her with an imperious step. She came to a halt, midway in the bright room. She lowered her head and craned her neck, looking from him to the door, as if she would take flight, like a caged thing. He stretched his hand before her.

"Why do you fear me so?"

"I fear you because you love me."

"No, that is not it," he said, firmly.

"You fear me because *you* love *me*."

He thought, for the moment, that he had lost her forever by this bold *détour*. She seemed to double and wheel, and elude him. She drew herself up in her old way.

"It is impossible!" she said, haughtily.

"It is natural," he said, gently.

"You do not understand how to talk to a woman!" blazed Doctor Zay. "It is presumptuous. It is unpardonable. You torture her. You are rough. You have no right"—

He advanced a step nearer to her.

"How beautiful you are!" he said, deliriously.

She turned from him, and walked to the other end of the room. He looked

across the warm, bright width. A high fire was flashing in the open hearth. She stopped, and held out her hands before it; he could see that they shook. She stood with her back to him. He could hear the storm beating on the windows, as if it were mad to enter this sacred, sheltered place, where fate had thrown them together, — they two out of the wintry world, — for that one hour, alone.

He advanced towards her, with resolute reverence, and spoke her name. She looked over her shoulder. He felt that she defied him, soul and body.

"I have assumed a great deal, I know," he said, in a tone from which the last cadence of self-assertion had died; "it is in your power to correct my folly and deny my affirmation."

She turned her face towards the fire again, before which her averted figure stood out like a splendid silhouette. This silent gesture was her only answer.

"I am not so conceited a fellow as to insist that a woman loves me, against her denial," proceeded Yorke, with a manly timidity that well became him; "and I have been rough, I know, coming upon you so suddenly, and taking advantage of your natural emotion. I do not wish to be ungenerous; no, nor unfair. I will not urge you any more to-night, if you would rather not. Shall I go away?"

"Yes, please," she said in a whisper.

He turned to obey her, but, half across the room, looked hungrily back.

Then he saw that she had clasped her hands upon the mantel-piece, and that her strong face had sunk till it was buried in them. She started as he turned, as if his gaze had been a blow, and shrank before him, a shaken creature.

Even at that moment, he felt more a sense of awe than of transport, at the sight of her royal overthrow. He was beside her in a moment, and gently

putting his own hand upon her cold, clenched fingers said, —

"Dear, is it true?"

"Oh, I am afraid — it is — true."

"And why should you be afraid of the truth?"

"Oh, it is a fearful thing — for a woman to — *love* — a man" . . .

"It does n't frighten me." He held out his arms, with that low, glad laugh. "Come, and see how dreadful it is! Come!"

But she shook her head, and both her firm hands warned him off.

"I have lost my self-possession," she pleaded. "I have lost — myself. Let me alone. I cannot talk to you to-night. Go, and don't — I cannot bear to have you expect anything. I entreat you not to hope for anything. It will be so hard to make you understand" . . .

"It will, indeed," cried the lover joyously, "be hard to make me understand anything but Eden, *now*!"

But he spared her for that time, and, drunken with hope, went out, the maddest, gladdest, most ignorant man that faced the storm that night.

He waded across the piazza, where the snow was now drifting high. The dead stalk of a honeysuckle clutched at him feebly, as he went by. He presented himself at Mrs. Butterwell's door, and bore dreamily the little domestic whirl which followed. The only coherent thought he had was a passionate desire to be alone. Mrs. Butterwell hastened to call the doctor, but he said he had spoken to her as he came along. Mr. Butterwell began at once to give him the particulars relative to the last hours of the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell bustled about blankets, and fires, and *things*. She looked a great way off, to Yorke, and small; he heard her imperfectly, and had to ask her to repeat what she said. He seemed to be floating, a being of another race, from another planet, high above the heads of these

old married people ; in a blinding light, at a perilous height, from which he regarded them with a beautiful scorn.

He hastened to his room, under plea of fatigue, at the first pardonable moment. It was warm there, and still. The bed had been moved into a new place, and the framed certificate was gone. The hair-cloth sofa was there, and the little three-legged table where the medicine used to stand. There was a great fire in a fat, air-tight stove. He wheeled up the black sofa, and sat down, and watched the red oblong blocks of light made by the open damper in the side of the stove. He sat there a long time. Sleep seemed as impossible as pain, and connected thought as foreign as fear. He drifted in his delirium. He had no future, he knew no past. She loved him. He reeled before the knowledge of it. Possession seemed profanity. Where was her peer in all the world ? And she chose *him* ! With closed eyes he repeated the three words, *She loves me*, as he might have dashed down a dangerous wine, of which he had already more than man could bear. He was intoxicated with her.

He got through the next day as best he might. His host and hostess brought a first mortgage upon him, and Doctor Zay was hard at work. She was early at breakfast, late at dinner, and apparently took no tea. He saw her once struggling through the snow to give an order to Handy, who seemed to have added a number at his hatter's for each degree of severity in the thermometer. Handy had private views, which no man could fathom, relative to Mr. Yorke's unexpected appearance ; but they were not of a nature which improved his temper, and, under the present climatic conditions, he was denied the resources of the sawdust heap. Handy wore blue mittens and a red tippet tied over his ears. He drove with the doctor that day, to watch the pony, who was un-

easy from the cold, in her extended "waits." Doctor Zay was wrapped in her furs, and had long, seal-skin gloves. She looked a trifle pale. Yorke watched the brave girl ride away into the deadly weather. She drove slowly, battling with the unbroken road. She carried a shovel to cut their way through drifts.

In the evening, as soon as might decently be, he went to her rooms. She was alone, and welcomed him with unexpected self-possession. She had a feverish flush on her cheeks. She began to talk as if nothing had happened. She inquired about his health, and the medical items of his recovery. She spoke of his mother, and his life in Boston.

Indulgently, he let her go on. He experienced an exquisite delight in all this little parrying and playing with fate, and in the haughty consciousness that he could put an end to it when he chose. He occupied himself in noticing that she wore a woollen dress of a ruby color, with a plush jacket and white lace.

"I have been at work myself, this winter," he ventured to say. "Did I tell you ?"

"No. What have you done ?"

"Sat in my office and prayed for clients."

"I approve 'of that. Did n't you get any ?"

"Oh, yes ; some wills and leases, and that kind of thing. Greatness is not thrust upon me. But I've *sat* there."

"Go on sitting there," said Doctor Zay, with a little nod.

"Thank you. I propose to."

She colored, and was silent.

"I wish you could have heard the Christmas oratorio," began York again ; "and Salvini, and the Damnation of Faust,—it was given twice. I used to think there was nobody in Boston who enjoyed Salvini as you would. Then we've had unusually good opera. I must tell you about the pictures some

time; there have been one or two really excellent exhibitions."

"Tell me now," said she hungrily, leaning her head back in her chair and closing her eyes.

"No, not now. I have other things to say. You must come and see and hear for yourself."

"I don't know but I shall," she said simply.

"Confess you are starving in this snowdrift!"

"A little hungry, sometimes; it is worse in the winter. It would rest me to hear one fine orchestral concert. Do you remember what Irma said?"

"Irma who?"

"Why, in On the Heights. 'I want nothing of the world without, but some good music, with a full orchestra.'"

"You shall hear a hundred," murmured he. "It is fatuity to imprison yourself here, — it is cruel. I can't bear it. It must come to an end as soon as possible. It has infuriated me all winter to think of you. I had to drive you out of my mind, like the evil one. You must come down from your heights to the earth, like other people."

"Perhaps," said Doctor Zay, "when some of my poor women here are better. I have a few cases it would be disloyal to leave now. But perhaps, before I am old, I may move. I have thought that I should like to settle in Boston, if I were sure of a footing. I know the women there, in our school. Some of them are excellent; one of them is eminent. But there are none now (there was one, but she died) working on precisely my basis. Indeed, there are very few men who stand just where I do, and they would not help me any. I should be rather alone."

It was impossible to mistake the fine unconsciousness of these words. Yorke looked at her with amazement, which deepened into a vague distress.

"We are not thinking of the same things at all!" he said suddenly.

"What *could* you think I was thinking of?" she cried hotly.

"And what could you think *I* was thinking of? What does a man think of when he loves a woman?"

"Oh, you've come back to that again," said Doctor Zay, with an unnatural because feeble effort at lightness. But she pushed back her chair, and her manner instantaneously underwent a change. Yorke watched her for some moments in guarded silence.

"I have returned," he said at length, "to where we left off, last night. Why do you wish to make it hard for me?"

"I was insane," she said, "to let you get to that point. I ought to have prevented — a woman should control such things. I do not know what I was thinking of."

"You were thinking that you loved me," he said gravely.

She was silent.

"Do you want to take that back?"

"I wish I had never said it."

"Do you wish to take it back?"

"Alas," she said, below her quickening breath, "I cannot! It is too late."

"You admit as much as that? It was not a mood, nor a — but you are not capable of caprice. Then you have admitted everything," he said ecstatically, "and all the rest is clear."

She smiled drearily. "Nothing is clear, Mr. Yorke, except that we must separate. We have both of us lived long enough to know that a man and woman who love each other and cannot marry have no choice but to turn short round, and follow different roads. You and I are such a man and woman. Let us bring our good sense to the thing, at the outset."

"I am destitute of power to see why we should not marry," said Yorke, with a sudden faint sinking at the heart. She was without the tinselled tissue of coquetry. He knew that he had to deal not with a disguise, but a conviction. She had not that indigence of nature

which could have offered irreverence either to his feeling or her own. "I told you long ago," he went on, "that you should not be expected to surrender your profession. I should be ashamed of myself if I could ask it of you. I am proud of you. I feel my heart leap over everything you achieve. It is as if I had done it myself, only that it makes me happier, it makes me prouder. I want you just as you are, — the bravest woman I ever knew, the strongest woman and the sweetest. Do you think I would take your sweetness without your strength? I want it *all*. I want *you*. There is nothing I will not do to make you feel this, to make it easy, to help you along. I could help you a very little in Boston. That has been a comfort to me. Why, what kind of a fellow should I be, if I could approach a woman like you, and propose to drink down her power and preciousness into my one little thirsty life, — absorb her, annihilate her, — and offer her nothing but myself in exchange for a freedom so fine, an influence so important, as yours? I shall never be a great man, but I am not small enough for that!"

She had listened to him attentively, and now lifted her eyes, which seemed again to retreat from him with that sacred timidity.

"I never heard a man talk like that before," she said softly. "It is something even to say it. I thank you, Mr. Yorke. Your manliness and nobleness only make it — harder — for me" — Her voice sank.

"Everything should be done to make the sacrifice as light as it can be made," urged Yorke. "I have thought it all over and all through. I know what I am saying. This is not the rhapsody of a lover who cannot see beyond his momentary ecstasy. I offer you the devotion of a man who has belief in the great objects of your life; in whom you have created that belief; to whom you have become — Oh, you are so dear

to me!" he added brokenly, "I cannot think of life without you. I never knew what love was like before. I never understood that a woman could be to any man what you are, must be, to me."

While he spoke she had grown very pale, and it was with difficult composure that she said, —

"Listen to me, Mr. Yorke! This is only — hurting — us both, you and me too, to no wholesome end. Hear what I have to say, and 'then we must stop. I appreciate — oh, believe me! — your generosity, and the loyalty you have to your own feeling for me. I never expected to find it. I did not suppose you were capable of it. I grant you that. I have never thought but that you would desire the woman you loved to be like other women, to give up everything. I have trained myself to think so, all along. You have taken me by surprise, I admit. You are more of a man than I thought you were" —

"It is your own work, if I am," he interrupted, smiling hopefully.

"But you do not know," she proceeded hastily, "what it is that you are saying. I do. You and I are dreaming a dream. It has a waking, and that is marriage. Few young men and women know anything more of the process of adjusting love to marriage than they do of the architecture of Kubla Khan's palace. I have had, as you will see, exceptional opportunities to study the subject. I have profited by them. Mr. Yorke, I never knew but three marriages in my life that were *real*!"

"So you told me once before," he said. "I never forgot it. Ours would be the fourth."

She shook her head with a melancholy smile. "You do not understand. You have not had my chances to see how it is. I do not think lightly of these things. Next to the love between man and his Creator (if there is such a thing, and I believe we must admit that there

is), the love of one man and one woman is the loftiest and the most illusive ideal that has been set before the world. A perfect marriage is like a pure heart: those who have it are fit to see God. Any other is profanity to me; it is a desecration to think of. I should be tortured. It would kill me to miss it. It is a matter in which I cannot risk anything, or I must reduce the risk to a minimum. Oh, women of my sort are thought not to reverence marriage, to undervalue it, to substitute our little personal ambitions for all that blessedness! I never spoke of these things before. I am not ashamed to tell *you*. Oh, it is we who know the worth of it! — we who look on out of our solitary lives, perhaps through our instructed experience and trained emotion. We will not — I will not *have* any happiness that is not the most perfect this world can give me. I will not stoop to anything I can fathom and measure. Love should be like a mighty sea. It should overflow everything. Nothing should be able to stand before it. Love is a miracle. All laws yield to it. I should scorn to take anything that I feared for, or guarded, — to look on and say, At such a time, such a consequence will follow such a cause. Then he will feel so and so. And then I shall suffer this and that, — and to know, by all the knowledge my life's work has brought me, that it would all come as I foresaw, — that we should ever look at one another like the married people I have known. Oh, I have watched that bitterness too often! I know all the steps, — I have had their confidences. You don't know what things people tell their doctors. I have heard too much. Years ago, I said, I will never suffer that descent."

"Do you mean," asked Yorke, trying to speak with a courage which he did not feel, "that you took a vow never to marry at all?"

"Oh no," she said, with her ready candor. "I am not one of those women. It

is not honest to assume that there is any perfect life without happiness. It is idle to pretend that happiness and loneliness are not contradictory terms. I have always known that I should marry if the miracle happened. I never expected it to happen. I put it out of my mind. I have known I should be a solitary woman. I am prepared for it. I would rather live twenty lonely lives than to suffer that desecration, — to see you look some morning as if it wearied you. I have seen them! I know the look. It would murder me."

"The miracle has happened!" He approached her with a passionate movement. "Trust it."

She shook her head.

"We love each other," he urged, — "we love each other!"

"We think so," she said sadly. "*You* think so. But you do not know what it all means. If I had been like the other women — Oh, I am sorry you have wasted all this feeling on me. If it had been some lovely girl, who had nothing to do but to adore you, — who could give you everything" —

"I should have tired of her in six weeks," said Yorke.

"And I will give you sixteen to tire of me!" she said quickly. But when she saw how this wounded him she was sorry she had said it, and hastened to add more calmly, "You see, Mr. Yorke, you have been so unfortunate as to become interested in a new kind of woman. The trouble is that a happy marriage with such a woman demands a new type of man. By and by you would chafe under this transitional position. You would come home, some evening, when I should not be there (but I should feel worse not to be there than you would to miss me). You would need me when I was called somewhere urgently. You would reflect, and react, and waver, and then it would seem to you that you were neglected, that you were wronged. You would think of

the other men, whose wives were always punctual at dinner, in long dresses, and could play to them evenings, and accept invitations, and always be on hand, like the kitten. I should not blame you. Some of the loveliest women in the world are like that. I should like somebody myself to come home to, to be always there to purr about me; it is very natural to me to accept the devotion of such women. There was one who wanted to come down here and stay with me. I would n't let her; but I wanted her. With you it is more: it is an instinct of heredity. Generations of your fathers have bred it in you. You would not know how to cultivate happiness with a woman who had diverged from her hereditary type. Happiness must be cultivated. It is like character. It is not a thing to be safely let alone for a moment, or it will run to weeds. It would slip out of our hands like thistle-down, and I should be made to feel—you would feel, and your mother and all the people you had been taught to care for—that I was to blame; that it was a life-long mistake for you to have married a woman with a career, who had anything else to do but be your wife”—

“My mother, of all women, I know would be the first to uphold you,” interrupted Yorke. “She believes in all that sort of thing about women. I never thought of it till this minute. It used to mortify me when I was a boy; then it only bored me. I shall kiss her for it when I get home! You need not give a second thought to my mother. She has never got over what you did for me last summer, and she’s dying to see you, in any capacity. If you came to her in that of a daughter, she would set you on a pinnacle, and fall down and worship you.”

“It has been very manly in you,” said Doctor Zay musingly, “never once to ask me to give up my work. I shall not forget it.”

“I never *thought* of asking it,” said

Yorke. “It’s not because I have any particular theories, and I should be ashamed to let you credit me with any sort of nobility about it. I don’t *want* it any other way. It would undo everything. It would make another woman of you. I want you just as you are. Come!” he said, with a different tone. He leaned above her. She had never seen such wells of tenderness in any man’s eyes. She tried to look into them, but her own fell.

“You make it so hard for me!” she cried, in a quick, anguished tone.

Then Yorke drew back. “You do not trust me,” he said hoarsely. “You do not believe that I love you.”

She stretched out her hands to him in a mute appeal.

“I have waited on your caution and protest long enough,” he went on excitedly. “I went home last summer, as you bade me. I let you think I thought you might be right. I let you treat my love like a fit of the measles. You supposed I was going away to convalesce like a boy, and establish your theory. I never believed it for one moment! I knew all the time that what you call the miracle had got me. It has got you, too, thank Heaven! You can’t escape it. You can’t help it. Try, if you want to. I’ll leave you to work it out. A man can stand a good deal, but there comes a point beyond which he must retreat in self-defense. I have reached that point.”

He turned from her, glowing with swift wrath. His face looked as if it were carved out of hot white lava; it seemed to her as if it would cool off in that color and expression, and remain by her forever, like a medallion. The rare tears sprang to her burning eyes. She felt how desolate she was to be.

At the door he paused, and looked, relenting, back.

“How tired you are!” he said, with infinite tenderness. “I would have rested you, poor girl!”

"Oh, don't!" she cried piteously. He approached her; she motioned with her warning hands. He stood hesitating, and she saw how perplexed and tossed he was.

"If you had truly loved me," he said savagely, "we should not have parted in this way. It would not have been possible to you. You could not have tortured me so. You would have trusted me. You would have risked *anything*. We should have taken hold of our problem together. Our love would have carried us through all these — little things — you talk of. I have overestimated the miracle, — that is all."

Before he had finished speaking she glided up to him; her deep-colored dress and waving feminine motions gave her the look of some tall velvet rose, blown by the wind. She put both her hands in his, threw her head back, and looked at him. For that one moment she gave her soul the freedom of her eyes.

"You shall know," she whispered. "You shall know for this once! . . . Do you see?"

He drew away one hand, and covered his face.

"It is because I love you that I — hurt you so. It is because I love you that we must part in this way. It is for your sake that I will not let you make a life's mistake. Oh, how could I bear it! I should waste myself in trying to make you happy. I could not live unless I made you the happiest man in all this world, — no, don't interrupt me; I know what you would say — but it would not be so. I will never marry a man unless I can make him *divinely* happy! I will not wrong him so. I will not wrong myself. This is right that I am doing. I am accustomed to making difficult choices and abiding by decisions. It is hard at first, but I am trained to it; I know how to do it. Don't worry about me; I shall get along. Go, now, — go quickly! I can't bear any more

of this." She drew back from him by a subtle movement, and gathered herself commandingly. He hesitated for a moment, opened his lips to speak, said nothing, obeyed her, and went.

XIII.

He decided not to see her again, and left by the morning stage.

When he had got back to Boston, he wrote to her what he thought a very deep letter. She answered it by a beautifully straightforward, simple note, in which there seemed to be nothing concealed, because there was nothing to conceal.

He wrote at intervals through the remainder of the winter; she answered him kindly. He tried to keep himself informed of the state of her health, and did not succeed in the least. She inquired minutely after his. Once she sent him a prescription marked *ars. 2 m.*, for an influenza. She exhibited the best of good *camaraderie*, and was rigorously destitute of tenderness. She seemed to have accepted a certain relation of kindliness and frank mutual interest, with that mysterious facility by which women substitute such things for a passion. He was far more disheartened than if she had intrenched herself behind a significant silence.

In April Mr. Butterwell had occasion to write concerning the purchase, in Boston, of a horse to replace the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell added a postscript. She said that the doctor was growing very peaked, and had gone to Bangor on a week's vacation, visiting a college classmate. She said the doctor had done a terrible winter's work. She said she hoped the Lord knew how the small-pox got to Sherman, for she was sure she did n't. She said Dr. Penhallow had gone to Europe.

In May Mr. Butterwell wrote again, to say that the new horse was satisfac-

tory, but that the lawyer was drunk; and if Mr. Yorke felt any uneasiness about his uncle's estate —

Mr. Yorke did experience great uneasiness about his uncle's estate. He took the first boat of the season, and steamed away promptly for Machias. He arrived there in the afternoon, and got a horse and boy, and started for Sherman. He reached the cross-roads at dusk, dismissed his driver, and, carrying his light bag, walked as briskly as the atrocious state of the roads permitted towards the village.

In going by a little group of lumbermen's cottages, he noticed a covered buggy standing at a ragged gate.

He would have passed it without a second thought, but for a sudden consciousness that the horse was an acquaintance whom he was likely to cut. He perceived then that it was indeed Old Oak. He looked into the buggy and recognized the blankets and fox-robe; for it was winter still in the reluctant Maine May. Without a moment's hesitation, he got into the buggy, and wrapped himself up in the robes, and waited.

He had to wait a long time. It grew dark. Several people passed, but no one noticed him. Some men were hanging about the house, and a woman or two; they seemed to be neighbors. He could not make out what was the matter, but inferred that these good people had some source of serious excitement connected with the lumberman's cottage. He asked no questions, not wishing to be seen. Now and then, he thought he heard cries in the cottage.

It might have been half an hour, it might have been more; but she came out at last. She had on a brown felt hat, with a long feather. She walked fast, nodding to the loafers, and speaking curtly; and, coming up, swung herself into the buggy, in her supple way. She had sat down beside him, and began to tug at the robes, before she saw

that she was not alone in the dark carriage.

"Don't let me startle you," said Yorke.

She sat quite still, half leaning forward, for an instant; then sank back. She did not speak, nor take the reins. He perceived that she trembled from head to foot.

"I have done wrong!" he cried remorsefully.

"I did not — expect — to see you," she panted. "I was not quite myself. I have been going through a terrible scene. Where are the reins?"

"I have them. I shall keep them, by your leave." He touched Old Oak, and they started off slowly, plunging through the deep spring mud.

"You will upset us in this quagmire," she complained. "I know every stone and hole. Give me the reins."

He did so, without comment. She drove steadily, but feebly. She began to talk at once.

"There's a man in that house in delirium tremens. It is the worst case I ever had. They called me at three o'clock. I've just got him quiet. He was firing a revolver all over the house when I went."

Yorke uttered a smothered cry.

"At everything and everybody," said Doctor Zay. "Ball after ball, as fast as he could pull the trigger. They were all frightened. Nobody could do anything. I — He is all right now. Nobody has been hurt. I got it away from him. He is asleep. I — Mr. Yorke — will you please — to take — the reins?" She sank backwards, and slowly leaned and fell against the buggy's side. "Don't be disturbed," she gasped. "I shall not faint. I never did — in my life. I am only — out of breath. I shall be — all right — soon."

He resolutely put his arm about her, and got her into a more comfortable position. She panted, and was very pale, but had herself under soldierly control.

He saw that she was right; she would not faint.

"Either, alone, would not have been — too much," she said apologetically. "But both together — to find you there — and then I was up all night with a patient who suffered horribly. And I haven't — eaten very much to-day. I am ashamed of myself!" she added, in a stronger voice.

"I'm glad you had a buggy," observed Yorke maliciously.

"Oh, I had to," she said innocently. "Since the diphtheria my throat has been a little troublesome — and these cold spring winds — Thank you, Mr. Yorke, I am quite myself, now. I can sit up alone."

"I don't think you can," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Yorke" —

"Dear!"

"Oh, hush!"

"I have overtaken Atalanta this time. She stopped for a leaden apple, — for a revolver ball, — and I got the start. Do you suppose I am going to forego my advantage so soon? Do you think you are going to send me off again, after all we have gone through? Do you think I will give you up to your pistols, and your diphtheria, and small-pox, — you — *you*, — my darling, my poor, brave, lonely girl? Do you think I will ever leave this accursed State of Maine again without you? You don't know what kind of a man you're dealing with, then, — that's all," he added, by way of anticlimax. But his heart bounded to see that she did not protest and battle; nor, indeed, did she answer him just then, at all. She was worn out, poor girl.

He did not disturb her silence, which he felt stealing upon himself deliriously, as if it were the first fumes from the incense of her surrender. How should he breathe when the censer swung close?

"Mr Yorke," at last, "are you *sure*?"

"As I am of my life."

"That it is *me* you want, — a strong-minded doctor?"

"A sweet-hearted woman! It is only you."

"How do you know I sha'n't make a — what was it? — 'cold,' 'unnatural,' 'unwomanly' wife? How can you expect anything else, sir?"

"I never saw a woman in my life who would do as much, give as much, to make a man happy as you would, — as you will."

"I wonder how you dare!" she whispered.

She turned her neck, with a reluctant movement, to look at him, as if he had been some object of fear.

"Oh, I dare more than that."

"How long have you — cared — for me?"

"From the very first."

She sighed. "I wish I could say as much! I can't. It took me some time. I cared most about the case, till you got better. And then I was so busy! But" —

"But what?"

"Oh, I could make up for that. I would n't be" —

"Don't stop," rapturously. "What would n't you be?"

"I would n't be outdone in any *such* way. If we ran the risk, I mean, — if it seemed to be best for you. I don't believe it is! I think it would be the worst thing that could happen to you. Why don't you get out of the buggy, and go back to Boston? What did you come here for?"

"To look after my uncle's estate, to be sure."

"Oh! . . . You must be very anxious about it?"

"I am very anxious."

The buggy lurched and lunged remorselessly over the dark and swampy road. She sat erect and white. She did not lean against anything. She did not speak, nor turn her face towards him.

He dimly felt that only another woman could understand her at that moment, and had a vague jealousy of the strong withdrawal which nature had set between her strength and his tenderness, as if he found a rival in it.

"Dear," he said once more, with that lingering accent on the word which gave to his urgency more the force and calm of an assured, long-married love than of a crude young passion, "you told me that love was like a mighty sea. It has overflowed everything. Nothing has been able to stand before it. It is a miracle, — like eternal life. Dear, are you ready to believe in the miracle?"

"Be patient with me," said Doctor Zay. "I have a scientific mind. The supernatural does n't come easily to it. How shall I begin?"

"Say after me, 'I believe in the life everlasting,' — that means my love, you know. I want to hear you say it, first of all."

"I believe — in — *you*. Will that do?"

"I will try to make it do," said Yorke.

"But I don't believe in your driving," observed the doctor. "There is a ditch four feet and a half deep, with a well in it, off the right, here. You are making straight for it. Give me the reins! If you don't mind — please."

"I don't care who has the reins," he cried, with a boyish laugh, "as long as I have the driver!"

They had got home, by this, though neither perceived it, till Old Oak stopped in the delaying spring twilight, and sighed the long sigh of the virtuous horse, who rests from his labors, aware that his oats shall follow him. Yorke accompanied the doctor, without hesitation, to her own rooms. She experienced some surprise at this, and vaguely re-

sented his manner, which was that of a man who belonged there, and who intended to be where he belonged. He held the office door open for her to pass through, and then shut it resolutely. All the scent and warmth that he remembered were in the rooms. In the uncertain light she looked tall and far from him. He felt that all her nature receded from him at that moment, with the accelerated force of a gathering wave.

"It is not too late," she panted. "You can save yourself from this great risk. You can go. I wish you would go! This is not like simple happiness, such as comes to other people. It is a problem that we have undertaken, — so hard, so long! No light feeling can solve it; no caprice or selfishness can live before it. If we fail, we shall be the most miserable people that ever mistook a little attraction for a great love."

"And if we succeed" — he began, unabashed by this alarming picture.

She gave him one blinding look.

"Come," said Yorke, passing his hand over his eyes. "You have had your way long enough. My turn has come. Hasn't it? Tell me!"

"What do you want?" she asked humbly.

"I don't want to feel as if I were taking a sort of — advantage. If you put me off one minute longer, I — shall. I shall take all I can get. I shall like to remember, all my life, that you came to me first, of your own accord; that you loved me so much, you would grant me this — little proof."

He held out his arms.

"Is *that* all?" she whispered. With a swift and splendid motion she glided across the little distance that lay between them.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A GEOLOGIC RAMBLE ON THE WEALD.

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of the English landscape, about the time of Easter or Whitsuntide, is the company of rambling naturalists, or, as the proverbial peasant calls them, "naturals." The call of the sportsman is no longer heard in the land; the sharp crack of the gun and yelp of the hound have made way for these milder invaders of wood and field, who hunt with harmless hammers and magnifying-glasses, and bag only shells, plants, and fossils. The birds and beasts seem to recognize these friendly islanders, and Dame Nature to put on her prettiest frock for them. So, at least, it appeared on a recent holiday, when I had the pleasure of a two days' ramble on the Weald, in Sussex, with the Geological Association. The landscape was in its full glory: every road fringed, every field brodered, with wild flowers; and the downs and commons were billowy with golden gorse, above which the skylarks ever chanted the song of Shelley, whose notes can never again be detached from theirs. They sang from dawn till evening, and as constantly the contralto of the blackbird responded from the woods. And all this beneath the sky's blue crystal!

Our company numbered over two-score, and included several ladies. It was under the joint direction of a local geologist of Hastings (Mr. Peyton) and Mr. Topley, who has gained wide fame by thoroughly mastering the geology of that unique part of England, the Weald, — his book thereon being a standard work. We all took third-class tickets from Charing Cross to Battle; for science is democratic, and no man must be hindered from coming because he was poor. Arrived at Battle, we began at the extreme surface of the Weald, namely, the mansion and picturesque gardens of the Duke of Cleveland. Then

we looked over the field of the historic battle of Hastings. From a beautiful paved terrace, where stood Harold and his soldiers, we looked upon a meadow, nearly a mile wide, to the long, elevated ground where the Conqueror and his invading forces entrenched themselves. Half-way between shone the little river which "ran blood," its legend preserved through eight centuries by the red color of the iron mingling with the Wealden clay in the beds of such streams. The ferociously pious Norman William vowed to build a great church if he should conquer; and there where he found the dead body of Harold, and took the fallen standard, he ordered the high altar to be set up. In this royal human sacrifice the Norman cross was planted; the Abbey grew around it, with its many buildings, and remained until Henry VIII. brought a severing channel between Britain and Rome, which wore on to the "silver streak" made permanent by the Reformation. The battle of Hastings was the last in which flint weapons were used even by the humblest soldiers; where they were picked up are now some famous gunpowder mills. The Duchess of Cleveland came out to see us, and ordered that we should be shown not only the shells of the Abbey buildings as Henry VIII. left them, — the refectory, which escaped only because horses might be stabled where the monks were fed, and the kitchen, with lofty marble pillars, — but the ducal mansion, built in modern times behind the lofty and wide gray gateway. In the splendid library are portraits of the duke's ancestors, charming and refined gentlemen and ladies, who, no doubt, were proud of tracing their pedigree to the victors of Hastings. Looking upon them, I remembered the terse criticism of Emerson: "Twenty thou-

sand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike: they took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled." To geologists, however, William the Norman and his ferocious fauna are creatures of yesterday; and when, being called on for a speech at our last dinner together, I quoted Emerson's estimate, they accepted the description as true, and maintained that the better conqueror was our own William, namely, Mr. Topley, who had scientifically mastered every rock and stratum of that region, and was now leading his unarmed comrades into possession.

Impatient of such contemporary events as the battle of Hastings, our geologists were soon speeding through the country in vans. But once or twice we alighted on the road, and then began to rush frantically through hedges, across ditches and fences, and down steep places, — generally the jaggedest discoverable. Mr. William Topley is unquestionably a great geologist, but as a rural guide for a quiet saunterer I cannot conscientiously recommend him. So far as my experience went, if there was a thorny hedge to be crept through, thitherward Topley led his flock; and if a disagreeable lime-pit, Topley was seen in it, inducing others to put themselves into the same position. Of course one may gradually acquire an enthusiasm even for chalk gullies and whitened garments, but at first it seemed to my

lay eyes that, though Topley was sometimes a suggestive name for panting climbers to utter, Bottomly would at others have been more appropriate for this last conqueror of Hastings (and, if I may say it without offense, despoiler of restings). At one of our sudden disappearances the drivers of our vans gave us up, and drove on and around some miles, with the view of waylaying us on the other side of the woods and ravines in which we seemed lost. To walk would have taken much time, but fortunately we came across an engine connected with the gypsum works of the neighborhood; it had a truck before and another behind it, which were speedily occupied. And here one might observe how some people, quite familiar with the facts and forces of a myriad years ago, require tuition concerning those of modern locomotion; the evidence of this being the sooty appearance of those who had entered the open truck immediately behind the engine chimney, when there was room enough for all in the truck which was shoved. The master and workmen at the gypsum works, to which we were carried, were much more polite to the geologists than is usual in similar cases. This may have been partly due to the fact that this same association discovered the existence of gypsum at that point, where it had not before been suspected. The geological enterprise known as the Sub-Wealden Boring was begun in 1872 and continued to 1875, for the purpose of reaching Palæozoic rocks. A hollow bore with sharp saw-edges, whirled round from the top, was sent down into the earth 1905 feet, and a column was brought up in segments of that length. They pierced through calcareous shales (which quarrymen here call "bastard blues") and limestones, and at 125 feet came to gypsum. The gypsum bed was found to be forty-three feet in thickness, of very pure quality. Fragments of the boring are still strewn about.

Although it solved an important problem, to be mentioned hereafter, this pin-scratch on the face of the earth failed to probe the Palæozoic rocks, the secondary having been found of unexpected thickness; but some interesting and obscure specimens of fossil plants and shells were brought up. At a depth of 1769 feet true coralline oolite, seventeen feet thick, was found resting on a bed of "Oxford clay."

Geology, never aiming at practical utility, is often surprised at finding itself made useful in the business of the world. Not long ago a landowner sold an estate, with a condition that if coal were found in it he should have half of the yield. Sure enough, the purchaser did find an anthracitic black substance which made excellent fuel, and began to sell it. But it was different from ordinary coal, and he refused to share it with the former landowner. A lawsuit followed, and it was decided against the plaintiff on geological testimony that, though quite as good as coal, it was not technically that substance. Geologists are often asked for opinions as to the probable metalliferous or mineralogical character of certain local strata. Until comparatively recent times the diviner held his place. Of course impostors of this class were driven by failures out of their pretense to discover particular metals and minerals, but they held out long on water, in this moist country. The last divining-rod of which I have heard in this region was exterminated by the ingenious device of a man of science. This diviner used to be paid for discovering the site of water, and it was pretty sure to be found if bored for far enough. Hearing that a credulous farmer was about to employ him, the scientist asked to accompany the search. After they had started, the scientist informed the farmer of the test he intended to apply, under promise of secrecy. He had filled his pockets with bits of a rock not found in that region, and wherever

the rod gave a sign he slyly dropped a fragment of the same. When four or five spots had been indicated by the divining-rod, the scientist, feigning a genuine interest, requested the diviner to return on his steps, and point out the water-spots again. The impostor consented, but in each case his rod passed over the previous (marked) spots without a tremor, and indicated adjacent ones. The farmer perceived that the diviner was a humbug, and the superstition migrated to more congenial regions, such as the petroleum wells of America. Except about the 'gypsum works, however, the peasantry generally seemed to regard us as mild lunatics, kindly guided on an Easter excursion. At one point, where a dozen men were quarrying building-stone, the smiling pity on several of the bronzed faces revealed their potential relationship to classical Joe of Cumberland, who, employed by the "jolly jist" to fetch his large bags of precious stones next day to a hotel in the neighboring town, hit upon a plan for lightening his burden: Joe emptied the bags at starting, and refilled them from the turnpike just before reaching his destination. In a subsequent interview Joe remarked, "I niver owder heard mair of t' oald jolly jist, but I've offen thowte ther mun be parlish few steáns i' his country, when he was sooa pleas't at gittin two lál bags full for ten shillin', an' sec a breakfast as that au'. It wad be a faymish job if fadder could sell o' t' steáns iv oor fell at five shillin' a pwokeful, wad n't it?"

At Battle, after a good dinner, paid for round the table, the party divided: some remaining to pass the night at the George, the rest going on to sleep at Hastings. At an early hour next morning we were all on Hastings beach, near by the old castle, whose chief interest lay in a certain geologic "fault," which its builders had utilized in completing their entrenchment. Here were groups, gazed upon by boatmen and fishermen

with silent wonder, going about chipping rocks, examining shingle, gesticulating at the high cliff. Some girls and boys, whose white legs were shining in the surf, came out and hastened after us, scrutinizing the mysterious rocks which had been hammered. At the bottom of the cliff was a rock on which the waves of opposing ancient seas, striving like Norman and Saxon, had left their battle monument in the form of beautiful diamond-carvings. The children, following our eyes, discovered the wave-marks, and hastened over to the rock, sixty yards distant; but the sight which needed that perspective was gone, and mere roughnesses rewarded their search for reality beneath the beauty. Having climbed one hundred and fifty feet to the top of the cliff, we all reclined on its edge, to rest a little in the warm sunshine. We knew as little of the sanctity of the spot we were on as its geologic value was known to the nut-brown nymph of the place who confronted us. This sun-tanned beauty of seventeen came, with the usual gypsy tone, begging that we would buy photographs of Dripping Well, Ecclesbourne Glen, Lovers' Seat. "What is Lovers' Seat?" inquired our chorus (rather younger than that of the Greeks). "I'll tell you!" she cried, and, sure-footed as a chamois, she leaped upon a rock overhanging the perilous precipice, and began her sing-song but not unmusical recital, in a hereditary tone which suggested that the same story might have been told there as long as the waves had beaten on the shingle. "There were two lovers," — so ran her runic romance. "The lady's name was Elizabeth Boys, and the gentleman's Captain Charles Lamb, whose father was a timber merchant living at Rye, and 'er father a very rich country gentleman living at 'Awk'urst, Kent, who sent her to Fairlight place because he should not visit her. So one evening she was taking a walk on the top of this cliff, and

waving a 'andkerchief to make known she was there. Captain Charles Lamb saw the signal, came on shore, and they met on the Lovers' Seat. They kept meeting there for some time, and then got married at St. Clements Danes, in the Strand. After that he left his majesty's service, and joined a pleasure yacht, and went cruising about the Isle of White. One very rough day, while steering the yacht, he was washed overboard and drowned. She was so broken-hearted she went back to her father, who would not 'ave hanything to say to her because she disobeyed him; so she came to this place, stretched out both 'er harms, and gave a great leap from the rocks so 'igh to the 'sea so deep, saying, —

'The shells of the hoshun shall be my bed,

And the shrimps go wiggle-waggle hover my 'ead.'

Instead of that a branch of a tree caught her, and that saved her life. The captain of the revenue cutter, who took her 'usbun's place, saw her jump; he ordered the men to lower the boat, and take 'er hoff. She was so grateful to the captain that they were married, and 'ad a large fam'ly, and lived 'appy ever hafter. And that 'appened in 1786, and that 's the true history of Lover's Seat." When the girl came to the lines of poetry and the wiggle-wagglings shrimps, her voice quivered with emotion, and she felt after a handkerchief, which, no doubt for good reasons, was not forthcoming, and altogether was dramatic enough to obtain a considerable lot of pennies. The story has been evolved to get pennies. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Lamb, after her elopement, died before her husband, at the birth of her first child, a daughter, who married a clergyman named Ferris. How many myths of greater dignity began their development in minstrelsy inspired by penny-wisdom!

Descending to the beach we came to a good point for observation, and all sat

down on the shingle. Dr. Busk and his daughters, who were staying at Hastings, Professor Tydemann, of the Geological Coast Survey, and some others had joined us, and we were now about fifty in all. Here, with a vast sweep of the curved cliffs in full view, we were to hear from Mr. Topley the full story of the Weald. Several persons, who had seen us in the distance, probably imagined us a company of the Salvation Army, and approached us; but when they saw the outstretched maps, and heard some sentences of the sermon Topley was finding in stones, they retreated in a double-quick that did credit to Salvationist drilling. From his rock this clear-headed man, whose eye "of large discourse" seemed to have been evolved for geoscopic work, and whose mind had become a spiritual organ of the wonderful Weald, spoke to us for nearly an hour. No poem written in our time could surpass the sublimity of the history told in his simple speech.

The characteristic Wealden beds are, briefly, as follows: (1.) The Wadhurst clay, consisting of clay and shale about one hundred and twenty feet in thickness; near the bottom, sand and sandstone, and then calcareous sandstone, with nodules of clay ironstone, and a band containing the tiny shell *cyrena*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the chief seat of the iron trade, but the last furnace was given up in 1828. (2.) The Ashdown sand, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet in thickness. This rock-sand makes an important feature of the Hastings cliff; and about thirty feet from the top of it there is a bed of shale, twenty-five feet thick, named after the delicate little vegetable fossil found in it, *endogenites erosa*. (3.) The Fairlight clay, consisting of mottled clays, sands, and sandstones, over three hundred and fifty feet in thickness. (4.) The Purbeck beds, composed chiefly of shales with two series of limestone beds

together four hundred feet in thickness. (Early in this century these Purbeck beds were extensively worked for lime; but they have been abandoned because it is more economical to carry chalk-lime by railway.) Although, as has been said, the Sub-Wealden Boring failed of its main object (reaching the Palæozoic rocks), it revealed the fact that these Purbeck beds were not, as had been supposed, representatives of the true Wealden beds, but contained fossils not found in the others, namely, marine and brackish-water shells.

When that International Geological Commission, of which Mr. Topley is a member, has determined on a common terminology, the names just used may cease to be dry bones even for the lay apprehension; but the wonderful history that is in them will require more than scientific interpretation. As I lay on the shingle, listening to graphic descriptions of hills no longer existing, and rivers no longer flowing, I recalled one charmed summer day in the porch of Craigie House, when Agassiz was trying to persuade "the sweet singer" that he should become minstrel of the mighty forests primeval, which existed before any *Evangeline*, even *anthropoid*, wandered through them. Agassiz, beginning with laughter, became so unconsciously poetical that he had to defend himself against a demand in return to write the coming epic himself. It is perfectly true that one who should thoroughly explore this Wealden realm would find himself in the presence of conceptions whose vastness and sublimity provincialize the imaginary shapes of Dante and Milton. The eye beholds a mighty ocean, and even while it looks the ocean dries up and disappears, leaving its record in vast deposits hardened into rocks. A continent rises, is covered with plants and animals; and now a great lake forms over it; then the whole of it sinks, and again an ocean flows over all; presently once more the

land emerges, to be denuded by the sea, planed by glaciers, and worn by rains, till every page in its history is laid bare.

On our first day inland, yet within sight of the sea, and amid manifold manifestations of the sea's mad work up there, hundreds of feet above the sea level, we had all gathered bits of rocks studded with fresh-water shells. These fresh-water shells, found thickly overspreading a region two hundred by eighty miles, define geologically the Weald (Wald or Wold) of England. Similar fresh-water fossils (such as the tiny *cyrena*) you gather on the cliffs overhanging Hastings, and still they are framed amid clear traces of the working of the salt sea. And these fossils are the witnesses whose wondrous testimony concerning the shaping of the earth were rehearsed by their best interpreter, and opened vistas before the mind's eye which made all conventional cosmogonies trivial.

On the coast of Hanover the same kinds of fresh-water fossils are found, and their path, many miles wide, may be traced far away into the depths of Germany. The other point on the continent where they appear is on the cliffs of Boulogne, and their wide bed stretches toward the south of France. In neither of these countries is there any river near the track of these fresh-water shells, but plenty of traces of marine action. Yet long before any Channel had severed England from the Continent, two rivers, as large as the Rhine, flowed northward from France and Germany, and united to form a vast estuary or lake, whose bed is now known as the Weald. Since then the whole of this region has been submerged; it became the bed of the sea, and over these fresh-water deposits were piled up sands and chalks a mile thick. The earth itself rose and fell in tides, each of which must have required millions of years for its flowing or ebbing. From beneath the sea England emerged by im-

measurably slow degrees, and as it did so the surf sawed and planed the cretaceous mass, even as it now undermines these white cliffs around us, and has compelled yon light-house to retreat thrice before its encroachments. Still rose the land formed under the sea, steadily went on its denudation, until at length was laid bare again these long-entombed fresh-water forms of the estuary that had stood here in the unimaginable past. In regions around are the bones of wolves, elephants, bears, and other animals, which freely roamed to this part of the continent, but when severed by the sea from the mainland could not find here a habitat. There was no Channel tunnel; the winter was not so mild as this; there was nobody to pity and shelter the poor Jumbos of that era: so they perished, many of them, it would seem, huddling in caves, where their teeth are found, the most lasting bone of every animal.

England is now again sinking under the sea. On the beach at Hastings one may see at low water remains of a submerged forest,—trunks of oak, yew, hazel. Bede records the great "sea-flood" of 1014. In the Rye Records of this region is written, "Be it remembered that in the year of Our Lord 1287, in the evening of St. Agath the Virgin, was the town of Winchelsea drowned, and all the lands between Climesden and the vocher of Hythe." The high tides which submerged this forest still come, but they no longer find helpless animals or populations; they beat against groins of stone. This lump of chalk called England will scratch many a black-board before it melts in the sea. There is something strangely mystical in the appearance of the great downs spreading inland from the white chalk cliffs which gave its name to Albion. They are like vast billows rising to their crests. They have a long gradual slope on one (and the same) side, and on the other a precipitous inward

curved escarpment. The effect is that of a sea that has been suddenly solidified. And down on the beach the small rocks are found with similar incline on one side, and escarpment on the other. The high downs will be laid low some day; but to those who think in geologic time the placard of "Danger," set on the cliff's edge, appeals to generations some millions of years ahead.

The majority of eyes that come to the seaside during the holidays are not bent upon geologic or other vistas. Of this fact I have just been reminded by the following effusion of a rambling Cantab, headed Morn by the Seaside:—

"Mark how the rosy regiments of Morn
Speed welkinward from isle to fleecy isle,
Leaping, and drive the sable Night and all
His swart battalions down the western slopes
Into the western waves. This is the hour
That fires the poet's brain with frolic fancies,
That bids him sing of Venus and her doves,
And all those sunny deities that erst
O'er high Olympus ruled; and I, e'en I,
No fanciful poet—bah! a twinge of that
Most unimaginative rheumatism!
Duce take the dew!—I'll back to bed at once!"

Were I writing for the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, I should not despair of showing that the sonnet just quoted is a little shell characteristic of the last stratum of England, disclosing the transcendental effect of the Channel which severed this land from the continent. Cliffs ever fortified against the sea produce a nation ever fortifying itself against the fluctuating world: this insular conservatism develops an insular genius, whose imagination rises only to its marine escarpment; and this large, general feature of English thought is represented in such small escarpments as the rheumatism which arrested my Cantab's flight to Olympus. Q. E. D. The opposition of this nation to the Channel tunnel began a thousand years ago, when these people on the coast began to defend their cliffs from the sea, took a further step when they tried to beat back the Norman, and a longer step when they developed their

conquerors into islanders like themselves. At the end of the series we find English genius, however bold and beautiful, rarely able completely to humanize itself. It is hardly able to follow a world-ideal which turns English institutions into a detail. There are exceptions: Byron, Shelley, and some others escaped insularity by banishment; Browning has measurably escaped by aid of Shelley and Italy; Swinburne, by a little French revolution of his own; and Dante Rossetti, by the loyalty of his Italian blood to the great Florentine seer, whose name he so worthily bore. But to the average English intellect all these cosmopolitan men are more or less failures. The song that wins the heart of England must be high and grand indeed, but it must terminate in "God save the Queen," or else wait until the waves of time have submerged the limits it does not respect.

A little way from here is a castle, associated in my mind with the man who, of all others that ever lived, illustrates the capacity and the limitations of the genius of this nation. It is Hurstmonceaux Castle, and the man I mean is Carlyle. This place, the ancient lordship and estate of Godwin, Earl of Kent, embattled by Sir Roger Fynes in Henry the Sixth's time, passed on to be the inheritance of the late Archdeacon Hare. John Sterling, who had traveled with Hare in Germany, was appointed by him rector of Hurstmonceaux, and in June, 1834, entered upon his work. But, meanwhile, the master seated invisibly within Sterling was Carlyle. No doubt it was through him that the Hares also became warm friends of Carlyle. I have before me a charming letter written by Carlyle, which, as it has never been published, I may well insert here. It was written to Archdeacon Hare.

CHELSEA, December 20, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the pamphlet and kind letter which have

reached me this morning. In the former, as I glance over it, I already discover many things to be glad of; the latter is wholly a glad, welcome thing. We have an honorable printed "Charge" to the spiritual troops under your captaincy; and then the written Charge to a poor *non-soldado* (alas!) of the *guerilla* or moss-trooper species, — who hopes, nevertheless, that he perhaps fights on your side, too!

My expedition into Sussex grows ever the pleasanter to look back upon. It was transacted, as most of my journeys are, in a strange, preternatural humor, the fruit of sleeplessness, excitability, and nerves all torn to pieces; so that the whole world looks to one, like what it partly is, a spectral vision, proscenium to Hades, and hardly differing in quality from that! Months after, this and the other clear, living figure, clear, beautiful scene, dawns out on you in quiet visibility of fact, all the lovelier for such environment. Uckfield, Cuckfield, Mayfield, Maresfield, — all these fields and strange, blue-green, sunny, shady places are henceforth portion of my private picture-gallery.

That you ask me back to Hurstmonceaux is very gratifying to me. Why should I not say to myself, Yes, this too is possible one day? Your "inhospitality" remains forever memorable to me; how I plumped in upon you, weary, out of the waste-howling labyrinthic night, and found — one waiting to devour me! There are few things beautifuller in the world and its wayfarings than the like of that.

For several months past I sit here, *perdu*, in a little back room, sunk to the ears, or almost deeper, in Cromwelliana, Laudisms, Covenantanisms, — the dullest, dreadfullest stuff I ever engaged with in this world. The vapidest *Moniteur* of the French Year One was Ho-

meric in comparison with these "continents of cinders." *Ah me, aus dem wird Nichts*, — except one's own deliverance from it by and by! Hurstmonceaux has no books on this subject. I find it difficult to get books; and then wish almost it had been impossible.

Darley was here not very long since, but saw only my wife. He speaks of Hurstmonceaux as of Eldorado. Milnes¹ passed along towards France two weeks ago; he looks happier than ever, and even threatens to grow *fat*, — fatter than bard beseems. We hear occasionally of Sterling. I think of late years I have noticed a *book* lying in him, occasioning various pains and phenomena. Lucina be good to him, poor fellow!

Did you see a "tragedy," by Mrs. Gore, called *Dacre of the South*,² or some such thing, the scene of which is your castle, Hurstmonceaux? It has nothing else remarkable. We are overrun with dramas at present, or "legitimate dramas," as most of the authors call them here.

Will you commend me in all kindness of remembrance to your fair sister, begging for me some reciprocity, if that be possible.

All lies bound in its winding-sheet of ice and snow, and gray, moaning skies. Strange to think that the sun and the everlasting blue do exist and shine above it all!

Good be with you, in all senses of that word. Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

So sweet were Carlyle's relations with the clergyman with whom he was subsequently to contend for the dead body of Sterling! For the rest, the whole life formation of Carlyle is in this letter in miniature, — its gentle flowery slopes, its sharp, wild escarpments. Here is the intellectual moss-

Haunted House, is also founded on a tradition connected with this castle.

¹ Now Lord Houghton.

² The Dacres of Hurstmonceaux were ancestors of the Hares. The comedy of Drummer, or

trooper equipped for heroic fight, but with no side yet to fight on short of the cold battle-fields of Cromwell and Laud, spectral as the phantoms of William and Harold beside him and Sterling, as they walked these cliffs, pondering problems of the universe. From his continents of cinders he must look to the bright castle halls and their happy circles, unhaunted by any demons of doubt, and as they cheerily beckoned him answer, "Yes, this too is possible one day!" But alas, when the day came the heart for it was gone. He sat in the aristocratic mansion beside the Mediterranean, his window overlooking groves of the orange and olive, able to see only one grave in a ruined abbey of Scotland, and a cold winding-sheet shrouding everything. An icier winding-sheet now wraps the memory of Carlyle; gray, moaning skies bend over the grave of his fame. It may be "strange to think that the sun and the everlasting blue do exist and shine above it all," yet so do I for one think and believe. It requires a long time to take in Jungfrau as a whole. Its silvery frettings, as seen from a distance, turn, when approached, to blanched desolations; its precipices are perilous, its avalanches remorseless; its brow is for the most part clouded. But down its sides forever flow cloud-distilled streams, that feed the meadows and flowers beneath; and they who climb and patiently wait shall find the cloud part at the summit, commanding vistas of eternal beauty. And yet do I believe that while, as from this summit, the populations of the plains seem pigmies, even those on the hillocks small, there can be most clearly defined among them a Scottish peasant, who never outgrew his first rude home and village, whose heart never ascended with his intellect, and whose life will remain the most salient revelation of the spiritual prison-walls corresponding with these outlines of Britain. And this peasant is Carlyle himself, whose heart never left the village and the kirk

where he lies buried, and whose joy was consumed like the moth of his own poem in the flame of his own genius. But the tender mythopœic processes of man will gradually raise Carlyle's heart into harmony with his genius. When his intellectual negations and new affirmations, under which he groaned, have become invested with the religious sentiment and adorned by art, and the "survivals" he clung to fully fossilized, then these confused records of his life will be recombined. The small prejudices, ignorant judgments, and inherited heart superstitions of the individual Scotchman will be discharged by crystallization of the man. Many hearts and thoughts of men and women will add what he lacked, and he will become as heroic a figure as any he ever worshiped. But he will not be worshiped; for in death he has released men from the illusions of his life. The end of the prophet of hero-worship has been to prove to the world that heroes are creations of their worshipers. Critical investigation knows the same to be true about all his heroes, save him who named England's highest cliff. The greatest man was he of whom we know least; he left no "reminiscences," but said, "Sweet friend, for Jesus' sake forbear!"

Just as I had written these last words, a charming book reached me, *A Poet's Harvest Home*, by William Bell Scott, — one of Emerson's friends, — in which is the following: —

HERO-WORSHIP.

How would the centuries, long asunder,
Look on their sires with angry wonder,
Could some strong necromantic power
Revive them for one spectral hour!
Bondsmen of the past are we, —
Predestined bondsmen: could we see
The dead, now deified, again
Peering among environing men,
We might be free!

But I have rambled far from my scientific friends. The last I saw of them was when we all gathered at Has-

tings for our final dinner together, and thereafter made speeches of mutual felicitation on the good weather and the general success of our excursion. The rambles now ended, the scientists gave signs of hilarity such as might have justified Cumberland Joe's word, "jolly jists." We closed the day with a generous old-fashioned English dinner, enjoying which an invited guest, though not a scientific enthusiast, remarked, "If this is geology, I like it!" Our worthy host of Green's Inn, who had done his very best for the large company, caught this remark, and it relieved him; for he was mystified, and his face had grown a little red, as he had heard round the table such words as "false beddings," "faults," "denudations," and "pudding stones." The beds of his inn were faultless; and the pudding contained no

stones, but honest steak and kidneys. In the end the last trace of anxiety was cleared from his brow by fit compliments. In the evening, billiard tables were in requisition; theatres were filled with unaccustomed faces; and the splendid baths of Hastings were occupied by expert swimmers. Bright and early next morning we were all on the way to London. But could it be on the same railway as that by which we came? The return ticket said so, and the stations bore the same names; yet to the eyes of one among the ramblers the landscape appeared to have suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange: glaciers moved along the valleys, surf was sawing at the hill-tops, and over the bright mansions and spires of Tunbridge Wells had spread a vast translucent lake!

M. D. Conway.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VII.

EDUCATION.

THE various churches and religious organizations in the Southern States all appeared to be deeply interested in the work of popular education, and their leading men were evidently studying the problems and difficulties connected with the subject with serious attention. Most of these religious bodies have schools and colleges of various grades under their supervision. I visited many of these, and I think that their work, when compared with that of institutions of learning of similar rank in the Northern States, must be pronounced fairly good, and decidedly creditable to the communities which sustain them. Education is not so general in the South as in New England, but it is regarded with more respect, and its possession confers

greater distinction. The education obtained at the best Southern colleges has long been noticeably solid and genuine in quality, and I thought the young men at these institutions appeared to be rather more vigorous than the students in our foremost Northern colleges or universities, — to have greater intellectual and personal force. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that usually, in the South, only boys that evince superior ability are sent to college. There are comparatively few rich men in the Southern States, and, in consequence, not so many young men as at the North are sent to the best schools merely because their parents are possessed of great wealth.

The educational work already accomplished in the South by the American Missionary Association is of a high character, and it deserves all possible recognition and assistance. The best

Southern people everywhere spoke of it gratefully and enthusiastically. At the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia; Talladega College, in Alabama; Tugaloo University, Mississippi; Tillotson Normal School, Austin, Texas, and at several other colleges and normal schools which I saw, though the money endowments are scanty compared with the amounts which are needed, the endowments in personal qualities and character, as represented by the teachers, are of a remarkably high order. This is necessary, for the work of educating the colored people of the South requires the best teachers that can be obtained.

In many of these institutions the boys learn something of various trades or mechanical occupations, and of farming; and the girls are taught sewing, cooking, and the care of a house. I examined a great number of the negro common and high schools, which are taught by graduates and students of the colleges and normal schools which I have named, and I think it wonderful that so many of these negro teachers are successful. They have to struggle against many disadvantages, but nearly all whom I saw had the confidence and respect of the leading white citizens where they were at work. There were a few fools among them, of course, but a great majority appeared to be serious and sensible young men and women.

DIFFERENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

One feature divides the state school systems of the South into two classes. The States of the first class have each but one school fund for both races, and in these no distinction is made between white and black children in the distribution of this fund. Of this class the State of Virginia is a good representative. Each State of the other class has two separate school funds, one for white and the other for black children. Of this class the State of Kentucky is a

good representative. The white people of Virginia, of course, pay much the larger part of the taxes which are levied for educational purposes in that State, but this does not affect the apportionment of the school fund. The State does as much for a black child as for a white one in the matter of aid from the public treasury for purposes of education. During the year which closed just before my visit to the South, the number of schools in Virginia was almost doubled; the school attendance was more than double that of the preceding year, and was greater by about fifteen thousand pupils than in any previous year. Over two hundred new school-houses were built, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars added to the value of the school property of the State. The total expenditure for all school purposes for the year was about one million dollars. There were nearly five thousand schools in operation. This number should be greatly increased, of course, as there were then eighty-seven white children for each white school in the State, and one hundred and ninety-one colored children for each colored school. This shows that for a very large number of children of each race no school facilities had, up to that time, been provided.

A very successful Teachers' Institute for white teachers had just been held at the University of Virginia. Four hundred and sixty-seven teachers attended it, of whom three hundred and twelve were women. The Colored Normal Institute was held at Lynchburg at the same time, and was attended by two hundred and forty colored teachers, of whom one hundred and ten were women. Dr. W. H. Ruffner, then State Superintendent of Public Instruction, said of this Colored Teachers' Institute, "None who witnessed any considerable part of the proceedings could doubt either the capacity or the desire of the negro for intellectual, and especially, in this case, for professional improvement.

There is no social or governmental purpose for which money could be more wisely spent than in the systematic training of colored teachers for colored schools." Public education was at that time advancing in Virginia, and the expansion and improvement of the schools had a substantial basis in the character of the men who then directed these activities of the commonwealth; but since then the operation of "the spoils system," connected with the peculiar political movement of the day, has affected the educational interests of the State unfavorably.

The State of Kentucky appropriates the taxes received from colored persons and the fines collected from them to the support of colored schools, not considering it just to tax white people for the education of negro children. As there is comparatively little wealth in the possession of the colored people of Kentucky, their school fund is by no means adequate to their needs. The Virginia plan is far better for both races, and for all the interests of the commonwealth, and Kentucky would do well to adopt it, even if it does go beyond the requirements of strict justice and involve some degree of generosity. In Georgia the law gives authority to local school boards to levy taxes and organize schools, and in some places a very remarkable degree of public spirit has been developed among the people in regard to education; the expenditures for school purposes are wonderfully large, and as the system is wisely managed the results are of the most gratifying character. Other States are doing well, but in most of them much remains to be done in the preparation of plans, and the discussion of methods for the expansion and better endowment and organization of public education.

HELP FROM THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Before leaving the subject of the educational interests and needs of the South-

ern States, I wish to suggest that the most important problem connected with these interests at present relates to the method of raising revenues for school purposes, or to the source from which such revenues are to be obtained. As I have already noted, there is in the South a strong and very general sentiment in favor of "a national system of education." By this phrase is meant a system which shall provide for the support of the public schools in the Southern States, or in all the States, by appropriations from the national treasury. Many Southern politicians are in favor of the creation of a "Department of Education" as a branch of the national government, of equal rank and authority with the departments already existing, and desire that this department shall have the direction and care of the public schools of the whole country. The advocates of this plan urge that there would be great advantages in the uniformity of methods of instruction and organization which would result from the adoption of a national system, with a single head and central authority exercising general control. The subject readily lends itself to speech-making purposes, and I learned, while in the South, that it is possible to make a strong and popular presentation of this plan in public address.

Other Southern men, more moderate in their views, propose that the national government shall undertake the education of the colored race only, leaving the interests of the white people to be provided for by the state governments. But it would seem that the training of white children should be regarded as not less important than that of the blacks, and there is a large class of white people in the South whose available resources for educational purposes are even more slender than those of the negroes. No reason has yet been brought forward in support of the idea of educating the blacks at the cost of the national government, and under its direc-

tion, which would not be equally cogent if used in favor of the education of the "poor whites" by the same system. Their need of instruction is as great as that of the blacks, and, whatever may be the peculiar obligations of the nation in regard to the colored people, it can scarcely be our duty, I suppose, to make any discrimination against the white people of our country, or any portion of them, or to adopt measures of national policy which would have the effect of making Anglo-Saxon lineage comparatively a disadvantage and misfortune. But such would be the practical bearing and consequences of creating a system of national education for the black people of the Southern States, and excluding the white population of the same States from participation in its benefits. If the supervision and support of the common schools of the country by the national government would insure superior facilities or opportunities for those who might receive instruction in these national schools, surely no class should be excluded on account of difference of race or color, or of any condition of inferiority or misfortune.

Such a system or method of education would tend strongly to perpetuate race distinctions, as its most characteristic and essential feature would be the discrimination between whites and blacks; and it would hinder and tend to prevent the political amalgamation or assimilation of the two races in the South. This blending of the two races into one political community, so that the color or race line shall no longer form the boundary between political parties, is most important and desirable for all concerned.

BENEFITS OF SELF-HELP.

The feeling and conviction, on the part of the white people of the South, that the elevation of the negro race is indispensable to the safety of society, and that their present condition of ignorance and debasement is full of danger

for both races, is a most wholesome and necessary sentiment. Nothing should be done to release these white people from their proper duties and responsibilities connected with the education of the negroes, and their moral guidance and control. The whites and blacks together form the political community or society in the Southern States, however they may be separated by social or other distinctions. The people of the two races jointly and equally, in proportion to their numbers, constitute the state in our political system; and it is in every way best for all the interests concerned that they should learn to bear the burdens and perform the work of the state or civilized community together, learning thus the importance of coöperation for the accomplishment of the great objects of civilized life, and developing mutual respect, sympathy, and confidence. As education is in our country one of the functions of the state, it is better for the people of these Southern communities to attend to the organization and direction of the activities connected with this function, and to bear their necessary cost, even though it may involve some temporary inconvenience, than to shift the responsibility and expense for such objects to the nation at large.

A system of national education for the blacks, or the appropriation of national revenues for their education, would be a source of evil and injury to both races and to the nation. I do not think that the poverty of the Southern people is so great as to render national aid for educational purposes indispensable or really desirable. Such destitution or paucity of resources as now exists in some of the Southern States need not be permanent, and is not likely to be so. There is already a marked and steady increase in the wealth of many of these States; and, on the other hand, a degree of self-sacrifice for the sake of objects really valuable is an improving and civilizing influence of which

the Southern people should not be deprived.

The advantages of education will be valued more highly if they are obtained by the provident foresight and public spirit of the local communities, than if they are derived from gifts bestowed by the national government; and much better use will naturally be made of them. It is important to develop a spirit of self-help and independence among the black people, and to avoid anything that would incline them to look to the national government for interference in their behalf, or for special fostering or protection of the interests of their class. It would be easy to injure and degrade many of the colored people by creating conditions which would have the effect of leading them to expect the interposition of the national government, for their assistance, in every experience of hardship or difficulty. Their chief dangers and calamities are likely to be produced by their own indolence and want of self-restraint, and they should not be encouraged to expect, from any source but their own efforts to improve their condition, relief from suffering which is the natural consequence of vice.

WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

It appears to be generally assumed, by those who urge the necessity of national aid for Southern schools, that all the difficulties and dangers of the present condition of the South are due to the lack of education there, and that they would be entirely (or almost wholly) removed by the influence and effect of the culture that would result from the giving of such aid. But this notion is not likely to be adopted by any one who has much acquaintance with the intellectual and social conditions now existing among the Southern people, or who has seriously considered the limitations of popular education and its results in the Northern communities in which it has had most complete develop-

ment and most efficient operation. The education most needed at the South, and especially by the colored people, is industrial and moral training; and the public schools of this country do not, at present, give to the children and young people taught in them much training or culture of either of these kinds. It is of course desirable that the children of negroes should be taught to read and write, and to keep accounts for themselves; but it is still more important that they should be trained to labor, and be aided to obtain such elementary moral equipment as will help efficiently to prevent their sinking to the criminal or pauper class.

There are so many "branches of knowledge" in the course of study in our public schools almost everywhere in the Northern States that the pupils are hurried from one study or exercise to another during all the hours of the school day, and there is very little time for thought regarding even the lessons themselves, and still less for any kind of moral instruction. It is the custom to eulogize our system of common-school education, without limit or discrimination. It is perhaps one of the best things in our possession, but it is curiously unmoral; that is, it is almost entirely intellectual, and makes little account of moral instruction or development. The teaching in our Northern schools tends very generally to produce in the pupils a dislike of manual labor, and a disposition to regard those who live by it as an inferior class. The strongest social influences, particularly those which are dominant in most Northern churches, reinforce these sentiments and tendencies, and nearly all the teachers in the public schools represent and embody them in large degree, as they have either "risen out of the laboring class," or are endeavoring to escape from the necessity of manual toil.

But a great deal of manual labor is necessary, and if it is to be performed

only by inferior persons it seems foolish to give our serfs an education that will either make them restless and discontented in their degraded condition, or will cause them to "rise out of it," and leave it altogether. In the latter case, some of the superior people might be compelled to work with their hands. Our public-school education is a great source of discontent among the working people. It "Americanizes" the children of the ignorant, toilsome Irish immigrant so successfully that they feel that they are entitled to higher prizes than fall to the lot of those who work with their hands.

Such education would be of slight practical value to most negroes. They would learn more of what they most need to know by being trained to work than could be acquired by them in our best public schools. Good Sunday-school instruction, the plain teaching of the essential principles and fundamental precepts of New Testament morality, as they are adapted to use in the conduct of life by seriousness and what is called "common sense" on the part of the instructor, is better suited to supply the education required by the condition and interests of the negro than any other agency with which I am acquainted. The peculiar adaptation of judicious training to the state of the negro which is called for by his present situation and character consists in the free and constant play of personal influence, and the vital personal relations which should be established between the teacher and his pupils. In our public schools the personal influence of the teacher is reduced almost to a minimum. The teacher has become, in many instances, chiefly a machine for conducting recitations, and represents forces which are mechanical rather than vital.

NO REASON FOR A "CRAZE."

I conclude that such education as the advocates of "national aid" — especial-

ly the Northern advocates of this plan — have in mind would not greatly benefit the negroes nor any other class in the South. Young colored men will not necessarily be improved by being able to read a partisan newspaper, nor the girls of their race by the perusal of worthless and vulgar stories, written by men and women destitute of culture or discipline of any kind. There is no necessity for haste in the adoption of important measures either of national or state legislation in reference to this subject. Much time will be required to prepare any new plan or system, if its practical development and effect are to be wholesome and beneficial. The need of the Southern States, or of the negroes in them, for public-school education is not desperate. If there is anything desperate in the present condition of the South, any terrible peril which threatens important national interests, it will not be removed or averted by such education as is given in the public schools of the Northern States. The pressure for haste in the adoption of a system of national education for the negroes comes mostly from politicians, and from persons who think that a "crusade" is the best method of progress. The vehement rhetoric which they employ in the endeavor to start a popular clamor, which shall "demand" the enactment of such laws as they desire for this end, and their impatient denunciation of those who oppose the project as "moss-backs, fogies, and Bourbons," appear to indicate a degree of distrust on the part of the advocates of this plan regarding the effect of deliberate inquiry, a fear that it might not be favorable to their wishes. There should be much discussion before the adoption of any measure providing for changes of such importance in the relations of the national government to the institutions and functions of the separate States.

If, as a result of such discussion, it is decided that the nation shall undertake or

provide for the education of the negroes, the instruction and training given them should by all means be chiefly practical, technical, and industrial, rather than literary. After the studies belonging to the primary or elementary grades in the schools, or along with them, should be given such instruction and drill as will best prepare the pupils for the most common mechanical occupations and for agricultural labor. The improvement of the quality of Southern labor is one of the most important objects that can engage the attention and efforts of intelligent citizens of the Southern States at present, and it is also a matter of vital interest to the capitalists of the whole country. The laborer himself should of course be improved by education; but as all knowledge is not of equal value to a man who must make his living by the labor of his hands, his education should be adapted to the conditions of his life, and should aid him more efficiently to perform the particular duties which circumstances will require of him.

THE PERSONAL EFFORTS OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Among the most important features of the educational work now going on in the South is one which, from its nature, can have little public recognition. I refer to the personal missionary efforts of the women of the leading white families for the improvement of the common people of both races in their own communities. In many places, where the men are discouraged and depressed by the greatness of the work which needs to be done for the people around them, the feebleness of their resources, and the unfavorable conditions under which all such efforts must be made, there are a few women who feel that something must be done, and who are circulating every scrap of reading matter that they can obtain; are advising, instructing, and encouraging the colored

girls whenever they can obtain any hold upon them; are trying to inspire and strengthen the young men of both races to resist the evil influences about them; and are, in short, reconstructing society by the old, slow, best method of personal effort and influence. I have rarely found anywhere earnestness greater than theirs, or a clearer sense of the dangers to society from ignorance and immorality. The appalling magnitude of the evils against which they contend, and the pathetic slenderness of their means of warfare, would deeply impress any thoughtful person who could observe and measure them, as I had opportunity to do in many places.

In several towns and country neighborhoods these women are forming reading circles and clubs, and trying to prepare the way for the establishment of small public libraries. No doubt much reading matter could be sent to them, if I could give the names of persons to whom it should be directed. But that is not yet practicable. Such publicity would, in many instances, very seriously cripple this good work, or indeed render it impossible. Such work must be, especially in the South, under existing conditions, private and personal, in the earlier stages of its development. But every person who has opportunity to send reading matter to any one in the South who will receive and distribute it ought to do so, as in this respect the destitution is very great almost everywhere, except in the larger towns and cities. "Anything to read" which is not mischievous or utterly worthless, books or magazines, will be acceptable and useful. But it is not usually worth while to send old school-books. They can scarcely be of much use anywhere. I find that many of them have been sent to the South, apparently to get them out of the way, or perhaps with a vague notion that things worthless elsewhere might be valuable in that benighted region.

LETTERS FROM THESE LADIES.

Since my return from the South, a few earnest and patriotic men and women in New England and other portions of our country have sent me considerable sums of money, amounting to several hundred dollars in all, to be used for the assistance of the Southern women referred to above, who are striving, against such odds, to create centres or points of light around which a new civilization may be developed. It has all been distributed, and most of it was devoted to the purchase of a few books for each worker and her clients, choosing such works as were specially adapted to the peculiar conditions prevailing in different parts of the South, and only books of superior literary worth. Such fields of work are the last places in the world to which poor or trashy reading matter should be sent.

The letters received from these ladies, in acknowledgment of gifts of books from Northern well-wishers, are all much alike. The following, from a lady in Louisiana, fairly represents their general characteristics, and I print it as an expression of the feelings and spirit of the class of Southern women to which the writer belongs:—

—, —, *LA., January 5, 1882.*

DEAR SIR,—The books which you sent reached us safely, and I wish to express, in some small measure, our grateful thanks for your kindness, and for the assistance which your generous friends have given us.

My sister, Miss G. (whom you saw when here), and I make equal use of the books among our people here and in her neighborhood on — Bayou. You ask me to tell you something of what you kindly call our work, and of its beginning. We have talked it over, and at first we thought we could not tell how it began. In fact, it began in the “slavery days,” long before the

war. When we were little girls, our mother always went around to the cabins of the old and sick negroes on the plantation every Saturday, and she often took us with her in the carriage. We learned a little about nursing. Our place was destroyed in 1863, and our dear mother died soon after. Our father, though an old man, was killed in battle, as was one brother. The other died in a prison camp at Elmira, New York.

I was married as soon as the war closed, and my husband and I came back to the desolate plantation. The negroes had been scattered, but soon returned. We were broken-hearted, and my sister and I began to go about among the negroes; at first to try to escape from our distraction, and then to see if we could find any women or girls to help us in the house. Our greatest difficulty was that the old ways of living had been broken up, and none of us knew exactly how to adapt ourselves to the new state of things, which was not yet fully developed.

Finally, my sister said the negroes must be taught. It seemed like trying to make a new world, but she said we might as well begin, and we did. My husband laughed at us, but helped us all he could. Most of the negroes about here can read now, and many can write, and we have sent two young men and one girl to the normal school to be teachers. We drill and scold and punish them, old and young, and help them to have picnics and settle their quarrels, and — do everything.

I am afraid this is very vague. But really, what we do is so vague that it is hard to see what it is; yet I suppose it has changed the negroes a good deal. They behave better and they know more than in the old times. But they are not so happy. They are not so free from care. The new knowledge often seems to be a weight and a trouble to them. But of course we must go on,

though we often feel that we do not know just what or how much it is best to teach them.

In answer to your inquiries about the influences and value of different books, we have found that, while almost anything is of use, *good books are the best*, even for the most ignorant. We make much use of poetry. Many of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and of Mr. Lowell's, please the negroes, both old and young; and Mr. Matthew Arnold's Selection of Wordsworth's poetry is a good *religious* book for us.

Mrs. Whitney's stories are much liked, as are Mr. George Macdonald's Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood and At the Back of the North Wind. Mr. Edward Clodd's Childhood of the World, and Colonel Higginson's Young Folks' History of the United States, are very good. We could profitably use additional copies of all these. But your selections have been so useful that we do not wish to ask for particular books. We are very grateful indeed for your offer to send another parcel. If it should contain anything not suitable here, we can send it to our friends in Tensas Parish, who are working under difficulties greater even than ours.

It would not seem becoming to have our names published, or communicated to strangers; but if it can be done without this, we should like to have our thanks given to the kind ladies who sent us the books. With best wishes for them and for you, I am, dear sir, very gratefully and sincerely yours,

ALICE E——.

A lady near Eutaw, in Alabama, writes:—

"The books are all admirable, and will be most helpful for our people. As to what we most need, nothing would do so much good to the negroes as some simple little books, or chapters, to teach practical religion or morality. Few can imagine how much elementary

work is needed here, or how *very* elementary it must be. *You* will not suspect me of contempt for the race — though others might — when I say that teaching these young negroes is like trying to make a new *human* race out of animals. We have to begin at the first of everything. I wish some of your literary people would write some little books, or lessons, explaining *how* and *why* it is wrong and bad to steal, for instance, *how* it does harm to lie, the bad results of laziness, and such things, on grounds connected with character and life in this world. It is not best to depend too much on ideas of punishment and reward in another world, in teaching the negroes, though of course these ideas have great force with them. But we cannot afford to use them every day; they would soon be in great degree worn out.

"Negroes generally feel badly to be found out in stealing or lying. They do not like to be scolded. But few of them can understand why it would not be a gain to a poor man to steal five dollars, if he could do it without being found out. It is often very hard to know how to begin with such people. It seems as if they had no moral faculties to be developed; as if they would have to be created. Many of them have a strong love of approbation, and I acknowledge that I govern or influence them more by means of this trait than in any other way. They do things to please me. I sometimes hear the mothers saying to their girls, 'Bettah look out what you's 'bout. Miss Leila be 'shamed o' you.' Some of my friends think it is not right to appeal to such motives to have them do better, but I try everything that I can think of. Only last week I threatened to whip an old man because he took some of my Sunday-school boys away fishing on Sunday morning. I could not have hurt him much, but he threw up his hands in terror, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Miss Leila,

I mos' rudder go to jail dan have *you* tech me wid a straw.' Then I said, 'Uncle Steve, you're the worst nigger on this creek, and you'll break my heart. Here I'm trying to make these boys decent and good for something, and you're always putting brush in my road.' 'W'at kin I do fo' you, Miss Leila?' in the most abject manner. 'Come to Sunday-school, and help me with those boys.' 'Can't larn me nufin; I's too old.' 'But you come and help me.' And he came last Sunday, much to the wonder of the school and of the whole neighborhood, and it was quite a victory."

FOR NEW ENGLAND WRITERS.

These passages are from letters written in response to requests of mine that the ladies would tell me something of their methods of work. The wish that "some of the New England literary people" would write and publish simple lessons or manuals for such instruction in morality as is needed by negroes who have learned to read, or for the use of their teachers, appears in several of these letters. (Southern people estimate very highly the powers of New England writers; they have more regard and admiration for literary work or performances, as such, than is common in the Northern States, where there is greater familiarity with such matters.) If any of our thoughtful young people are inclined to effort in the direction indicated, they may feel assured that anything really suited for the purpose above described would be of great value in the education of the colored people of the South, and would probably be found to be an advance upon the books or lessons now in use in Northern Sunday-schools, where, also, in many places, there is great need of suitable apparatus for the most elementary moral instruction.

But I have counseled these Southern teachers to depend mainly upon them-

selves for helps or instruments of this kind, and have suggested to them that if they will habitually take notes, or keep some record, of what they say to those whom they teach, so as to be able to recall the main points or ideas which they employ, and something of the illustrations and familiar forms of expression which they find it necessary to use in order to make their teaching intelligible or impressive, they will in a year or two find themselves in possession of a great deal of the very best material for such books or lessons as they desire for their work. No possible degree of literary ability, or, I should think, even of genius, would qualify any person for writing such guides or manuals, without some measure of actual experience in training the ignorant and undeveloped.

I will present but one additional extract. A lady in Kemper County, Mississippi, has very recently written me a letter, which I should like to quote in full. In speaking of the black people she says, "Their religion seems dreadful, in some ways, to intelligent people. It is dreadful in its wretched superstitions, and passionate impulses, and excitements. But I am convinced that our work with them must be, not to get them out of their religion, but to put better things into their religion. They need to learn how to be religious on 'business principles,' if I may use the phrase without danger of misapprehension, how to act rightly in worldly affairs, — that is their great need, — and still be religious in a true sense. There ought to be some little books to instruct those who are the brightest among them, so that we can make teachers of them for their own race. Do you think something of the kind could be prepared by any one whom you know? Of course it would not do to be *learned* or *philosophical*. I have wondered sometimes if *parables* would not be good."

Who will write some parables? It is proper to add here that the best writings

that I have yet seen for the instruction of the common people in practical affairs, and generally in the conduct of life, have been produced at the South. They have been issued as a series of Sanitary Tracts for the People, and were prepared by two ladies connected with the Normal and Agricultural Institute for the education of negroes and Indians, at Hampton, Virginia. The executive committee of the American Social Science Association, at a meeting held June 8, 1878, Professor Pierce in the chair, unanimously adopted a resolution expressing a most favorable judgment of the character of these tracts, and of the effort "to spread among the people of Virginia, and of the South in general, a knowledge of sanitary science popularly set forth." There is great need in the South, as there is in the factory towns of New England, of books and papers which shall be more particularly and directly addressed to the working people, and more vitally adapted to the conditions, interests, and duties of their life, than those to which these classes now have access.

MIXED SCHOOLS FOR THE TWO RACES.

There is one important feature or division of the subject of education in the Southern States which I have not yet brought forward in these studies; that is, the question of separate or mixed schools for the two races. The sentiment, feeling, and judgment of the Southern people are at present strongly and almost universally opposed to the idea of educating white and black children, or young people, in the same schools. But a change in this matter is already in progress. After attentively studying the subject everywhere, I am convinced that there will soon be mixed schools, for white and colored children, in many parts of the South. There are already a few such schools, and the effect of considerations of convenience, cheapness, and practical efficiency are

likely, I think, to cause a rapid increase in their number. I look for a decided revolution in Southern thought and feeling within twenty years in regard to this subject. A few of the most intelligent and far-seeing among Southern leaders — some of the foremost "Bourbons" — say that mixed schools are "sure to come," and they are not disturbed by the prospect.

I insert here a letter received a few weeks ago from the president of an important Southern institution of learning, to whom I had addressed some inquiries relating to this question. It will serve to show what has already been done in one instance, in the association of the two races in the same school. The strongest tendencies of the time appear to confirm the judgment thus expressed by a distinguished teacher, regarding the probable course of development of the relations between the white people and the negroes in education.

— — —, *March 15, 1882.*

DEAR SIR, — Our school before the war was a white school for both sexes, and sometimes numbered a hundred pupils. It was an anti-slavery school, and, after John Brown's raid, was broken up by a committee of sixty-five men, sent by a county convention.

The school was revived soon after the war, and for several months the students were all white. Three or four colored youth then asked admission, and were admitted, and half the white students left the same day. Other colored students came in and filled the vacancy. Those who had left nearly all returned within two years.

For over fifteen years we have had both sexes and both races meeting without distinction in church, chapel, classes, dining-room, choir, band, literary societies, reading-rooms, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association, and other places.

It took a little time to get everything

adjusted, and there was a little friction at first, but no serious difficulty has ever occurred; and none whatever during the last eight years.

The ratio of white to colored students has been, for the whole time, about two to three. A few times there have been as many white as colored students.

They often meet in social gatherings of from one to three hundred, white and colored, without friction and without embarrassment. Some of our brightest and most interesting students are colored.

There has never been an engagement of marriage between two of different colors. Occasionally, a white young man escorts a bright colored young lady to a lecture. We have absolutely no knowledge of color in our school regulations.

Mixed schools will come, but slowly, and will commence in country places, where there are few colored children. In the cities the higher schools will first mix. The change cannot come suddenly, and it is not desirable that it should.

One district in an adjoining county, not being allowed by law to admit colored children, built a new school-house, and all went there together.

Columbus, Ohio, has within a year abandoned its last colored school. The constitution and laws of the United States will settle the matter soon enough. I am yours respectfully,

INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE BLACKS.

The question of the capacity of the colored people to receive education is one of great interest. It is of course still uncertain whether many of them will be found capable of acquiring a high degree of intellectual culture, and considerable time will be required for the solution of this problem. It does not appear to me probable that the race

in general will prove to be possessed of sufficient intellectual fibre and tenacity to enable them to endure the labor and discipline upon which a varied and complex culture depends. It will be very strange, considering their antecedents and their present environment, if the colored people do not show themselves manifestly inferior to the whites. I think that the sanguine friends of the black people may be disappointed by the results of their education, because, as it seems to me, they expect too much of a generation which has no intellectual past behind it. But it is possible that the disappointment really awaits those who are less hopeful. The negro has not failed where he has had a fair trial. He was successful as a slave. The race was developed and benefited by slavery in this country, instead of being corrupted and ruined by it, and this may indicate the possession of qualities which will render it capable of a high degree of civilization; but it is more probable that its most important characteristics are such as fit it for a subordinate position. In such a relation to a stronger race, the black people would be likely to evince great tenacity and power of endurance under conditions of depression and misfortune. But it is a question whether the race is possessed of qualities which will render it in a high degree vital and efficient in its relations to the actual environment here in America.

Negroes have greater imitative ability than the whites, and they acquire the rudiments of knowledge with a readiness which is often wonderful; but I doubt their possessing capacity for sustained and complex intellectual exertion. Yet they have more of sentiment, fire, and passion in their nature than the white people, and these elements may greatly increase the vigor and efficiency of their intellectual endowment.

It appears to be certain that they

have a superior equipment for oratory. It is said of many of their public speakers in the Southern States, politicians and preachers, that they will attempt to speak on any subject and upon any occasion, without preparation or previous acquaintance with the matter in hand; and that even with such odds against them they often succeed in saying *something* effectively, — in persuading or strongly influencing their auditors by fluency, pathos, humor, and beauty of expression. Eloquence seems to be natural for many of them, and I heard several colored men described as among the best public speakers in the South by cultivated white antagonists. But I do not think this aptness for oratory on the part of the negroes is likely to be of much value to them or to the country. Popular oratory and eloquence have not been highly serviceable during recent years as aids to progress in intelligence or morality in the Northern States of this country. They have been used in the interest of flippancy and coarseness, and in a manner rather to prevent than to promote discussion and serious thought. Oratory has its uses when great issues are clearly made and understood, — when men are to be roused from apathy to enthusiasm in a great cause. But at present there is no "great cause." The people of the country need light. We

want wisdom, direction, that we may deal successfully with the problems of the time, and thoughtfulness and serious discussion are more desirable for us than enthusiasm and eloquent oratory. It might be better for the country if our people cared less for eloquence; and if we were entirely destitute of orators for a few years, it would probably not be a great misfortune to the nation. It seems not unlikely that the South may again become distinguished for oratory, and that it may develop new power in poetry and other forms of art; and it is possible that the black race may be represented in this *Renaissance*.

The opportunities of education and development should of course be equally accessible to all races and classes in our country. There should be no proscription, no favoritism. But the question of what education should be for the working people of America is a very important one. So far from its having been decided, it has not yet been seriously entertained. That which they now receive in our public schools is mischievously inadequate. One of its defects is that it does not have in view in any definite manner the essential conditions or specific requirements of the life of the men who labor with their hands. The negroes of the South should have something better.

TEARS OF ISIS.

WHEN Isis, by her mother love oppressed,
Held wounded Horus to her goddess breast,
Each tear that touched the sympathetic earth
To some rich, aromatic herb gave birth.

Such healing sprang from her celestial pain,
Mortals no longer seek relief in vain;
Often as spring awakes the slumbering years,
In wood and meadow blossom Isis' tears.

O goddess of the starry lotus bloom,
 Thou didst foreshadow many a lonely doom, —
 Thy sorrow by divinest alchemy
 Could comfort others: *who could comfort thee?*

Frances L. Mace.

THE NATION OF THE WILLOWS.

I.

THE RIDE THITHER.

ONE winter night, some Indian brothers told me of a most marvelous country toward the sunset, covered by waterless wastes and vast pine forests, and cut through by cañons as deep as the peaks of the Sierra Madre are high. "A veritable land of summer," they said, "deep down in a cold country, where sit our younger brothers, the Kuhni kwe."

"Are they a nation as great as our own?" I asked, wondering whether the old chief were telling me of a people of to-day, or of the personages of some fireside tradition of his forefathers.

"Oh, no," he replied; "there are but a few houses of them. They are wiser than the Navajos, and sit still in a cañon so deep that a little stone rolled from the top sounds like thunder ere it strikes the bottom. The road down is a whole day long, and only a little while in the middle of the day do you see the sun from below."

"Ah, no, you won't!" exclaimed my brother, when I enthusiastically told him I would go to that far-off country, and look myself upon the younger brothers of the Zuñi. "You are a little crazy, brother younger," he added, after a puff or two from his cigarette, and a sarcastic smile. "You Americans are a soft people. True, you are a Zuñi now, but you had an American mother; and the Americans sleep on

bags of down, I am told. I know they get thirsty before the morning of a hot day has gone, for did n't I make roads with them through the country of the Navajos, many years ago? — and there is water *there*. Now, could you go with the skin of your throat dry three — yes, four — days, or leave your horse dead by the trail-side, without thought, little brother? Don't talk any more about going to Kuhni. The young people will ask you 'how many buck-skins you brought back,' if you do. You would n't like them to do that, when you had never been there!"

But I did go, and this came to be the way of it.

I had to wait a year and a half for instructions; to use my authority as a chief, and to rant through two big councils, before Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa — a young Indian who had been there — would consent to guide me. He and Tits-ke-mat-se, Captain Pratte's Cheyenne *protégé*, educated at Hampton, and sent out by my directors as companion and assistant in the field, were my only companions, as, on a hot June morning, we wound down the hill on which old Zuñi stands, and struck out northwestward through the fields of half-grown corn, toward the ruin-covered, picture-scarred base of Kwilli yallon, or Twin Mountain. Our two headstrong government mules, laden with beads and shells for trade, provisions and scientific apparatus, gave us no little trouble until we had left behind us the mountain buttes, and began to ascend the low, long, gray and

grassy hills which bound the north and west of the valley of Zuñi.

Over these sandy trailed hills, up the wide, undulating western mesa, the solitary Twin Mountain behind us, the long stretch of ever-rising table-lands in front, we climbed and journeyed, until, toward evening, we rode down a beaten antelope trail to the mud-springs of Pi-la-na, or the "Row of Willows," just inside the eastern borders of Arizona.

Here we were detained until nearly dark by "Black," — "Black Corn," the Indians called her, — whose experiences in the winter campaign against the Apaches of Southern New Mexico and Sonora seemed to have taught her more of the wisdom of caring for herself than of obedience: for she characteristically rushed ahead to water, and was buried to the very eyes in one of the bottomless pools of mud, only her broad pack and much hauling saving her. So we were forced to build a big fire of pitchy piñon, — for the night was cold, — and to camp near an old deserted cabin; the coyotes, night-birds, and restless, half-wild Navajo horses made many a break in the camp-fire stories of my Indians, but disturbed not the slumber of the weary journeyers, after they had rolled themselves in their serapes and were stretched around the smoking brands.

Toward noon, the next day, we descended one of the tributary valleys of the Rio Puerco, finding, on our way down, a picturesque encampment of the Navajos. Ever awake to trade, the old men and women greeted us demonstratively, while the children scampered away and hid under sticks, blankets, or what not. For a few beads the men furnished meat for the remainder of our journey. The strange, beehive-shaped, earth-covered hut, with wattled shelter at its entrance, in the centre of which burned a smoky little fire, as well as the rude stick loom strung up in the shad-

ow of a cedar-tree, at which a brightly dressed young squaw was diligently weaving, excited much curiosity and comment on the part of Tits-ke-mat-se.

Beyond, up the valley, we came to a spring, carefully walled in by the Indians, flowing out from the base of a gray hill, crowned by the broken-down ruins of a once great pueblo. While we ate a lunch of jerked meat and parched corn meal, my Indian Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa told the story which gives name to the place as the "spring where the old woman entered."

"In the days of the Kâ kâ," he said, "a goddess, who was invulnerable, because she carried her heart in a little gourd rattle, continually stirred up strife between the gods and men. Things, thus, were not well. So the two infant children of the sun, A-hai-iu-ta and Matsai-le-ma, went up to their father, and implored his interposition. He gave to them the arrow of white lightning, and told them the secret of the life of the goddess. Now, the two immortal children had led the Pueblo races since the days of creation, and loved their people; so with great joy in their hearts they descended to earth. Even then the wars of the Kâ kâ were raging, and the goddess was striding up and down between the mortal and the immortal forces, ever uttering a low, long, moaning cry; for her person was pierced by many arrows, but she could not die, because her heart was in the rattle. Now one of the children aimed his sacred arrow, and, keen of sight, strong of arm, though but a boy, he let go, and shattered the rattle; and the goddess, so long unconquerable, fell before him. Peace was once more established between the gods and mankind; but the goddess died not. Far away to the northward, her spirit entered the clear waters of a spring, near a city of the children of men; and when she again came forth on earth it was as the benevolent leader of warriors against evil things and the ele-

ments, that mankind might be blessed with rain."

By such stories as this and dozens of folk-lore tales, often of great length, was the journey enlivened or the camp entertained by my ever happy Indians.

Thence, our way lay over rising hills to the westward, higher and higher, by long stretches of grass and piñon-covered mesa, until, toward evening, passing a deep, sandy arroyo, and again climbing, we found ourselves at the very edge of a high precipice, midway between Zúñi and Moqui. Deep down, like the basin of a sea, and many times longer than wide, was a great plain-like valley. Our trail wound down narrow banks of talus, around the bases of huge, broken red and gray sand rocks and columns, and led out across it in a wavering line, through bands of dark sage-brush, to the far-off western boundaries. There, just at the foot of a gray mesa as abrupt and grand as the one we stood on, a sheet of water shimmered, now golden, now burnished silver, which, from its brilliancy in a setting of dark gray twilight cliffs, seemed to stand far above the plain it watered. Clouds of sand were grandly wafted hither and thither by the evening winds, and far off to the right of the trail, half hidden by a cloud of dust fairly brilliant, the rays of the opposite sun shooting through in lines of rose-mingled shadow, a herd of wild Navajo horses galloped from their solitary watering-place toward their limitless pastures, off among the cedar-clad foot-hills to the north. A gray coyote was sneaking along amongst the bushes far below us, his tail almost dragging in the sand, and one ear pricked up toward ourselves, while the other was pointed toward the distant, speeding herd of horses. A great eagle, the envy of Tits-ke-matse, was circling uneasily about its nest among the rocks to our left, and some little brown cotton-tails, well aware of his presence, were dodging in and out far below. Beyond all, off to the west and

south, stood black, volcanic peaks: some pointed and narrow, like needles; others rising in perfect symmetry to a broad level top, giving them the appearance of giant cones, the points of which had been trimmed off midway down. One, which rose far to the southwest, among the milder plains of Arizona, like a great black chimney, was eagerly pointed out to me by Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, as the home of Te-na-tsa-li, or the "medicine flower," from which my own Indian name was derived. Upon its summit, he said, apparently so narrow and scaleless, was an ancient town of stone, once the home of his own people, and in the open plaza of which still stood a shrine. Here pilgrim medicine men yet made sacrifices to the spirit of Te-na-tsa-li, whose flesh and blood spring yearly in many-colored flowers about its base. Sometimes a sudden current of air in the fading sunlight would lift these great mountains into the mid-heavens, making giant cities of them amid rosy floating clouds, and the sands, rolled along the great basin at our feet, made it seem like a red, yellow, and gray foam-capped sea, which divided us from a new and wonderful world.

I enjoyed this scene a few moments while the Indians were securing the packs. Then we descended, doubling once and again on our trail, here and there slipping over rounded soft boulders into great beds of limy *débris*. Black asserted her independence once more. She wished to make a trail of her own, and succeeded. It was straight and narrow, like a black streak, with much dust hanging over it; but after the dust had settled and the stones had ceased rolling, no traces of travel appeared, save occasional pieces of frayed rope and patches of black hair. It speaks well for Indian packing that when Black got up, shook herself, breathed deeply, and started for a bunch of sage-brush she carried with her the pack. But that night we had to straighten our

frying-pan with a chunk of sandstone, and throw our coffee-pot away.

As we approached the browsing mule, the Indians said she was taking medicine to overcome the effects of fear. "See!" said Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa; "she is all right, for she listens with her left ear for the coming of the other mule." But on nearing her I discovered that the ear in question was either disjointed or paralyzed. Not until three or four days after did it move back and forth with the same celerity or precision as had been the case when Black was listening for the customary morning lasso. She was without injury, save the paralyzed ear, and, having gathered her with the rest of the animals into the trail, we proceeded across the basin. Deceptive plain! It was filled with deep arroyos, the passage of which did far more toward disjointing the packs than had Black's descent of the precipice.

As we approached the sheet of water, we found it to be a pond, formed by the confinement of some streamlets from a spring, farther up among the cliffs, in an embankment of sand, which some Navajos had made, and whose smoke-bannered hogans stood farther below. Far as the eye could reach over the plains which we had just crossed, or up the great cliffs and hills we were to climb in the morning, not a piñon or cedar could be seen. The Navajos had erected many poles, however, in some corn-fields surrounding their huts, interruptedly dotting the sandy plain for nearly half a mile, which, variously decorated with worn-out dresses and blankets, deer-bones and clattering sticks, had served as scarecrows. I directed Tits-ke-mat-se, who could not understand Navajo expostulation so well as Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, to gather a sufficient quantity of these for camping purposes, intending to pay for them in beads. In the centre of a grassy patch Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa unpacked the mules, while Tits-ke-mat-se, less mindful of the sing-

song jabbering of an old Navajo hogan than of my directions, gathered in the desirable number of scarecrows.

We were very tired that night, and supper was not finished until darkness had settled all around our little firelit camp. Even later we were approached by one after another of the Navajos, who came to examine our beads, shells, and other trinkets, no doubt with the hope of bartering. Tits-ke-mat-se was extremely suspicious of them. He called me a fool for entertaining them, and kept a close eye on the squaw of the party, who sat nearest the packages. He soon detected her secreting a bunch or two of bright red and black beads, and silently informed me of it by sign language. I demanded of her, in the few Navajo words I could muster, the delivery of the beads, which so astonished the poor natives, ignorant as they were of signs, that they soon departed as they had come, one by one.

I was awakened next morning by a chorus composed of Zuñi, Navajo, broken English, and Cheyenne imprecations, and soon learned that, under the leadership of Black, our animals had braved the restraint of hobbles and picket-ropes and entered the Navajo corn-fields. As soon as I looked around, however, all was quiet. Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa stirred the olla; Tits-ke-mat-se transferred his anger to Black, who was, as usual, dodging the lasso; and Mrs. Navajo No. 3, who had claimed damage, sneaked off toward the hut, returning soon with a blanket for trade.

Scarecrows, corn, and blankets paid for, breakfast over, packing done, the animals well watered, we climbed the gray cliffs, and turned westward over a great descending grassy plain to another line of cliffs, higher than the former, and red. At the summit of these was a plain, grassy and everywhere cut up with antelope trails. The view stretched far, revealing strange red sandstone houses, citadels, giants' heads,

monster forms as various and inconceivable as those of summer clouds. Here and there stood the great pointed black peaks and flat-topped mountains which we had seen the night before. Here, Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa said, were the homes of the gods of prey, who were changed to stone in the days of the ancients. Most marvelous indeed were these rock forms, and I blamed not the Indians for regarding them as so many "pillars of salt." The day was excessively hot. Almost famished for want of water, I asked a Navajo, whom I met on a fagged pony at the foot of a hill, for a drink. He motioned me to a mountain about twenty-five miles on. Where was I going? he asked; and when I told him, he shook his head, and moved his flat hand significantly back toward Zuni.

Tits-ke-mat-se espied an antelope, and gave chase. Two hours after, when the hunter had returned and caught up with us, his horse fell by the trail-side, and refused for a long time to go further. Thereafter we slowly labored along, my own brave horse at last wavering in the path, but keeping faithfully on. Dismounting, I directed the Indians to proceed with the animals, while I followed on foot. Long and most lonely was this last but one of the days between Zufii and Moqui. Over basaltic mesas with grassy plains between; here and there the trail sharp with slag, in other places dusty and burning in the rays of the southern sun; all around, mountains of the strangest forms imaginable; grass, piñons, cedars, blooming sunflowers, and twittering birds, but no water. Just before sunset, rounding to the left the western base of a malpais mesa, the favored home of rattlesnakes and sand lizards, I saw Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa running toward me with a canteen strapped over his forehead. Faithful fellow! He had waited for nothing, on reaching water, but left Tits-ke-mat-se to unpack while he ran down to the spring in a cave at the base of the cliff, filled the

canteen, and hastened back to me. He handed me the canteen with the smile of a child expecting praise, and, pleased when I gave it, walked along by my side, telling more of his charming stories. Further yet to the left, whither the trail led into a great half-round recess in the high basaltic cliffs, near a little cedar-tree, stood one or two of our jaded animals. Tits-ke-mat-se was kneeling near, kindling a fire; while far beyond him, where the cliffs again resumed their outward sweep and straight course, I could see a flock of Navajo sheep, scarcely distinguishable from gray rocks, save for the cloud of dust which hovered over them and floated gently off on the wind toward the west.

Cliffs six hundred feet high rose round our camp, capped by basaltic columns, on which grew stunted cedar and sage. Near the edge, up above the spring, a pair of screaming falcons were feeding their noisy young; and even before the coffee was boiled my two Indians had each tried his rifle on them, picking a feather from the wing of one, and leaving great white spots on the smooth dark cliffs wherever the bullets struck. Every report of a gun, or even the noise of a broken twig, thundered from one side of the recess to the other, gathering, descending, entering the cave of the spring, and issuing forth again like thunder, but softened and modulated by the sound of water.

Early next morning, I saw a herd of horses galloping toward us from the base of the opposite mountain. By and by, when a whirlwind lifted above the shadow of the mountain the mantle of dust which covered the coming herd, I saw among the horses' heads a lasso-encircled, bare-back rider, in red shirt and Navajo blanket. Not many minutes elapsed ere the rider and horses approached our camp, the horses wildly plunging past us into the cavern, again awaking its watery echoes. Ere breakfast was finished our red-shirted friend

was joined by others. Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa told me ruefully that Tits-ke-matse's horse could not proceed, so I began bargaining with the Navajos, who, at last, tempted by a number of silver dollars, traded a fine cream-colored stallion for my worn-out jade, and once more we took the trail. Each half mile changed the environment, and turned the more distant views into new ones. Every peak had its tradition interpreted by Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa. "Here, five generations ago, on the summit of that spindle-shaped mountain to the right, died a lonely Zuñi traveler, after keeping seventeen Navajos at bay half a day. Right there where the little heap of stones stands, the father of the Navajo who sold us the horse struck dead my grand-uncle and his wife, when they started home, one autumn, from the country of the Moquis. It is three plains and sand valleys from here to that red sandstone cliff you see away yonder," said Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, pointing towards the horizon. "A tough climb it is; and do you see that black speck at the top? That is A-wa-te-u, near Moqui." "What's that?" I asked. "Ah, it's the ruin of the city where the gray water-fathers [Jesuits] were burnt out and 'war-clubbed' by our grandfathers and the Walpi." What a climb it proved to be: sandstone, red, gray, and white, worn by wind, storm, and water, broken down and piled up; the trail winding in and out among rocks as big as country taverns, or scaling terraces where the sure-footed pony would have slipped but for the stairway picked with flint hammers by the diligent cliff-dwellers in the centuries past. When at last I reached the top, and paused a moment in the plaza of the ancient city, the tradition of Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa bore abundant corroboration in the charred reed roofings, which still stuck in the mud walls; in the carefully mixed adobes of the broken-down church, which zeal had diligently built in the centre of the

court; or in the thousand of shining potsherds, red, green, white, yellow, and black, which besprinkled the bases of long lines of tumbled-down stone houses.

If another Francis Parkman could compile the yellow papers of the days of the Conquest, which are growing mustier and mustier in the Mexican and Spanish monasteries, and write the brave history of the faith in New Spain, what chapters of heroism, devotion, and adventure, would be opened to an unconscious world of wondering readers!

Down the other side of the mesa of the ruin, we came to a spring in the face of the cliff, where a Moqui woman handed me a drink of the cool water. She was bright-skinned, red-cheeked, rosy-lipped, and graceful; her hair was done in two rolls, which hung down her breast; her arms were bare to the sun, yet not burned; her bracelets of silver shone against the dark blue dress, and clinked against one another as she filled her water-jar with a gourd-shaped dipper. A moment after she was shaking hands with Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, and telling how many had died in Te-wa — this with a sigh — since his last visit.

Just at sunset, I reached, before the Indians, the base of the mesa of Walpi. A single young Indian was climbing up the great spiral trail from a cistern in the sand. I tried Spanish with him; it was useless. Then I spoke in Zuñi. The fellow was transfixed; he gazed at me with open eyes and mouth, dropped his canteen of water and raw-hide hobbles, forgot the burros he had brought to water, and, after some moments, exclaimed in the same language, "What do I hear?" So an acquaintance was formed with one of the few Zuñi-speaking Moquis; by lucky accident the first one I met. While I stood talking with the young Te-wan, my little caravan came up, and together we ascended the winding, difficult trail through the notch which separates the mesa of Walpi from all the world. But more than once it

was necessary for us to combine our efforts to urge the snorting animals along the giddy heights that we had to pass ere we reached the top. Here I found a compact little pueblo of stone houses, terraced one above the other, like step above step, in the rock-shelves of the mesa it stood on. It was built around a square plaza, entered by a single narrow opening in the southeastern corner, whence a heavy ladder led up to a solid three-terraced dwelling, which was destined to become our temporary house. On the first terrace a noisy assemblage of women and children was gathered, among whom could be seen the smiling face of a young man, who shouted hilariously in Zuñi, "Come you all? Well, well; come up and sit. Here," said he to a crowd of youngsters; "hurry down and unpack their mules and horses, while I lift them up. My girl," — to his wife, the handsomest of the crowd, — "set out the cooked stuff, peaches, and pí-ké."

As I ascended the ladder, I glanced south along the narrow mesa, and saw the long plaza, a sacred estufa in the middle, with its two ladder poles sticking out of the smoke-hole, a wall of houses, then a space of bare rock, and midway toward the end the pueblo of Shi-ma-co-vi; another space; then, towering, picturesque Walpi, its background of clear sky following the sun down behind the snow-capped peaks of the San Francisco, with the shadow-filled, deep-lying, southwestward arc of the terrace-bounded Colorado Chiquito between. What a famous site is this long-lived remnant of the ancient province of Tusayan! It stands at the very end of the long, isolated, gray mesa, looks down six hundred feet upon miles of mesa-besprinkled sand plain, and each evening is a towering silhouette against a rose-streaked and golden-mountain-fringed sunset sky.

What a triumph was my arrival in Moqui! It was greeted, when I reached

the top of that ladder and afterward, as things long expected, yet often delayed, always are. The high priest of Walpi and all the chiefs of the three cities were summoned. The former performed, next day, the sacred and impressive rites of receiving me temporarily into his nation. Councils of learning, councils of mutual congratulations, councils of a sacred nature, councils of intermeditation between the Moquis and our government, — these filled up my days and nights while in Moqui.

My pleasantest memories of the Moquis lie in the universal confidence reposed in and displayed to me by old and young. On the morning following my arrival, I opened my eyes to greet a little boy whom I had known at Zuñi, and who had sat affectionately watching me no one knows how long. As soon as I was dressed he beckoned me to follow him to his rock-built Walpi. As we neared his house a beautiful little girl, of perhaps eleven or twelve summers, her hair coquettishly coiled up on either side of her head, came smilingly down to meet us, and without fear or hesitation ran to my side and placed her hand trustingly in mine, then tripped along up the stone walk with us, and prattled away eagerly all the while to her brother. When we reached their home, and I had finished the introductory smoke with the elders, the young girl placed some rolls of pí-ké and a specially prepared stew of rabbit before me with all the grace of more civilized usage and hospitality.

Nothing could be more touching, or more convincing of the advantages of my methods with the Indians, than the way in which this little girl and my other friends urged me not to cross the great dry deserts between Oraibe and Kuhni until the autumnal rains should render it safe; or the way in which they came forward with all their best guides and interpreters, when they found that I was determined, or, as they thought,

compelled by the Great Father, to make the journey.

Out of the little company, I selected our smiling host, Pu-lá-ka-kai; and thus our party numbered four, as, on the morning of the fourth day, with the kind wishes of Agent and Dr. Sullivan, with the blessings and prayers of the high priest, said while giving me his parting embrace, and with every facility which Moqui generosity could give or Moqui ingenuity could contrive, — water-bottles, goat-skins, pí-ké, and he-pa-lo-kia-oé, — we set out. Two sand plains and a high mesa between them passed, we found ourselves at Oraibe, where we witnessed a highly picturesque “dance of the Navajos,” which I sketched in colors, thereby frightening half the population; for the Oraibeans are the most isolated Indians we have, and, as they have been warned by the Mormons against the Americans, the treatment they gave us painfully contrasted with that of all other Moquis. We camped that night below the outlying Oraibe Gardens, a few miles away, rising early the next morning, and continuing northwestwardly to a sunken stream in the middle of a great sandy plain, where a Moqui, a kinsman of my guide, was attending his flocks. He showed at once his relationship and his generosity by sending us a fine fat sheep, and by coming down to spend an evening in chatting. When I went down to the water, before sleep, I saw a little prayer-plume eddying about in the wind, and “collected” it, but unfortunately fastened it, for safe-keeping, into the plume of my helmet.

Not very early the next morning we started off westward, over rolling, sandy stretches of country, turning at last southward, and following a well-beaten trail into the Desierto Pintado, which borders the Colorado Chiquito. Before we descended from the high sandy mesas which we had crossed, I rested on a great promontory, to take a nearer view of the

valley which I had seen from the top of Te-wa. Terrace after terrace, one below another, stretched out before me, melting off into misty mirages. Citadels, towers, rancherias, green, sunny oases, appeared to be before me. Giant sand-dunes rose from plains of blazing, dazzling white. Here and there, near and far, rose great solitary rocks, angular as if the sculptor’s chisel had clearly cut them, and gorgeous with chrome and pink. Everywhere over this mighty scene were wafted clouds and clouds of sand, which shimmered, golden and rosy, in the evening sun. Everything in the scene gave the false impression of intense past activity: fallen rocks; sublime depths of cañon; great basins; high, flat peaks; immense sandy plains, which looked as if they had been lifted and thrown upon their rocky heights, or cast into their sombre depths, where the winds of centuries had played with them daily. Of all this activity, with no sound, only great whirling, waving, drifting clouds of sand remained.

My watching detained me, and I followed down, down, down, to find that my guides had disappeared, and still down into a dark, sandy cañon, where I found them refreshing themselves on the few gallons of green water which were retained in a reed-encircled, sandy-bottomed tank, the only accessible spring in all this vast desert. Then came a succession of hard climbs, and break-neck descents, and plowings through deep sand-dunes, and followings of unmapable cañons, until dark found us in the dry bed of the Colorado Chiquito, where we built a huge fire and searched till we came upon a small pool of water. One more night of security, and we knew we had before us a hundred miles of desert, where water might or might not be discovered. Was it imagination that caused us to drink so often during that sleep-broken night from this soda-frosted pool? No; the first delicious

draught over, we found, to our great despair, that it was salty. All night long we could hear the animals traveling back and forth through the belt of cotton-woods which skirted the river between their grazing ground and the pool. When I rose, next morning, and looked northward, toward the high mesa homes of the Moquis, or turned southwestward toward the nearer slopes of the still distant sierra, it was not of the grandeur and solitude, the beauties and wonders by which we were surrounded, that I thought. It was of the deep, spiral-trailed cisterns in the sands near Moqui; of the clear streamlets of fresh, cool water which those mountain banks of snow were feeding. But I did not listen to the murmuring of my Indians. I knew that delay was dangerous, mutiny imminent if I stayed to listen to their gloomy prophecies. So, directing them to fill the goat-skin and every conceivable vessel with water, brackish though it was, I rode on ahead, never doubting they would follow my directions. The trail, well beaten, led over plains and little glades, which, merging into side valleys, ended in the great gray malpais terrace, over which the stoniest, most difficult trail at last brought me to the long but abrupt ascent of the border mesa of the Kuhni desert, the eastern edge of the Great Colorado Plateau. From the summit stretched off westward, northward, and southward a vast rolling plain, closed in on the south by the San Francisco mountains, on the west by the Juniper and blue mesa ranges, and on the north by an indefinite rising succession of undulations.

Imagine my surprise, as I struck out to cross it, on finding this great desert, never before crossed in this direction by a white man,—this desert where so many travelers, even hardy Indians, have perished,—covered with luxuriant grasses, green, gray, blue, flowers fresh as those of a valley, and giant piñons, with blue stretches of vast pine forests

in the westward distance. So deserted is this lying oasis that none save the strongest-winged birds break its silence with song; nowhere in its vast extent, along our trail, does a single stone or broken fragment of pottery attest the primitive neighborhood of the hardy Pueblo race. Only the beaten trail before us, the bones, sometimes human, the bits of cast-away cordage, show that man has ever penetrated its solitudes. Tortured by thirst, I was forced ere long to rest beneath a piñon, and await the arrival of my Indians. Toward sunset they came up. I asked them for water. "Teukia," they replied. These scoundrels, who had all along exhorted me to "be a man, little brother," and had encouraged me with stories of the endurance of their race and correlative tales of the weakness of my own, had emptied the canteens, save one which they had carelessly broken, and only a few quarts of water remained in the goat-skin bag. Relying upon the good omen of the dance which we had witnessed at Oraibe, they had lazily neglected filling the latter. So they comforted me with the assurance that water was at hand, and, proceeding a little further, we began to descend a deep, dark, narrow cañon to our left. Three long hours we toiled down its thousand feet of descent, and, in the gathering darkness, saw in the last tank—our last hope—only dry, baked mud, which our animals piteously pawed, refusing to crop the green grass about them in their thirst.

The Indians laughed. Why not? They had been drinking all day. They started for the goat-skin, with usual Indian improvidence, intending to have one more good drink; but my hand laid on my pistol soon taught them, to use their own words, to be men. So I portioned out for each three cupfuls of the precious fluid, which, with he-pa-lo-kia-oé, served us as our evening meal. This over, we readjusted our packs and

recommenced our ascent, — twice separating in the dark, tumbling into holes, ascending high places to be stopped by black cañons as impassable as the first, only to descend again and try anew, until at last we found ourselves on the great level plain we had abandoned. A search of an hour discovered our trail. I saw that all packs were secure, then ordered the Indians to follow my example and walk. We had not proceeded far, however, ere I was compelled to draw my pistol again. One of the Indians — the Cheyenne — had quietly fallen behind and mounted his horse. The case was desperate, — sixty miles more without water either for our animals or ourselves. Toward midnight the Indians rebelled, and again mounted. I brought them to the ground by the method which I had used before, and reasoned with them. This carelessness on their part was inexplicable to me. They understood far more clearly than I the dangers of the situation, yet were utterly regardless of the possible future in the wish to relieve present suffering. One of them claimed to be ill; another said that he could not find the trail on foot; and a third, that his shoes were too heavy. Thenceforward I led the way myself. Finally, they stopped "to tighten the packs." After continuing on unconsciously a quarter of a mile or more, hearing no sound of their coming, I turned back, to find that they had lain down in the tall grass and fallen asleep, — all but Tits-ke-mat-se, who in despair was watching alone in the moonlight, faithfully mindful of the pistol I wore, yet not daring to disturb the less obedient sleepers. I roused them with their own words: "'Be men, brothers.' Remember how you reminded me of my weakness, and told me how you would have to carry me, crazy with fever, into the Kuhni cañon, or come to grief on my account."

Few scenes can compare with those we passed through during the remainder

of the night, though we but half saw them in the moonlight. Here the trail, almost straight, would lead down through a narrow, level plain, hidden by tall grass and closed in by long rows of pines, black-topped and stately, among which the shadows were so deep and heavy that it seemed as if even the daylight could not lift them. Then, again, the trail would ascend and descend successions of piñon-clad hills, or plunge on for miles through the pine regions, where the trees were many and tall and straight. On, on, on; down, down, down, — it seemed that the sun would never rise; and when the sky did grow gray behind us, we could see light through the trees, and gladly thought we were coming to water. Ah, no; it was only one more of those forest aisles, as beautiful and regular as if planned by man, yet opened really by the vicissitudes of nature. All unconscious were the lords of those grassy parks, who grazed and gamboled toward the opposite limits, rousing the sinking spirits of the ever watchful Tits-ke-mat-se with the hope of game. The heat of midday followed the sunrise; still there was nothing, save these grand parks, with the stretches of pines between; and, weary with ceaseless exertion, thirsty and hungry, we began to despair, when we were cheered by the sight of rain-clouds. The prayers of the Indians, in their belief, were about to be answered, and they roused the echoes of the old forest with their weird songs of thanksgiving and encouragement to the spirit-gods of their ancestors.

Rain did come. It was only a shower of fifteen minutes, just after midday; but, down in a hollow, by some lime rocks, whither flocked unnumbered doves and insects, we found a little tank containing much mud and two or three quarts of water. Blue as it was with insects, and stale even to stench from long keeping, — for the rain had added little to it, — we quaffed it, or mixed he-

pa-lo-kia-oé with it to hide its color and odor, and made breakfast on it; halting the while, for the first time since the previous morning. Then we bathed the mouths of the gaunt, panting animals, just now revived by the smell of water to almost uncontrollable strength, and continued on. Towards evening, we passed the last great descending body of forest, and, at a turn which led into a cañon, came upon a tank holding apparently a barrel of water, — aing-shi-ki-ana, or the waters of the bear. When the animals came up, we first filled our vessels, and then watered them one at a time. One drank until it could no longer stand; others, until they were rendered stupid. But the Indians said, "Let them drink." Still the waters were not diminished. So, after thirty-six hours of sleepless exertion, we were to rest, secure from death by thirst or famine, and only a day's distance, Pu-lá-ka-kai told me, from the entrance to the Kuhn cañon.

The spring, or reservoir, was a mere hole below some lime rocks at the very head of a little cañon, the outlet to a grand, shallow, amphitheatre-like grassy plain, only here and there a tree standing within its limits. It had been enlarged by digging; and broken sticks, sharpened and hardened in fire, and lying in the débris, gave evidence that Indians had done the work. Over the eastern edge of the water were planted two evergreen branches of cañon hemlock, with a wand of willow between, the protecting gods of the place. And in a little hollow among the rocks were the remains of an old bear's skull, which, bleached and broken, had long ago given name to the place.

A few rods below, in the rocks of the opposite side of the little cañon, was a cave, just under the shadow of two great pines. It had evidently served for generations as a camping place for the hunting parties of the cañon Indians; for, lying around, were broken basket

canteens, rude wooden implements, and flakes of jasper and flint, as well as many a broken deer bone and antler. At the mouth of this cañon we kindled a fire; and, storing our packs away in the recess, we shot some doves and night-hawks, cooked a glorious meal, feasted and drank, and rolled ourselves up for the night; not again opening our eyes until the morning sun poured into the mouth of our little grotto, and, waking us, revealed thousands of raindrops on the grass-stalks around us.

We lazily cooked breakfast, and, aside from hunting a little, quite as lazily loafed the day away, drinking, in mere memory of our past sufferings, unheard-of quantities of water.

At supper-time, however, the Indians discovered in the plume of my helmet the little prayer-feather. They were horrified. They demanded an explanation; for it proved to be the one that Pu-lá-ka-kai himself had sacrificed just before I picked it up near the sunken stream of the plain of Oraibe. I had to tell them I had hailed it as a good omen, and had placed it, not knowing how to make and consecrate such things myself, in my helmet, for emergencies. Mutiny would have resulted had not the two pious Indians been satisfied. As it was, they hurriedly taught me a prayer, gave me medicine-flour, and dragged me down to the spring, where, one on either side, they watched me sacrifice the plume under the evergreen branches, and scatter the water like raindrops to the four quarters of the world.

Nearly the whole night was filled with tales of these desert wilds, — of which Pu-lá-ka-kai knew no end, — and with fairy myths and Indian love-stories. Next day, down the cañon on a hunt, we found the relics of some poor traveler, who, visiting the spring years before, had evidently found no water, and perished.

Another night of telling stories and snatches of adventure round the camp-

fire, and early morning found us again under way, still westward and downward. The forests had ceased, and plain followed plain in descending succession. Just before we reached the lowest plain, broader by far than any of the others, a rain-storm soaked but gladdened us, and stored, at the head of the not distant though still invisible cañon, pockets of water for our animals, which ever since their recent thirst had been seeking drink. Moreover, it proved to the Indians my sacred character, exonerating me from the heinous offense of having stolen a sacred plume; for "was it not an answer to my prayer?" they asked each other.

Who would have imagined that between the terraced plains which we saw ahead and the one we were passing through was a cañon, which, though narrow, was so deep that no one could cross it for miles up or down its length? Even the entrance to that tremendous chasm can scarcely be pictured to one who has not seen the like. Perhaps the mention of its beauty and sublime depth, its silence, until the dislodgment of a single pebble awoke thundering echoes from its jagged abysses, may suggest a conception of the road-way into the home of the Kuhnīs. No more readily can I describe to one who has not traveled with Indians our first descent of twelve hundred feet, almost vertical, except to say that we here wound around a great bank of talus, with tons upon tons of rock impending above us, there scrambled over great rocks, and crept along a foot-wide trail, where one mistaken step would have precipitated us hundreds of feet; and how at last we reached and made camp on the seeming bottom, but with hundreds of feet still below us, and cooked supper by the light of a single ray of sunlight, which shot boldly down the length of the cañon through the eternal shadows of the place.

The Indians, before sleeping, told me that, when the waters of the world had

risen and overwhelmed the nations of their ancestry, from Kuhnī to the Rio Grande, A-hai-iu-ta, the sublime infant, the twin god of war, the guarder and guider of the Pueblo races, had perseveringly dug a little outlet where we now stood; and the devouring waters, rushing through, had worn this great chasm, leaving the marks of their foam and fury on the banded rocks, which rose everywhere above us, and almost echoed our faintest whispers. "Nor have the waters yet ceased flowing, as you shall see to-morrow, when you cross the river by which the Kuhnīs have life."

In the morning we resumed the trail, less abrupt, but still rapidly downward. I shall have to hasten on through the labyrinths of that sublime cañon without attempting description, where forty-three abrupt turns are made, each one deeper, each turn narrowing the vision, yet always revealing some giant fortress or castle, in styles of architecture never dreamt of by human minds, never reared by human hands. At one place, we would see, looking giddily down from the gray summit rocks, where the gray cliffs parted from the red, as if ashamed of their soberer color, the little swallow-nest houses of a bygone persecuted race. At another, we would pass the mouth of a resounding cave, the walls of which were painted with emblems, and whose nooks were the hunting shrines of the strange inhabitants. Once the rocks seemed to close above us, and only a narrow strip of sky could be seen from our pathway. Finally, the last knot was tied in the fringe of my buckskin shirt, the last turn made in the course of the cañon, and we entered a grove of fresh green willows and cotton-woods. We passed the mouth of a giant stream, which rushes from the base of two thousand seven hundred feet of precipice, already a river in volume, a torrent in force; for, "as I told you yesterday, the waters of the world have not yet ceased flowing."

The first Ha-va-su-pai I saw may be taken as a type of his race. But lightly clothed, a strange close head-band around his temples, he swiftly passed from one bush to another as we emerged from the little grove. Below us stretched a green, moist plain of sandy soil, nearly two miles long by half a mile at its greatest width. We could catch only occasional glimpses of it through the rank growth of willows, the leaves of which everywhere brushed our heads as we rode along the river trail. These glimpses, however, revealed numerous cultivated fields of corn, beans, sunflowers, melons, peaches, apricots, and certain plants used in dyeing and basket-making, and usually carefully protected by hedges of wattled willows or fences of cotton-wood poles. Everywhere these fields were crossed and recrossed by a net-work of irrigating canals and trails. Here and there were little cabins, or shelters, flat-roofed, dirt-covered, and closed in on three sides by wattled flags, canes, and slender branches; while the front was protected by a hedge like those of the fields, only taller, placed a few feet before the house, and between which and the house burned smoky little fires. The houses were always nestled down among the thick willows bordering the river, or perched on some convenient shelf, under the shadows of the western precipice. In several places, within some of the great horizontal cracks of these western cliffs, and often high up, were little buildings of stone laid in mud plaster, and not unlike the cliff-dwellings we had observed on the way down, and of which ruins exist in almost every cañon throughout the great Southwest.

When we again caught sight of our Kuhni, in a little opening near the trail, he was evidently uncertain whether to

run forward and warn the tribe — whose voices, mingled with the barking of dogs and the murmuring of the river, could be heard below — of our coming, or wait to greet us. Finally, he shouted, in a rapid, gurgling, soft sort of language, that the villagers were coming; and then, with a sort of questioning smile, turned toward us, keeping up a ceaseless gibberish, but eying me closely, and evidently thinking me the most curious member of the party.

He guided us through the willows to a crossing of the river, and as we rode up the opposite bank we were greeted by a waiting crowd of men, women, and children, who were gathered around two or three huts in front of a little sweat-house, closely covered with blankets. From out this primitive Turkish bath, heedless of the excited gestures of the presiding medicine man, issued in a cloud of steam a real American, red as a lobster, and half blinded by the steaming he had just passed through. At first he greeted me most blankly, eying me as he would a ghost, but ultimately he became talkative. This exile proved to be a prospector, named Harvey Sample, — "Sani pu," the Indians called him; — who had accompanied a cavalry expedition to the cañon from Prescott, a few days previously; and having been left alone by his companions, was getting along as best he could with the Indians. Pu-lá-ka-kai led the way further down the river to about the middle of the plain, where, near a beautifully sheltered hut, a former host welcomed him and us with jolly cordiality; gorged us with succotash; cleared the principal portion of his hut of women, children, and dogs, for our use; and soon after summoned a council, which kept us blinking, jabbering, and smoking until past midnight.

F. H. Cushing.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XVII.

THE PAST OF KINGBOLT OF KING-
BOLTSVILLE.

THE despised passion of jealousy had, after all, done its work with Bainbridge, as it has with others. It had shown him that he was violently in love. He was forced to contemplate Otilie as the wife of another, and he knew the desperate pain it would cost him to lose her.

"Piece of my life," he soliloquized, "how shall I tear you out of it? What shall I do without you?"

It did not answer to recall the days of Madeline Scarlett, and to charge fiercely that he was of a weak and susceptible disposition. Some obstinate interior voice kept repeating to him, in spite of Otilie's unworthiness, —

"She is what I only fancied the other to be."

The former experience, however, had made him intensely skeptical, and added to a fund of stoical reserve. He knew that he could conquer and forget. Perhaps he knew also, now, how these enforced conquests may eat out the vitals of a once warm and generous nature, and leave it in the condition of a tree through the heart of which a flame of fire has run. His brain seethed with a hundred contradictory plans. Before he had had time to carry any of them into execution, something happened which put a very different aspect on the affair.

During this interval he suffered himself to be drawn back, one evening, by way of distraction, to Miss Emily Rawson's. That affable acquaintance at first affected to take him for some stranger, who had got into the wrong house by mistake, and she refused his

hand, extended for hers, but presently took it with a warm and friendly pressure. She was embroidering a velvet table cover by an astral lamp, which cast a becoming light upon her. She was much interested at present in decorative art, and was a subscriber to societies where the new principles were advocated, and to warerooms where articles made in accordance with them were exposed for sale.

"My design is something out of the common," she said, holding the work up to inspection. "How do you like it? It was drawn expressly for me by Mr. Lloyd, the architect. I met him first at Bridgefield, the past summer. I spent a few days there. It is not at all a bad summer resort. The air is very good. Mr. Lloyd and I were at the same hotel. We spoke of you, among others. He tells me you were classmates at college."

"Yes, we were classmates. We always called him 'G.' I recollect him better by that initial than by his name. There was another Lloyd, who was known in the same way as 'A. B.' It was necessary to distinguish them."

"That college life must have been so pleasant. By the way, we were quite near the large property of another classmate of yours, as I was told by Mr. Lloyd, — Mr. Kingbolt."

Bainbridge heard this name pronounced with astonishment. He had come here for some faint aid in avoiding the memory of it, and it was the very first thing to be forced upon his attention.

"Yes," went on the fair embroiderer, "there was a glimpse from my window of Kingboltsville, — the factories, the race-track, and the large stuccoed mansion where the family resides. The conservatories are interminable. I was told that the original Kingbolt bought

up all the land thereabouts for a song, and redeemed it. The best of it is among the most desirable residence property in the city, of which it now forms a part. I saw the fortunate heir's mother and sisters, but he himself was not at home. However, I was not interested in him then, but now I am. I want you to tell me about him."

"I don't know that I recollect anything in particular. I am afraid I cannot help you."

"What was he like in college?"

"We were not intimate friends. Bridgefield struck you, then, as a passable summer resort? For my part, I find those interior Connecticut cities too warm."

"Did he graduate with a high rank, for instance? Was he a hard student?" the questioner persisted.

"He was dismissed for some informality, I believe, before arriving as far as that," said Bainbridge, with a kind of final air.

"And is that all?"

"Yes, — no, — I believe that is all."

"Well, that is not enough for me. Ah, here is Mr. Lloyd. I shall ask him. Perhaps he has condescended to burden his mind with a little more detail."

Mr. Lloyd himself, who, it seemed, had formed the habit of calling occasionally, entered now to pay his respects.

"I want a full description of Kingbolt of Kingboltsville, Mr. Lloyd. We saw his place last summer, you recollect. Mr. Bainbridge won't tell me anything, and I have reasons for wanting to know," said the lady.

"I cannot be expected to say a great deal of good of him, considering the way he treated me on one occasion. You have heard of that before," said the new arrival. "Still, a person of that kind is apt to be spoiled in his bringing up, and I suppose we should make allowances for him. Well, I was in his set in college and for some time afterwards, and

I dare say I know as much about his proceedings in those times as anybody. He left the alma mater considerably earlier than the rest of us, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, as it were. He dashed his money about freely while he was there, and lived in great luxury, for that primitive period. It was said by those who knew him only at a distance that he never wore a suit of clothes a second time. That is a period, you know, when a young man is very particular about his personal appearance. Among other doings, he erected a hall for his class secret society. Bless me, how much we thought of that sort of nonsense once! Between ourselves there was no secret at all, but we had a hall like a charnel-house, and went around with the mysterious air of murderers. The hall cost him forty thousand dollars. He got his mother to persuade his trustees to let him have the money. They thought that perhaps he would be more contented, and take an interest in his studies, if they humored him in this. It did not work in that way, however. The faculty, after a good deal of forbearance, had to send him away. He was really too much. They could have maintained no discipline at all in the place, if they had not done so.

"He asked a number of us up to his place to help celebrate his coming of age," Lloyd went on. Finding himself listened to, he showed a certain zest in these reminiscences. "When we got there we found him turned serious. His trustees had talked to him, after he was expelled, and made quite an impression on him, it seemed. They described to him how his father had built up a great institution, which had come to be known pretty much the world over, and how he had had honors from foreign courts, had been mayor and governor, and might have been ambassador, if he would. They said that he, the son, ought not to be willing to throw away, and even dis-

grace, the memory of all that had gone before. They said that if he did not desire to take a profession he ought to go into the works and learn the business, so as to be competent to manage it himself, and keep it always at the same pitch of importance. This our friend had consented to do. When he had arrived at this decision, nothing would do but he must wear a blue shirt and jack-boots and carry a tin dinner-pail, like any of the ordinary hands, and begin by oiling the machinery. He never does, or at least never begins, anything by halves. It was in such costume that he showed his visitors through the works, — fashionable young women and all, — when we came up to the birthday celebration. The festivities lasted three days. It was quite on the English plan. It was an idea of his sisters, who had been abroad a good deal. As for his mother, she would consent to almost anything. She was lady-like and well-meaning, but weak. One could easily see that. The fact is, Kingbolt never had any particular bringing up. He was never controlled. I was told that his father — as long as he lived, for he died early — treated everything the boy did as a huge joke. He used to say that he had not made a success enough of discipline in his own case to lay down rules for the government of others.

“‘Let him fight it out on his own account,’ his father would say. ‘He has good traits from his mother, and may be one or two not so bad from me; and no doubt, in the long run, the good will prevail over the bad.’

“So if he got black in the face with temper, or smashed all the crockery, they simply put him in a padded room; and if he kicked the governess with his new boots till she cried, they comforted her with a liberal present. His mother took everything in the prayerful and tearful style.”

“They allowed him to kick his governess? A cheerful beginning, I must

say,” commented Miss Rawson. Bainbridge, who had been about to withdraw, found himself listening with a dazed interest to this cursory review of his rival’s education.

“Well, at his coming of age,” G. Lloyd went on, “there were dancing, and illuminations, and distributions of presents, and driving gayly through the streets of Bridgefield in all the conveyances the stables could turn out. Kingbolt was again ‘one of the boys,’ and joined in the proceedings with a will. If I had been a parent or guardian, I should have dreaded the effect of such a break in his routine. Whether or not this was the entering wedge, it is certain that within a year he tired of being a horny-handed son of toil, and gave it up.

“The rest of us had taken our sheepskins considerably before that, and a group of choice spirits was assembled in New York. You recollect about it, Bainbridge. You were one of us occasionally, before you had gone into your manufacturing, your orange-planting, and what not.”

“Yes, I remember,” nodded Bainbridge, gravely.

“Kingbolt came down to visit us,” pursued Lloyd, “and the boys urged him to stay.

“‘What shall I do about my trustees?’ he asked them. ‘Old Judge Bryan, the chairman, is continually at me about the glories of the past. He will consider me hopelessly lost.’

“‘Hang your trustees!’ I recollect Anthropoid Walker replying. ‘The old Judge will be only too glad not to have anybody to overhaul him in his accounts. Let him alone, and he will embezzle your property in peace. You’ve got a soul above axle grease. Come into the law school with the rest of us! Look at me! I ascribe my future greatness entirely to that noblest of professions, the law.’

“Let me see! Anthropoid Walker

and Zeus Baldwin — we kept up the old college nicknames still — were in the law school, in Lafayette Place, at that time. Sprowle Onderdonk was another of the legal luminaries. He was considerably older than most of us, and we had not known him so well in college, owing to this fact and his being above us. But with his leisurely way of taking things he had arrived at this point only at the same time, and here put himself quite on an equality with the rest. He had a good mind, that man, and with more pressure upon him might have done something worth while. He still sticks to law in a desultory way, and keeps an office. You recall him as a man of ability, do you not, Bainbridge?"

"I recollect a sledge-hammer style of argument he had sometimes in the debates in Linonia," replied Bainbridge. "We used to think he would succeed in politics."

"I was a Brother In Unity, not a Linonian, myself. Our college societies," Lloyd said to Miss Rawson, in explanation of this technical-sounding nomenclature. "De Longbow Rowley was studying medicine," he went on. "That fellow was always telling the most preposterous yarns about things that had happened to him, and he keeps it up yet. Whitehead Finch had gone into business. His family had got him a place in a broker's office, allowed him two thousand dollars a year to keep off the pangs of starvation, and left him to shift for himself. Gus Ramsdell professed the purpose of becoming a power in the commercial world. He had begun by entering the store of Rodman Harvey, at three dollars a week, but found that this interfered greatly with his society engagements. They 'did not know how to treat a gentleman,' he said, and he was obliged to give it up. He had not yet found another opening to his taste, representing himself as in search of one. We charged him with looking for a place, and hoping not to

get it. Sprowle Onderdonk declared, furthermore, that Ramsdell had confided to him, —

"I shall not work as long as I have my health."

"For my part, I was young and foolish then. I was in an architect's office, and paying the firm to teach me the business. They had to catch me when they could, in order to do it. I often went down to the office at two or three in the afternoon, and left at four. If the principals were out, even this brief space was spent, as likely as not, in fencing with a fellow-draughtsman, the weapons being T-squares.

"Well, this was the character of the interesting circle of which Kingbolt became a part. He set up handsome bachelor apartments, which were soon the general rallying point. More than once, after an evening of lively adventures, we spread ourselves out there on his furniture, and passed the rest of the night. There were suppers, at which one of the amusements was to shoot the necks off the champagne bottles with a small revolver, instead of uncorking them. Such rackets! Ah, yes, indeed! With our little English hats and English clothes, our sticks and eye-glasses, our hands in our pockets, and quips and cranks innumerable at the ends of our tongues, we tore about from one pleasure to another. I dare say we were a sort of terror to most with whom we came in contact. We took boxes at the spectacular dramas. We knew where the best beer was to be had, and the best Welsh rarebit, and anchovy sandwich. We patronized the Tyrolean warblers at the Vienna Garden, in the Bowery; dropped in at Herman's, where leading artists are to be found, and at Schwalbach's, where actors resort after the play. I remember how the joints of beef, the piles of oysters, the green of the salads, and the vivid scarlet of the lobsters, arranged in ornamental pyramids on Schwalbach's counter, im-

pressed my imagination when I saw them first."

"You describe to me not only Kingbolt, but a whole state of society," said Miss Rawson. "This is better than I expected, but of course you do not suppose that I approve of you."

"Oh, we reformed. I, at least, had my living to make. They are all club men now, those fellows, and great swells, and I have little or nothing to do with them, except when I go and bore one of them, unblushingly, for his influence in some building contract. Athletic sports were an important part of the programme, in the times I speak of. Not that we really took part in them, but it was the thing to be posted, and to be present on eventful occasions. The base-ball and cricket games, the dog shows, the shooting and rowing matches, — those were the important objects of life. A good running high jump at Hoboken would draw the coterie away from their ostensible occupations for a day. The long purse — and Kingbolt's was the longest — attended religiously any important regatta at Saratoga, or ball match at Chicago or Baltimore. If our university nine or boat's crew chanced to be passing through town, or the glee club came here to give a concert, you may be sure that a patriotic attempt was made to let them have as hilarious a time as possible."

"And society? I suppose you were great breakers of feminine hearts?"

"As a rule, society was rather despised, just then. Still, we did condescend to an occasional party. We trained around somewhat in company, taking a sardonic view of things; referring to the *débutantes*, for instance, as 'young gushers.' When the show was over we bounded up two stairs at a time, preparing cigarettes for lighting, on the way, got into our ulsters, opened our crush hats with the loudest explosions they were capable of, and so — not being club men, though there were some

petty junior clubs, in which membership might have been taken — off to Delmonico's, Schwalbach's, or some other of the chosen resorts. A certain reverential awe was entertained for a class of older men, whom we saw heading all the important movements in society and on the turf. Some of them were bald, corpulent, of weather-beaten visages and profuse whiskers, — the kind of persons one had been used to as officers of banks and companies and deacons of churches. Occasionally, one of them took his racing-stables abroad, by way of variety, and contested all the great events of the European turf. An existence which could hold the continuous interest of persons of such a maturity must be a life of pleasure indeed."

"But you do not separate yourself from Kingbolt," interrupted Emily Rawson. "Were you all exactly alike? Thus far you have not shown that he was worse than the rest of you."

"I do not admit that I set out to say anything so very bad of him. He is whimsical, — that is all. He separates himself from the rest of us mainly by that. He lets nothing stand in the way of his pursuance of a whim. He carries it to the bitter end."

"Ah, indeed!" said Emily Rawson.

And "Ah, indeed!" echoed Bainbridge, mentally, in a dull way. The exposition of this trait in Kingbolt was the knell of lingering hopes.

"He ran out to Colorado, now and then, for a hunt," continued Lloyd. "He was not greatly given to reading, nor a person of a romantic fancy, I should say; and for a time Europe seemed without the least attraction for him. At length, however, he went across with Gus Ramsdell. He proposed only a brief stay, but it extended into one of several years, and left his law course very much in the lurch. The pair traveled, at first, on the comic plan, modeling their doings after a class of literature then much in vogue. They were locked

up at Cologne, among other episodes, for beating a *commissionnaire*, — who, no doubt, deserved it. Ramsdell came back, but Kingbolt remained, and the dignified side of things gradually took hold of him. He picked up manners and customs and languages, and began to make titled acquaintances, and conduct himself *en grand seigneur*. He registered as Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. In those places — and they comprise the greater part of Europe — where all the Americas, their languages and peoples, are confounded as one, and a corresponding ignorance of their social system prevails, he was taken to be, in his own country, the chief of a clan, or the lord of a barony at least. An African potentate who had bought farming implements of the Eureka Tool Works, and conferred a decoration on the father, gave a hunt in the young man's honor, — at least, so Kingbolt relates. A splendidly caparisoned steed was sent out to meet him, in charge of slaves, as he drew near the appointed place, — quite like a bit of the Arabian Nights. He killed a wild boar, the tusks of which, among other trophies, still ornament his room. I dare say this is so. He was not particularly given to stretching a point, like our friend Rowley."

"Not particularly," assented Bainbridge, being appealed to.

"Kingbolt returned from Europe with plenty of new airs and graces and enlarged ideas of spending money. He had been elected to the clubs, meanwhile, and was now in close relations with the older men we had been used to revere. It was at this time that he formally went in for a society career, and set up for 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' in town and country. Then he went off again, briefly, on an earnest tack. I doubt if it was anything more than a paragraph in a newspaper that started it, — a paragraph suggesting to rich men to do something with their money; improve the condition of their

subordinates, for instance. He ran across me again, turned serious enough myself by that time, I assure you. I had my living to get, and had been able to follow that idle group about as far — about as far as you could throw an ox by the tail, for instance. Well, he ran across me, and took me to Europe with him to prepare the most perfect plans for an industrial museum and model cottages. I was to have — well, he promised almost everything; and he meant it, I dare say. But he proved insufferable as a task-master. All our old intimacy went for nothing. We quarreled violently, and he turned me adrift; that was the way of it. It was devilish awkward at first, I recollect, — out of money, away from home, and my time and labors gone for nothing; but now I can look back at it more coolly. No doubt I was somewhat to blame myself. He had fallen in before this with a certain fascinating St. Hill, who attached himself to him as a sort of parasite, and probably had something to do with inducing him to abandon the philanthropic project entirely. St. Hill was brought back to this country instead of myself. *He* could give you points on the character of Kingbolt. And that is the extent of my information."

The architect drew a long breath, as if after having talked interminably.

"Sure?" queried Miss Rawson.

"Positive."

"Well, we are very much obliged to you. Concerning his more public career, I knew more or less already."

Lloyd and Bainbridge fell to exchanging a few casual remarks on some art club, where, it seemed, they were in the habit of meeting occasionally, and Bainbridge presently rose to go.

As he was passing out of the room, the Rev. Edwin Swan was coming in. This was an assistant lately attached to one of the minor Episcopal churches. He was a deserving, quiet, plain man, of a most respectable position naturally,

but without fortune; and it was thought that he was looking for a wife. Their fair entertainer was fluttered at the presence of so many presentable men in her parlor at the same time. Each would comprehend, she hoped, and in particular the recreant Bainbridge, that, if she was not in demand by him, she certainly was by others.

"But I have not told you the reason of my interest in Kingbolt of Kingboltsville," she said confidentially, at the threshold, to the departing guest.

"No," said Bainbridge.

"Well, I have seen him out driving with our friend Otilie Harvey. I hear he paid her much attention at Newport, also. I have my informants, you see. 'Such things *have* been, said Private James.' She would be an enterprising little minx if given but half a chance. I am sure of it. Do you not think so?"

"Very likely," said Bainbridge.

XVIII.

AT THE EMPIRE CLUB AND AROUND TOWN.

One morning, at about this time, Arthur Kingbolt of Kingboltsville awoke at nine o'clock, and rang the bell for his body servant. Ten or eleven was a more usual hour with him, and the services of Greenway were generally in requisition to rouse him from his somewhat heavy slumbers. He had met Greenway in the employ of one of the smaller London clubs, and brought him over expressly for his own use.

"Get to work now, Greenway," he said. "I am going to get up."

The well-trained and discreet Greenway first handed in the "brandy cocktail" his master had accustomed himself to demand, as adapted to the needs of his peculiar constitution, and then proceeded deftly to shave him, while he still reclined under the rich Persian can-

opy of his bed. The servant laid out a velvet jacket, braided and faced with silk. While Kingbolt exchanged for this the night-gown of China silk in which he had slept, and rose, and lounged in an easy-chair, with a cigarette and a morning paper, Greenway brought in from an adjoining room the articles of apparel selected for the day's wear. There was a store of clothing, hats, boots and shoes, and walking-sticks almost sufficient to have equipped a company.

The luxury of these chambers could hardly have jarred even upon a feminine taste. The masculine element was shown in many pictures of types of female loveliness — photographs of actresses and the like — of a rather free sort, in weapons, and in trophies of the chase. There could be seen the wild boar tusks that came from the hunt with the potentate of Barbary; the stuffed head of a red deer, shot, with a Scotch lord, in the Scottish highlands; the head of a "big-horn" of Montana, and of a fallow deer of the Adirondacks.

"Get me some sort of a breakfast, here, will you, Greenway?" directed the master, in a petulant tone. "It does n't make any difference what it is. I'll stand that villainous club cooking no longer. No," he countermanded, when a beginning of carrying the order into execution had been made, "I'll go to Delmonico's. Don't forget," he said, as a parting direction, "to take back to Millerick's that beastly driving-coat he sent me yesterday! What does he think I am, I wonder?"

When in the street, however, Kingbolt changed his mind once more, and went to the Empire Club, as usual. Greenway thought he had rarely seen his master in a more capricious and irritable frame of mind than at present.

Kingbolt was hailed in the lobby of the club by some men who affected to take his appearance at that time of day as a remarkable phenomenon.

"Turning over a new leaf, — out to see the sun rise, — early dewdrop, and that sort of thing, eh?" said one White-head Finch, of whom we have already heard some slight mention.

"I'm not turning over anything. I suppose a man has a right to get up, if he likes," the new-comer rejoined, not too amiably.

"Well, you can't keep the London style going a great while here," said Mr. Ramsdell. "Lord, I've tried it! I used to sleep till four in the afternoon, regularly. Over there in the fog, it makes no difference when you burn your gas; one part of the twenty-four hours is as proper for it as another. But here it is quite a different matter. If a fellow doesn't show himself in pretty fair season, the programme for the day is made up without him, and he gets left."

"Your friend St. Hill is posted again for quite a stiff little sum," said De Longbow Rowley, nodding towards the bulletin board, where various matters of interest were officially brought to attention.

Kingbolt walked over to it, and read a notice to the effect that St. Hill was largely in arrears, in his dues of various kinds, to the club. Such delinquency subjected the offender to the embarrassment of this kind of publicity, and after a certain time, if it were still unsatisfied, to loss of membership. On going to his letter-box, there lay a note from the same person, which proved to be an appeal to him, Kingbolt, to take down the announcement and liquidate the indebtedness, as "a temporary accommodation," for which the writer would remain forever grateful.

"There is getting to be too much of this sort of thing. I am sick of it," he muttered, stuffing the note into his pocket.

But when the rest made the bulletin the text for an abusive discussion of St. Hill, it suited his perverse humor to

stand by the man. The Empire Club was a rather noted place for gossip. The characters of both men and women were often handled there in a style that would have become a tea-drinking of spinsters of the old school. This, however, rarely precluded the extending of the usual civilities to the victim if fallen in with at the very next moment.

"What sort of a company has the fellow got? What keeps him a-going, any way?" inquired Gus Ramsdell, who had long since come into property, by inheritance, which placed him beyond the need of aspirations, commercial or other, connected with the problem of his self-support.

"It's a swindle, if it's anything, as sure as a gun. That's my opinion," said Mr. Rowley. "I should not be surprised to see him come to grief, and dropped out of decent society, any day."

"We are not dropping people nowadays," said the elderly Watervliet. "The Texas is coming more into vogue. In Texas, I understand, they don't drop a man out of society till he is hanged."

Watervliet's own means of support were not of the most apparent. A friendly hand, now and then, stopped a serious gap in his exchequer. He varied his sitting in the club window with an occasional long voyage to the tropics in somebody's yacht, in the winter. In summer, he had been known to admit deprecatingly, in a rare moment of weakness for him, that his livelihood was but a matter of his railroad fares, since he passed from one hospitable country house to another, in a continual round of visits.

"Look at the way he took in that gudgeon of a Stillsby," said Mr. Northfleet. "He pretended to make a venture for him in stocks, and sent him word presently that his money was doubled. He did not pay the money over, though; you may be sure of that. He advised now that it be put into another deal, which, he said, promised

even better than the first. Stillsby, of course, was delighted at his luck, and advanced more funds. The upshot was that he never got a cent back. Now that the sum was a big one, St. Hill got away with it. He regretted to say that an unfortunate turn of the market had, etc., etc. Still, he felt that if entrusted with a new opportunity he could at once redeem previous losses, and return a handsome profit upon the whole investment. It's a very old dodge, — that is. I say, that is what St. Hill did to you, is n't it, Stillsby?" the speaker called to Stillsby, who had just come down the stairs.

"Yes, sir, that's what he did. I put up — He, he, I" — began Stillsby, stuttering in his eagerness to tell the story.

"Bah! Wall Street is Wall Street," said Kingbolt contemptuously, and setting foot on the stairs to go to the breakfast he had ordered in the restaurant. "What do people expect?"

"Yes, that is so, too," assented Stillsby, agreeing readily with any one who spoke with authority.

When Kingbolt had breakfasted he found the same men, with others, sitting in the conversation room, by the large windows giving upon the Avenue. A few who were reading newspapers offered laconic remarks, from time to time, on subjects enlisting their interest.

"I see there's another duke, a great swell, coming in by the French steamer," said Northfleet. "I suppose that crazy Mrs. Poyntz will go to his hotel, grab him by the hair of the head, and have him on exhibition before he knows he is fairly ashore. Poor duffers! they don't know the difference at first."

"I see old Elphinstone Swan has dropped off," said Ramsdell. "That must be what the club's flag is half-masted for to-day."

"I thought he was dead centuries ago," commented De Longbow Rowley, with a yawn.

"Not at all. I could have told you better than that," said Finch. "I have had my eye on the prospective widow this long time. Madeline Scarrett has made a good speculation of it. Here she is, about as young and handsome as ever, with all the old man's money to boot."

After this, silence for a while.

Mr. Watervliet broke it with a low whistle, expressive of keen emotion. "I see Canterbury Boy is gone," he said.

"What! — No! — It can't be! — When? — How did it happen?" were the general exclamations, with a letting fall of papers and rapt expressions of concern.

"At the Fashion Course, Long Island, yesterday, at five in the afternoon," pursued Watervliet, in a melancholy tone. "Taken with bleeding of the lungs at three o'clock, and expired at five. Only in the seventh year of his age. By Jove, that's hard!"

This striking instance of the brevity of life, the vanity of all things mortal, cast temporarily a deep gloom over the company. Such members of it as had won money in times past on Canterbury Boy were almost moved to tears; and even those who had lost now ignored the circumstance, in the shock of his untimely taking off. Anecdotes of the favorite were exchanged, then others of a kindred sort, all pervaded by a pensive cast. Finch recalled that owner who was accustomed to deck a pet mare, after her victories, with a collar and pendants of diamonds. Rowley admired that jockey who had desired to be buried on the race-course at the three-quarter stretch pole, in order to hear the inspiring rattle of the hoofs above his head, as he lay.

† The gloom lifted by degrees, and, upon some other chance reference, the prospects of Rodman Harvey in the coming election were spoken of. Harvey had distanced General Burlington

in the convention, and secured the regular nomination of his party. Banners, duly weighted and pierced, and adorned with execrable portraits of himself in the usual way, had long been swinging for him across the streets. His rival at the polls was to be the Hon. Michael Brannagan, nominated by Tammany Hall. Bets for and against Harvey's success were being freely offered, when Sprowle Onderdonk entered.

"Hang your bets!" cried Onderdonk. "Stir yourselves up, and come out and vote for him, for once! He is the Sprowle candidate, as it were; we want him elected. His daughter marries into the family. See?"

"That's so," said Northfleet, while Kingbolt got up, and moved restlessly about the floor. "Well, count on me for one. By the way, that's another rather pretty girl they have up there at the Harveys',—the one they keep in the background, the cousin. What's her name? Otilie. You get a glimpse of her now and then, you know. What is she like?"

"Kingbolt can give you the points. Ask him! They were as thick as Siamese twins last summer,—sly dog!" replied Onderdonk.

"What is she like, Kingbolt, old boy,—the demure Miss Harvey number two, the gem of purest ray serene, the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, etc.?" pursued the inquirer.

"On the intellectual lay, I believe. Wants to be quoted to, and that sort of thing. Don't trouble yourself to pitch in; you'll never 'get ahead.'"

The not over-bright Stillsby, on hearing this, crept up to the library, and was soon buried deep in a literature consisting of large volumes of poetical quotations.

Kingbolt, leaving the club, passed Sprowle with a surly "How are you?" treatment at which that person appeared surprised, having been accustomed to a much more friendly manner of late.

Gus Ramsdell came out into the hall after him, and called, "Don't forget the Capricorn dinner to-night!" Then, "Whither away?" he said. "I'll join you. What do you say to a game at the Racquet Club? Or will you put on the gloves? I spent most of yesterday over the ticker, watching a little go in Wall Street, and I want exercise."

"I have got to go and see my tailor," said Kingbolt.

"What! Millerick? By the way, so have I. Perhaps after that you will come up town with me to a stable. Rickardson, with whom I used to have dealings, has opened a new place, and I have promised him to drop in. I am on the lookout, in a general way, for a new off-wheeler for my four-in-hand. I think I ought to have something rather better in that place. The chestnut is n't quite what he should be of late."

When the pair entered Millerick's place,—one of the select small shops on the Avenue, profusely ornamented both within and without in the new style of decoration,—the fashionable tailor came forward to meet them. He was a tall, spare man, with large side-whiskers. He wore a long frock coat, of a spotless, technical sort of elegance, and rubbed his hands affably together. Kingbolt raised his voice in loud complaint almost from the door.

"I have come to overhaul you about that driving-coat," he said. "Don't you know I could n't show myself in a thing like that? Where is it? Yes, now, here! Could n't any human being understand that I would n't be seen with such shoulders on me as those? You have Eastlaked your place all over, you know, with your pictures, and your gilding, and stiff-jointed traps; but you can't Eastlake me, Millerick. I won't have it. Well, it's of no use; I shall have to get all my things over from London, as usual."

Millerick met this attack with an excellent grace. "You are perfectly right,

Mr. Kingbolt," he said, tossing the garment aside, with a large, magnanimous air. "It is not a proper coat for you. The fact is, we were changing cutters. But you shall have another right away. You will naturally want it for Mr. Onderdonk's garden party, the day after to-morrow. It will be quick work, but it shall be ready, and this time without fault, I guarantee."

"Oh, well, Millerick, if you are going to take it that way," said the young Crœsus, not to be outdone, — since, after all, it is desirable to stand well with one's tailor, — "you put it in the bill, all the same! I suppose it only wants a touch here and there. Mistakes will happen, you know. At any rate, let me have some kind of a coat, this or another, by to-morrow night. Do you understand?"

"Millerick is the only man in town who will do that," he said, somewhat mollified by this exhibition of his power, as he departed with his companion.

"He won't do it for me," said Ramsdell. "He would see me in Jericho first. How do you manage it?"

Ramsdell's acquaintance Rickardson was found in a large, new brick stable, presiding over an auction of horses. He was posted up at a little desk at one side of the interior, above a track on which the paces of the animals successively offered for sale were shown off. Spectators, seemingly for the most part livery-stable keepers and others connected with the equine interest in a small way, crowded thickly upon this track, with catalogues in their hands. They made way reluctantly as each horse was sped around, and they filled in behind him immediately after, as if such a thing as danger to life and limb from iron-shod hoofs had never been heard of.

"Anything in our line, Rick?" called Ramsdell up to the auctioneer where he stood at his desk.

"I should n't wonder if the next lot

but one would be worth your while to look at, Mr. Ramsdell," replied Rickardson.

The "lot" just then before the house was quickly disposed of. The next was brought out and run around the ring by a stable-boy. The lookers-on scattered to escape maiming for life, and closed up imperturbably, as before. This lot was a young filly of excellent stock, marred by some blemish, which allowed her to go for a song.

"She's a young un, and a good un!" cried the auctioneer. "Look wot you're a-gittin'. This magnificent two-year-old filly at seventy dollars' bid!"

The inexperienced filly tossed her head up against the restraining halter, and stared in a wild-eyed way at the crowd.

"This here magnificent filly at seventy dollars' bid! Eighty, do I hear? At eighty dollars! Eighty! Eighty dollars! Last call! At eighty dollars! Sanders," with a sudden fall of the voice.

The "next lot but one" now followed, the stable-boy this time on his back. This candidate for favor was described in the printed catalogues as "the chestnut gelding Rob Roy, coming seven years old next March; greatly admired at Long Branch last season; the property of a gentleman going to Europe, and got to be sold at any sacrifice."

Kingbolt gave a start of surprise, and began to study his appearance anxiously.

"Ah — ha — a!" cried Rickardson with gusto. "Here's the stock you're all a-waitin' for. Splendid, fine, high knee action. Beautiful combined saddler and driver. Send him along, there!"

The stable-boy struck the animal with his whip, and rode down the crowd, who escaped annihilation only by another of the usual miracles.

"There he is, — all in a nutshell," the sanguine auctioneer continued. "Let 'em see him walk! *There's a beauty!*

Game, beautiful-gaited, without doubt the most beautiful-styled young horse in New York! — best-styled and most promising horse in North America, to-day!"

But before any offer could be made for all these attractions, Kingbolt, who had scrutinized every motion of the so-called Rob Roy with a painful intentness, pressed forward to the auctioneer's desk, and, throwing up one hand, cried out excitedly, "You can't sell that horse! There is no Rob Roy about it. That's my horse Jim. You wait till you hear from me! Do you understand?"

To Ramsdell, who in much astonishment had endeavored to follow him, he said, "That's *Jim*, as sure as we are alive! I let St. Hill keep him for the summer, and here he is selling him out on me. He has changed him, but I would know the horse in a million."

Rickardson was disposed at first to put down this unseemly interruption. "Beauty!" he continued to the audience, by way of keeping the sale still in motion, while pros and cons were being discussed.

Influenced, however, by the representations of Mr. Ramsdell, he withdrew for the present the chestnut gelding Rob Roy from auction. He explained to the public that a mistake had arisen among gentlemen, which would no doubt be settled fair and satisfactory to all concerned.

"Was there ever a more stupendous piece of cheek?" said Kingbolt, in a towering rage. "St. Hill told me that the horse had gone a trifle lame, and he had left him at pasture. He would have told me after a while, I suppose, that he was dead, and I should have taken his word for it. And to think of what I have done for that man! Well, this ends it. By the way, oblige me, will you, Ramsdell, by not saying anything about this to the other fellows, just now! I was rather crowded into defending the wretch this morning."

Kingbolt put himself actively on the lookout for his knavish *protégé* for the rest of the day. He had not fallen in with him, however, up to the hour of the Capricorn dinner, at seven o'clock.

The culinary department of the Empire Club had been enlisted to do its best for these little Capricorn dinners. The terrapin to-day was of a flavor that could not have been surpassed in Maryland. The canvas-back was done to a turn. The Château Latour was comfortably warm, the Steinberg Cabinet iced to the last degree of perfection. The dishes called out a good deal of discourse of a gastronomical order. It was good form to be *gourmet* to a certain extent.

De Longbow Rowley laid down the axiom that "you can tell where a man belongs by his style of ordering a dinner."

Anthropoid Walker had taken to politics, and got himself elected a member of the legislature. He had abandoned on that account few of the practices of sweldom. His accomplishments as a good fellow, so far as they could be brought to bear, stood him in good stead, in his new career. He described a dinner he had given, from motives of policy, to brother legislators at Albany. He boasted of having at another time distinguished accurately, by the taste alone, seven different kinds of wine of a kindred sort, his eyes being blindfolded.

"We have seen you when you could n't tell water from champagne, and you know it," said Sprowle Onderdonk.

Walker admitted this, but claimed that the experiment referred to was made at an early stage in the evening.

The ages at which various wines are at their best and after which they begin to decline, and phenomena attending their decline, were touched upon by one and another.

De Longbow Rowley declared that he had seen and tasted a port so old that

it had turned snow-white. He forgot precisely where or when, but recalled that it was unmitigated slop.

Zeus Baldwin, who had abandoned the law, and was now a doctor in medicine, was also present. "All I know is," he said, "that they sell you, at one of the German cities, a wine which they say dates back to the year 1600 or so. It costs three or four dollars a thimbleful. It has become a mere thick syrup."

"Oh, they fill it up, you know," objected Mr. Northfleet.

"Not at all!" said Sprowle Onderdonk. "I have tried it, too. It would n't be so beastly if they did."

Society scandals, sporting matters, and narratives of personal adventure followed. De Longbow Rowley was, in accordance with his reputation, at the front, with the most marvelous experience. It was met with in his second-but-one-before-the-last expedition into the wilds of Crim Tartary, and was at the hands of roving marauders.

Whitehead Finch thought good to parody this, to the general delight of the company, with an egregious invention of prowess and desperate doings of his own on a Mississippi steamboat.

"I was the only peaceable person on board," he said, "and was beset by a gang of bullies and cut-throats. Alone and unarmed against such numbers, what could I do? The captain and crew were in league with them, also. It was as much as my life was worth to show the least resentment. But they little knew the sleeping lion they were arousing. They crowded the mourners too far. Unable at last to control myself, I rushed to a red-hot stove there was in the cabin, and bit a piece out of it, just to show what I was made of. For an instant those burly ruffians stood paralyzed. Before they could recover I had flown wildly to the deck and thrown myself over the bow. I took precautions to spring as far forward as pos-

sible. It must have been some eighty feet. The desperadoes thought I had suicided, and I could hear their shouts of demoniac glee rending the air behind me. But nothing of the kind. I calmly waited till that ill-fated boat came by, seized her cut-water in my teeth, — our family are known, I may say, for their excellent teeth, — and with a few ferocious yanks had in an instant torn the whole front out of her, so that she went to the bottom like a shot. Those bullies never knew what hurt them. Not a soul was left alive but myself to tell the tale. I rarely mention it. I am sometimes tempted to regret having used such extreme severity. Still, in a pinch like that, a man cannot always plan with the coolness that might be most judicious."

Rowley was accustomed through long practice to take rebuffs of this kind with great good-nature.

"I wonder if this new French duke will be wanting to marry an American girl, like all the rest of the heavy swells that come over," said Northfleet, branching out in another direction.

"Well, American girls have got to marry somebody," said Gus Ramsdell, "since they can't have us."

"Why don't we go over and marry their titled women in return?" inquired De Longbow Rowley. "Come! I have a notion to go and take a Lady Georgiana something, or an Hon. Miss Percy something or other, for a novelty."

"By the way, speaking of marriages," said Sprowle Onderdonk, "I may as well give you a bit of news. The day for the wedding of my cousin Sprowle with Miss Harvey has been set, and the cards are ordered. As I shall not have another chance of the same sort, I intend to call my garden party of Thursday partly a celebration in their honor. I have asked Dr. Wyburd to add a few lines of an appropriate hymeneal sort to his poem. You must all come up in

your drags, and give the occasion as distinguished a look as possible."

Kingbolt, who had shown no great interest in the gayeties of the feast, lost from this point even such as he had possessed. His lack of animation and appetite was openly commented on by the others.

"Has Dr. Zeus Baldwin been talking to you, Kingbolt?" cried Northfleet. "I believe I am right, doctor, in holding that your theory requires that nothing be taken into the stomach for twenty-four hours before retiring to bed."

"Forty-eight," replied Dr. Zeus Baldwin promptly.

The violent indignation Kingbolt had proposed to visit upon St. Hill had in a measure evaporated before he finally met with him, later the same night. The offense had become of a lesser consequence, in the stir of emotion aroused by the announcement of Sprowle Onderdonk. The day actually fixed, and near at hand, for the final loss of Angelica! As long as the marriage was not yet completed he must always have entertained some unreasonable hope.

St. Hill was lounging in the reading-room, with a somewhat downcast air, for him, when Kingbolt came out of the Capricorn dinner. This Lucifer-like spirit rather attracted than repelled the latter. Something irregular and desperate in another was in consonance with his own mood.

The protégé, however, was at first startled and much confused at being suddenly taxed with his fraud. He pleaded embarrassments in his business, losses and delays in the collection of debts. Then, grown bolder, on finding that the reproaches addressed him were after all but of an absent sort, he held that the attempt to sell the horse had been some piece of stupidity on Rickardson's part, and not done by his, St. Hill's, order.

"How can a man half tell *what* he is doing, in such a fix?" he said. "Things

like that staring him in the face, for instance!" He pointed to the bulletin board. "I can't even decently show myself here except at this time of night, when there are but few around. I was in hopes you would have taken that notice down."

He spoke in a melancholy way, as if more in sorrow than in anger, as at a disappointment in a friend which touched him in a very tender place.

"You are *always* in a box, man, and I am sick and tired of it!" cried Kingbolt. "Why don't you economize? Why don't you do something for yourself? You have the best of everything. You eat better dinners and wear better clothes than anybody else. You *look* as if you were worth forty millions."

"I have to, old fellow," argued St. Hill. "When a man is down, that is the time he has got to look his best. If he is really prosperous, it makes no difference how he looks. Besides, *you* cut off one promising source of revenue I had. You recollect how you prevented me when I proposed giving Rodman Harvey a twist."

"Twist him now, if you like, and be hanged to the lot of them!"

St. Hill did not disclose that he had already made the attempt and failed in it. He was astonished anew at the discovery that his patron's infatuation was finally over, just when he had begun to act upon the belief that it was confirmed, and Kingbolt as a means of profit lost to him for good. He had sold the horse with the purpose of reaping all the benefit possible from the last stages of this connection. He cursed his folly now; but Kingbolt's present demeanor encouraged him to hope that he might yet reinstate himself in favor, in spite of it.

Kingbolt was for making this a night of wild dissipation, and the parasite readily fell in with his humor. They joined a couple of kindred spirits, whom they met among resorts the bare exist-

ence of which — important as is the part they have in the lives of so many of the ornaments of polite society — it is the custom of society to ignore. This quartette repaired finally to a gaming establishment, discreetly kept, and provided with every convenience and luxury, and sat down to play.

Before daylight the heir of the Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltsville had squandered a sum which increased his reputation for extravagance even in quarters where large figures were no novelty. He awoke in his apartment late in the afternoon, that day, instead of at nine in the morning. There came

to him almost at once, as an unwelcome thought, the engagement in which he had involved himself, to drive a load of guests on his drag up to Sprowle Onderdonk's garden party on the morrow. He devoted some reflection to a means to get out of it, but none occurred as feasible.

No, he said. He would appear before Angelica at the *fête* — given to celebrate her coming nuptials though it were — with a proud and contemptuous demeanor, which should make it plain to her that she was by no means the cause of the agitation in his breast she might fancy.

William Henry Bishop.

THE LAST CHANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ON the morning of the 19th of March, 1865, the little group of ragged wall-tents which formed the imposing headquarters of the Fourteenth Army Corps was pitched on a sloping hill-side about thirty or forty miles south of Raleigh, North Carolina, and about twenty-five miles east of Fayetteville, or nearly midway between that place and Goldsboro, toward which point General Sherman's army was moving.

The early spring morning was soft and balmy, and the trees were covered with such delicate verdure as our latitude shows more than two months later. Fruit trees were in full bloom around Underhill's farm-house, not far off, and here and there along the roadside. It was about five o'clock, and the reveille had been sounded in the camps of one regiment after another, in the woods and fields around; and now, as it was Sunday morning, the familiar strains of Old Hundred floated up to our ears from a brigade band hidden in the little valley of Mill Creek, below us. Never before, perhaps, had the sweet notes of the

grand old hymn sounded sweeter than they did in the stillness of that bright spring morning; and to weary soldiers, as they stopped to listen, they brought thoughts of quiet homes and of country churches and friends far away. Some of those who heard it then never heard it again; for, like many a Sunday in the army, that day, which opened so calmly and beautifully, was to be a day of battle and of death.

Six weeks before, General Sherman's army had started from Savannah; and it had ever since been toiling through mud and rain across the States of South and North Carolina. The inhospitable rains of the South had poured down incessantly, and unfriendly mud had met us in every road. Layer after layer of corduroy had disappeared in the ooze, as each hundred of our heavy wagons passed over them. The streams, faithful to their States, had risen into torrents, and swept away our pontoon bridges. Supplies were few, and shoes and hats and coats had been worn out and lost. The pride and pomp and cir-

cumstance of glorious war had disappeared, and the whole command was ragged and tattered. Here a Confederate coat and there a Confederate hat did duty on a Federal back and head, while many a valiant Union warrior went hatless and shoeless. But a hardier and knottier lot of men never carried musket or helped a wagon out of the mire. Years of hardship and exposure and fighting had sifted out the weak and the sickly, and nothing but the toughest material was left. The deeper the mud and the harder the march, the jollier they were; and a heavier rain pouring down on them as they went into camp, or a wetter swamp than usual to lie down in, only brought out a louder volley of jokes. An army of military Mark Tapleys, they strode onward, uncomplaining and jolly under the most difficult circumstances possible.

We had rested a day at Fayetteville, and had destroyed the beautiful United States arsenal there, so that it might never again fall into hostile hands. A day or two later, a part of the Twentieth Corps, supported by the Fourteenth, had had a sharp engagement with the enemy, under Hardee, at Averysboro, and had chased him northward toward Raleigh. After this affair and Hardee's retreat, General Sherman made his dispositions for an easy though rapid march to Goldsboro, — "supposing," as he says in his Memoirs, "all danger was over." In his report of the campaign, he says, "All signs induced me to believe that the enemy would make no farther opposition to our progress, and *would not attempt to strike us in the flank while in motion.* I therefore directed," etc. These directions provided for a rapid march of his army toward Goldsboro, over the best parallel roads available, without reference to a menacing enemy.

For once, General Sherman had reckoned without his host, and that host was Joseph E. Johnston, whose hospitalities

General Sherman had known and respected the year before, in all the long campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The Confederate president had but recently recalled General Johnston from undeserved retirement and placed him in command of all the Confederate troops in that region, with instructions to "concentrate all available forces, and drive back Sherman." It is difficult to ascertain exactly what those forces were, but from Johnston's own Narrative they must have numbered between twenty-five and forty thousand men. The event proved that when General Sherman supposed "all danger was over," these forces had been, unknown to him, well concentrated on his left flank and front, and within striking distance. Once more these two foemen, well worthy of each other's steel, were to try conclusions; and this time with the odds largely in favor of the Confederate chieftain.

General Sherman's army consisted of between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand men, not seventy thousand, as General Johnston states in his Narrative. On the morning of the 19th of March, this force was situated as follows: two divisions of the Fourteenth Army Corps, numbering a little over eight thousand men, and constituting the advance of the left wing, were at the point named at the opening of our narrative, on the direct road from Averysboro to Goldsboro. Two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, also about eight thousand men, had encamped eight miles in the rear of the advance divisions on the same road, — a terrible stretch of almost impassable mire lying between the two commands. The two remaining divisions of these corps were escorting and guarding the supply trains, some miles further to the south and rear. The right wing of the army was similarly scattered on roads lying five to ten miles south of the road on which the left wing was advancing.

General Sherman had himself been marching for several days with the left

and exposed wing, and on the night of the 18th his headquarters, as well as those of General Slocum, who commanded the left wing, had been pitched within the lines of the Fourteenth Army Corps. On the morning of the 19th, he had determined to ride southward to the right wing, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps, and push them on rapidly in advance to Goldsboro. He did not leave, however, until after the leading division had moved out; and at perhaps half past seven o'clock he and General Slocum, with General Jefferson C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps, sat together upon their horses, at the crossroads, listening to the signs of opposition which already came up from the front. Something impressed the soldierly instinct of General Davis with the belief that he was likely to encounter more than the usual cavalry opposition, and he said as much to General Sherman. The latter, after listening attentively a moment or two, replied, in his usual brisk, nervous, and positive way, "No, Jeff; there is nothing there but Dibbrell's cavalry. Brush them out of the way. Good-morning. I'll meet you to-morrow morning at Cox's Bridge." And away he rode, with his slender staff, to join Howard and the right wing. It proved that three days yet lay between us and Cox's Bridge. But to go back.

When the strains of Old Hundred had ceased, and the men had had their accustomed breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, varied here and there with a piece of cold chicken or ham, or a baked sweet potato, foraged from the country, the regiments of the first division — General W. P. Carlin's — of the Fourteenth Corps filed out upon the road, and began the advance. This was about seven o'clock. For the first time almost in weeks, the sun was shining, and there was promise of a beautiful day; and the men strode on vigorously and cheerily.

They found in their front, as they always did, the enemy's cavalry, watching their movements and opposing their advance. But there was of course "nothing but cavalry," and the men pressed on, light-hearted, anticipating the rest they should have at Goldsboro, and then the last march toward Richmond and home. But the cavalry in front were stubborn. They did not yield a foot of ground before it was wrested from them. They were inclined to fight; and the old expression of the Atlanta campaign was brought out for use again: "They don't drive worth a damn." Even the organized parties of foragers, the historical "bummers" of Sherman's army, men who generally made short work of getting through a thin curtain of cavalry, when chickens and pigs and corn and sweet potatoes were on the other side, — even these renowned troopers fell back, dispirited, behind our skirmishers, and lined the roadsides.

At length the whole of the first brigade — General H. C. Hobart's — was deployed and pushed vigorously forward; but still the resistance of the enemy was determined and the advance slow. It began to be evident that they had some reason for this unusual opposition. Ten o'clock came, and we had gained but five miles. General Hobart was hotly engaged. The second brigade — Colonel George P. Buell's — was ordered to make a *détour* to the left, and take the enemy's line in the flank; but meanwhile our own right flank was becoming exposed to a similar fate, as the enemy overlapped us in that direction, and the third brigade — Lieutenant-Colonel Miles's — was deployed on the right of the first. Thus the whole of General Carlin's division was now deployed and in line of battle; yet everywhere it found the enemy in front strong and stubborn. The right and left of our line were ordered to advance and develop his strength. They did advance right gallantly, but they soon encountered a

strong line of infantry. This was pressed back several hundred yards, after severe fighting; and our men dashed, all unprepared, against a line of earth-works, manned with infantry and strengthened with artillery. The enemy opened upon them such a destructive fire that they were compelled to fall back, with severe loss. Many men and officers and two regimental commanders had fallen, and the whole line was severely shattered; but very important information had been gained. Observations and the reports of prisoners captured left little reason to doubt that General Johnston's whole army was in position in our immediate front, and the persistent fighting of the cavalry had been intended to give time for ample preparation.

It was now about half past one o'clock, and Generals Slocum and Davis were together in consultation, in the woods to the left of the road, when a deserter from the enemy was sent to them by General Carlin. He belonged to that class which had acquired the strange name of "galvanized Yankees." They were men who had been captured, and who, rather than endure the trials of prison life, had taken service in the rebel army. This man told a straight but startling story. It was to the effect that General Johnston's whole army, consisting of over thirty thousand men, had by night marches been concentrated in our immediate front, and was strongly entrenched. He said that General Johnston, accompanied by Generals Hardee and Cheatham and Hoke, had just ridden around among his troops, in the highest spirits, and that he had heard him address a portion of them, telling them that "at last the long-wished-for opportunity had occurred;" that they were "concentrated and in position, while General Sherman's army was scattered over miles of country, separated by almost impassable roads," and they "could now easily crush him in detail;" that a part of the Fourteenth

Army Corps was in their power, and they "would now take in those two light divisions out of the wet." He had been greeted with cheers and the highest enthusiasm by his men. At first this man's story — that of a double deserter — was doubted; but an officer of General Slocum's staff came up, and recognized him as a fellow townsman, and it was believed that he was telling the truth. Just then Colonel Litchfield, Inspector-General of the Fourteenth Corps, rode up with a confirmatory report. Colonel Litchfield was a competent and experienced officer, who had been superintending the extension of our line to the right, and when asked by General Slocum what he had seen, his reply was characteristically slow and emphatic: "Well, general, I find a great deal more than Dibbrell's cavalry: I find infantry entrenched along our whole front, *and enough of them to give us all the amusement we want for the rest of the day.*"

The news had come none too soon, for our little command was again preparing to attack. The first division — Carlin's — was all in line of battle, very much extended and attenuated. It had been deployed without reference to any such force as that which now confronted it; its position was weak, and its strength had been much impaired by the serious work it had already gone through. The second division — General J. D. Morgan's — had been deployed on the right of the first division, with two brigades in line and one in reserve; while one small brigade of the Twentieth Corps — Robinson's — had come up, and had been placed in an opening in Carlin's line. In other words, two divisions and a brigade, with a battery of artillery, — in all, less than ten thousand men, — were face to face with an overwhelming force of the enemy, who had chosen their own ground, strengthened it with field-works, and placed their artillery in position. Confident and prepared, they

awaited the order to advance, while we were deceived and surprised.

It was certain that they would lose no time, but attack at once and in overwhelming numbers. Up to this time General Slocum had shared the belief of General Sherman that the force in our front was inconsiderable. He was now thoroughly undeceived, and he went energetically to work to prepare for the most vigorous defensive fighting possible. Every precaution was taken, and the men all along our line were in the act of throwing up hasty field-works, when the attack came upon us like a whirlwind. I had gone to the rear, by direction of General Slocum, to order General Williams, commanding the Twentieth Corps, to push his troops to the front with all possible speed. I found him less than a mile to the rear, whither he had ridden far in advance of his troops. Receiving the order, he galloped back to his command, the greater part of which was still several miles to the rear and clogged in almost impassable roads, and I again started for the front, where the roar of musketry and artillery was now continuous. Almost immediately I met masses of men slowly and doggedly falling back along the road, and through the fields and open woods on the left of the road. They were retreating, and evidently with good cause; but there was nothing of the panic and rout so often seen on battle-fields earlier in the war. They were retreating, but they were not demoralized. Minie-balls were whizzing in every direction, although I was then far from the front line as I had left it only a short time before. Pushing on through these retreating men, and down the road, I met two pieces of artillery, — a section of the 19th Indiana battery, — and was dashing past it, when the lieutenant in command called out, "For Heaven's sake, don't go down there! I am the last man of the command. Everything is gone in front of you. The lieutenant

commanding my battery and most of the men and horses are killed, and four guns are captured. These two guns are all we have left."

Checking my horse, I saw the rebel regiments in front in full view, stretching through the fields to the left as far as the eye could reach, advancing rapidly, and firing as they came. Everything seemed hopeless on our centre and left; but in the swampy woods on the right of the road our line seemed still to be holding its position. An overwhelming force had struck Carlin's entire division and Robinson's brigade, and was driving them off the field. The onward sweep of the rebel lines was like the waves of the ocean, resistless. Nothing in Carlin's thin and attenuated line, decimated as it had already been, could stand before it. It had been placed in position on the theory of the morning, that it was driving back a division of cavalry; but in view of the fact that it was fighting an army, its position was utterly untenable. As it fell back, General Carlin himself, unwilling to leave the field, was cut off from his troops, and narrowly escaped death or capture. General Morgan's division, on the right, had also been heavily assailed; but it was better situated, and not being at this time outflanked, it held its position.

One of Morgan's brigades, — that of General Fearing, — being in reserve, had not been engaged. When the left first began to give way, General Davis sent Colonel Litchfield to Fearing, with instructions to hold his brigade in readiness to march in any direction. A few moments later, when the left was falling back, and the rebel line was sweeping after them in hot pursuit, General Davis came plunging through the swamp on his fiery white mare toward the reserve. "Where is that brigadé, Litchfield?" "Here it is, sir, ready to march." It was in column of regiments, faced to the front. Ordering it swung round to

the left, General Davis shouted, "Advance upon their flank, Fearing! Deploy as you go! Strike them wherever you find them! Give them the best you've got, and we'll whip them yet!" All this was uttered with an emphasis and fire known only upon the field of battle. The men caught up the closing words, and shouted back, "Hurrah for old Jeff! We'll whip 'em yet!" as they swung off through the woods at a rattling pace. Officers and men, from General Fearing down, were alike inspired with the spirit of their commander, and "We'll whip them yet!" might well be considered their battle-cry. They struck the successful enemy with resistless impetuosity, and were quickly engaged in a desperate conflict. Upon this movement, in all probability, turned the fortunes of the day. It was the right thing, done at the right time.

Seeing at once that, as Fearing advanced, his right flank must in turn become exposed, General Davis sent to General Slocum, begging for another brigade to move in upon Fearing's right and support him. Fortunately, Cogswell's fine brigade of the Twentieth Corps arrived not long after upon the field, and it was ordered to report to General Davis for that purpose. Not often does an officer, coming upon the field with tired troops (for his men had marched all the night previous), display the alacrity which General Cogswell showed, on receiving his orders from General Davis to move forward into that roaring abyss of musketry firing. It was splendidly done. The men of these two brigades — Fearing's and Cogswell's — seemed to divine that upon them had devolved the desperate honor of stemming the tide of defeat, and turning it into victory; and magnificently they responded. Finer spirit and enthusiasm could not be shown by troops; and it is no wonder that, after a fierce and bloody contest, the flushed and victorious troops of the enemy, thus

taken in the flank, gave way, and in their turn fell back in confusion. So stunned and bewildered were they by this sudden and unexpected attack that their whole line withdrew from all the ground they had gained, and apparently reëntered their works.

And now there was a lull along the whole front, which gave invaluable time for the re-formation of our shattered lines. It was late in the afternoon, and if the ground could be held until night-fall the right wing would undoubtedly be within supporting distance by the next morning at daylight. Rapidly the work of reorganization and re-formation was carried on. Morgan's line, on the right of the road, was still intact, and its left needed only to be slightly refused. Carlin's troops — veterans as they were, and used to all the vicissitudes of the battle-field — were easily rallied in a new line, considerably to the rear of their former position, with the left sharply refused, and supported by such troops of the Twentieth Corps, as had reached the front. The centre of the new line rested upon a slight elevation, with open fields in front, across which the enemy must advance to a second attack. Here several batteries of artillery were massed with a certainty of doing good service.

To the surprise of every one, a full hour was allowed by the enemy for these new dispositions; and it was about five o'clock before their long line was again seen emerging from the pine woods and swampy thickets in front, and sweeping across the open fields. As soon as they appeared, our artillery opened upon them with most destructive effect. Still they pressed gallantly on, but only to be met with a well-delivered fire from our infantry, securely posted behind hastily improvised field-works, such as our troops were then well skilled in throwing up in a very brief time, and of which they had dearly learned the value. Attack after attack was gal-

lantly met and repulsed, and the golden opportunity of the enemy upon our left was lost.

Meanwhile, the heat of the conflict was raging in front of and around Morgan's division, in the low swampy woods to the front and on the right of the road. This division had filed into position between one and two o'clock in the day, with two brigades — General John G. Mitchell's and General Vandervere's — in line of battle. When, a little later, the troops upon the left had been swept away, the third brigade, Fearing's, had been faced to the left, as we have seen, and, supported later by Coggs well, had made their gallant and effective charge upon the advancing enemy, checking him and forcing him back to his works. In this charge many had fallen, and the young and dashing brigadier, Fearing, had been severely wounded and disabled. Retiring from the field he left his brigade, shattered and still heavily pressed, to the command of a gallant officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Langley of the 125th Illinois. After their charge the brigades of Coggs well and Langley held position in a gap which existed between the divisions of Carlin and Morgan. But the gap was so large that those two decimated commands could but partially fill it.

Morgan's whole division was now stretched out over such an extent of ground that all his troops were in the front line, and he had no men left for a second line or a reserve. As all old troops were wont to do at that time, when in the presence of the enemy, they had at once fallen to to build such field-works as could be hastily thrown up with rails and light timber. As one of their officers expressed it, they had often attacked works, but they had rarely had the pleasure of fighting behind them themselves, and they rather enjoyed the prospect. They were there, and they meant to stay. Their skirmishers were heavily engaged from the time they took position, and they found the

enemy in front in force, and shielded by well-constructed works. They were fighting more or less severely until about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy attempted to carry their position by assault. The charge was desperate and persistent, and the roar of musketry, as it rolled up from that low wood, was incessant. For half an hour it continued, and the commander of the corps, General Davis, sat uneasily on his horse, a short distance in the rear, and listened to it. He could do nothing but let these men fight it out. Not a manœuvre could be made, and not a regiment could be sent to their assistance; even his escort and headquarters guard were in the line. Still that terrible and continuous roar came back through the woods, and the smoke obscured everything in front. No ground seemed to be yielded, and not a straggler could be seen.

After a while, a slight cessation was noticed in the firing; and by direction of General Davis, I rode forward toward the line to ascertain definitely how matters stood. The ground was swampy, and here and there were openings through the trees, while generally bushes and thickets obstructed the view. I had gone but a few rods, when I caught a glimpse through a vista, obliquely to the left, of a column of men moving to the right, straight across my path and directly in the rear of our line, though out of sight of it. They looked like rebels, and my sharp-sighted orderly, Batterson, said they were "rebs;" but the view was obscured by smoke, and the idea that the enemy could be in that position was preposterous. I hesitated but a moment, and pressed on. An hundred yards further through the bushes, and I broke out suddenly into a large, nearly circular, open space, containing perhaps half an acre. Here the view was not a cheerful one. On the opposite side of the opening, at perhaps twenty-five yards' distance, was a body

of unmistakably rebel troops, marching by the flank in column of fours, toward the right. Beyond the column, under a wide-spreading tree, dismounted, stood a group of Confederate officers, whose appearance and uniforms indicated high rank.

As I broke through the bushes, and my horse floundered in the mire, for the ground was very soft, I was greeted with cheers and shouts of "Come down off that horse, Yank!" Two or three years earlier, I should have quietly accepted the invitation; but we had all grown used to dangers, and preferred a little risk to the prospect of a Confederate prison. I gathered up my plunging horse, and struck my spurs vigorously into his sides, turning him sharply to the right and rear, just in time to become entangled with my orderly, who came through the bushes behind and on the right of me. Both horses went down together; and perhaps it is well they did, for just then my hilarious friends across the way, finding their summons not likely to be obeyed, sent a volley of minie-balls recklessly about our heads, and I saw the little twigs and leaves, which were cut off by the bullets, flutter down around us, as we, having extricated our horses, disappeared through the bushes. Neither man nor horse was hit. As usual, in their haste, our friends had fired high. I rode about a hundred yards to the right, and tried again to reach our line, but again encountered the enemy. This time I was more cautious, however. A third attempt, a little further to the right, carried me beyond their column.

In my ride I had met General Morgan. He was now thoroughly informed of his perilous situation. Mitchell's brigade had already discovered the intruders in their rear, who at first were thought by them to be reinforcements. At this time the division had successfully resisted the persistent attacks from the front, and General Vandervere's

brigade, leaping over their works, had pursued the retreating rebels into their own works again. In this pursuit the 14th Michigan regiment had captured the colors of the 40th North Carolina regiment. Fortunately, all was now quiet in front, and General Morgan quickly got his men to the reverse of their own works. In other words, they were now in front of their works, and prepared to sustain an attack from the rear. Hardee's corps, or a considerable part of it, had passed through the opening in the line on the left, and Hardee and his staff were the group of officers I had seen under the tree, superintending the movement, or so I was informed the next day by a captive Confederate captain.

The enemy attacked vigorously, but instead of taking Morgan by surprise, he found him ready. Again the struggle was sharp and bloody, but brief. Nothing could stand that day before the veterans of the old second division. Truly they were enjoying the novelty of fighting behind works. Hardee was repulsed, with severe loss. The men again leaped over their own works, and charged to the rear, taking many prisoners. The 14th Michigan captured the battle-flag of the 54th Virginia in the rear of their works, just as, a short time before, they had captured the North Carolina flag in front. An incident like this, where troops resist in quick succession attacks from front and rear, is exceptional in the annals of any battle; and yet it was repeated several times in the eventful history of Mitchell's and Vandervere's brigades that afternoon. Not once, but several times, between four and half past six o'clock, they scaled their works, and met and repelled the charges of the enemy from their rear. It is impossible to accord too high admiration to troops who, knowing themselves without connection or support on their right or left flanks, and overwhelmingly attacked in front and in rear, could preserve all their

steadiness and *morale*, and, fighting now in the rear and now in front of their own works, could successfully hold their position during several hours of almost continuous fighting. This, these two brigades had done. They had not lost a foot of ground, and had contributed their full share on that trying field to wrest victory from seemingly inevitable defeat. At length daylight faded, and gradually the firing along the whole line ceased. Never was coming darkness more welcome to wearied soldiers. Every one knew that before morning the troops of the right wing would have marched to our assistance, and that General Johnston's great effort was handsomely foiled.

Into what irregular and detached positions the troops upon the field had been thrown by the desperate wrestle of the afternoon is shown by one dramatic incident, which occurred soon after night-fall. General Mitchell, tired and worn out, had borrowed a rubber blanket, and was just comfortably settled on the ground, when an officer came and waked him, saying, "Here is a staff officer with a message for you." He sat up, and was confronted by a bright young fellow, who said, "Colonel Hardee presents his compliments to you, and asks that you will apprise your line that he is forming in your front to charge the Yankee lines on your left." General Mitchell sprang to his feet, and asked him to repeat his message, which he did. The general inquired what Colonel Hardee it was; and was told Colonel Hardee of the 23d Georgia, commanding a brigade in Hoke's division. General Mitchell asked the young gentleman if he had had his supper, and being told that he had not, he was politely sent in charge of a staff officer to the officer in charge of the prisoners in the rear. General Mitchell then drew in his entire picket line, and gave orders that at the tap of a drum his whole line should fire one volley, and that the picket line should then re-

sume its position without further orders. By the time this was arranged the marching and even the talking of the Confederate line in front could be distinctly heard. One loud tap was given on a bass drum, and one volley was fired low; and General Mitchell says, "I never expect to hear again such a volume of mingled cries, groans, screams, and curses. The next morning there was displayed in front of our works, among the dead, a line of new Enfield rifles and knapsacks, almost as straight as if laid out for a Sunday morning inspection. When we reached Raleigh, a week or two later, some of my officers went to see Colonel Hardee, who was there in hospital, wounded. He told them that his men had been in the fortifications in and around Wilmington during the whole war; that they had never before been in battle, and had not participated in this fight during the day. They were brought out for this night attack, and were determined to go right over the Yankee lines; and, breathing fire, they had vowed to take no prisoners. But out of the stillness of that dark night came that tremendous volley right in their faces and flank. 'The fools'—these were Colonel Hardee's words—'thought they were discovered and surrounded. They ran, and I have no doubt they are still running, for we have never been able to get ten of them together since their flight.'" No further attempt, it is needless to say, was made to disturb the Yankee lines during the night.

Considering the great disaster which was imminent, and which was averted, it is not too much to claim for this engagement that it was one of the most decisive of the lesser battles of the war. When Johnston, with skillful strategy, and with wonderful celerity and secrecy, massed his scattered troops near the little hamlet of Bentonville, and placed them, unknown to his great adversary, in a strong position directly across the road upon which two "light divisions,"

as he expressed it, were marching, he proposed to himself nothing less than to sweep these two divisions from the field, in the first furious onset; and then, hurrying on with flushed and victorious troops, to attack, in deep column and undeployed, the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, which, through heavy and miry roads, would be hastening to the assistance of their comrades. These divisions he expected to crush easily, while General Sherman and the right wing were many miles from the field. Then, with half his army destroyed, with supplies exhausted, and far from any base, he believed General Sherman and his right wing only would no longer be a match for his elated and eager troops. Never before, in all the long struggle, had fortune and circumstance so united to favor him, and never before had hope shone so brightly. If Sherman's army were destroyed, the Confederacy would be inspired with new spirit, and ultimate success would be at last probable. Doubtless such dreams as these flitted through General Johnston's mind on that Sunday morning, when his well-laid plans seemed so sure of execution. With what a sad and heavy heart he turned at night from the hard-fought field, realizing that the last great opportunity was lost, we can only imagine. As the sun went down that night, it undoubtedly carried with it, in the mind of General Johnston, at least, the last hopes of the Southern Confederacy.

At night-fall of that eventful Sunday, General Sherman went into camp with the head of General Howard's column, at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the battle-field. At about eleven o'clock that morning, after the battle had commenced, General Slocum, then of the same opinion with General Sherman, had sent an officer to inform the general-in-chief that he had nothing in his front but a division of cavalry, and that he could easily take care of it. This confirmed General Sherman's view

of the matter; and in spite of the heavy and continuous firing which resounded during all the afternoon in the direction of Bentonville, he continued his march.

But meanwhile many of the officers and men of the right wing listened with anxiety to the distant sounds of battle. The diary of an officer in General Howard's command gives ample evidence of this. He says, "For a time, the general [Howard] and most of the staff thought it was nothing more than a spirited cavalry engagement; but at the end of an hour, and as battery after battery went into position, and the heavy rumbling of the guns increased, all shook their heads, and it was the universal opinion that the left wing was heavily engaged." Again, "We were all satisfied that the artillery fire we heard indicated heavy battle." And again, "The engagement was evidently a long way off; nevertheless, we could distinctly hear the deep, heavy, sullen *boom, boom*, of the guns. We estimated their number at not less than seventy-five." And farther on, "All day long we have heard the heavy and continuous roar of artillery, which was indicative to us of a fierce and desperate struggle between the left wing and Johnston's army; and as hour after hour passed, and no word came, our anxiety increased." General Howard's notes of the day bear witness to the same uneasiness. But General Sherman rode on, and turned no head of column to the scene of conflict. His wonderfully acute military instinct, right at least nine times out of ten, so wonderfully sure and correct that he had learned to rely upon it as he would upon actual knowledge, had decided that there was nothing there but cavalry, and this decision had been reinforced by Slocum's later dispatch. His cavalry, under Kilpatrick, which should have been well informed of the movements of the enemy on his exposed flank, had given him no intelligence of their rapid movements and concentration, and

he rode on, confident that Johnston and his infantry were forty miles away, near Smithfield or Raleigh.

Late in the afternoon, General Slocum had sent Major Guindon with information of the true state of affairs. The great distance and the heavy roads had detained him, so that it was long after dark before he reached the general-in-chief at General Howard's headquarters. The diary of an officer who was present gives a graphic picture of his arrival: "At about half past nine, one of General Slocum's aids came up at a dashing pace, and, throwing himself from his horse, asked for General Sherman. We all gathered round, and listened attentively, as he told the particulars of the battle. The commander-in-chief would have made a good subject for Punch or Vanity Fair. He had been lying down in General Howard's tent, and hearing the inquiry for him, and being of course anxious to hear the news of the fight, he rushed out to the camp-fire without stopping to put on his clothes. He stood in a bed of ashes up to his ankles, chewing impatiently the stump of a cigar, with his hands clasped behind him, and with nothing on but a red flannel undershirt and a pair of drawers." No wonder the general-in-chief was thoughtless of appearances, for Major Guindon informed him that "the enemy had made four distinct assaults on our line, and been repulsed; but that just as he left they were coming again, and he feared we had lost the battle, as the enemy overlapped our troops on both flanks." Then, of course, there was hurrying to and fro, and mounting in hot haste; and the troops of the right wing spent most of the night retracing their steps, and marching with all possible speed to the rescue of their comrades. At daylight on the morning of the 20th the advance division — Hazen's — filed into position in support of their battle-tried comrades of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, and

never were fellow soldiers more heartily welcomed. The next two days were spent in manoeuvring, skirmishing, and fighting; but the history of those two days has been frequently given, and does not need repeating here. Johnston's only object then was to extricate his army from the very dangerous position which his failure to overwhelm the left wing on the 19th had left it in. He was now surrounded on three sides by Sherman's united army, and Mill Creek was in his rear. But General Sherman did not deem it wise to press him sharply, and Johnston once more showed that he was a consummate master of the difficult art of retreat. On the morning of the 22d he had safely recrossed Mill Creek, and we moved on to Goldsboro.

Why the great effort failed, it would perhaps be impossible to say. So well was the plan laid, and so completely was General Sherman deceived, that it would seem as if victory must have crowned the attempt. Probably the quick and decisive action of General Davis in hurling his one reserve brigade upon the flank of the enemy when in full tide of success was the chief factor in determining the result. But it must also be said that while this checked and paralyzed the enemy, and gained invaluable time, it could not have secured final success had it not been followed up by steady, plucky, persistent fighting on the part of the troops, such as has seldom, if ever, been excelled. The men would not acknowledge defeat. It is even rumored that while at one time the regimental commanders of one brigade were considering whether their duty to their men did not demand a surrender, their deliberations were cut short by the action of a gigantic sergeant-major, who sprang forward with a cheer, and called for a charge, which was successfully made, and the dilemma was ended. It is probable, too, that Johnston's long practice in defensive fighting unfitted him for the confident and persistent dash

which was necessary, at the critical moment, to secure success, while a lack of confidence in the steadiness of troops hastily gathered together, and consequently without perfect organization, must also have embarrassed him.

The history of the first day's fight at Bentonville has been, till now, an untold story; nowhere, so far as I know, can be found in the histories of the war any adequate account of it, and General Sherman's *Memoirs* make little more than an allusion to it, while two or three pages of his book are mainly occupied with the accounts of the operations of the next two days, when he had come up with the rest of the army. In the battle of the first day, out of ten thousand men actually engaged on our side, we lost during the afternoon 1200; and General Johnston, in his narrative, admits a loss on his side of 1915. In all the fighting of the next two days, we lost in our whole army a little over 400 men; and Johnston states his loss at 428. These figures easily show when the severe fighting was done.

It is natural that the men who fought the battle of the first day, and were proud of doing, as they supposed, something toward saving their great leader and his great army from defeat, should have wondered that so little is known about Bentonville. Many an old soldier who was in that leaden rain and iron hail, and who perhaps carries with him a memento of it in a shattered limb or the recollection of a dead comrade, has smiled grimly as he has read General Sherman's scanty reference to it. If he was in Fearing's, or Coggs'well's, or Mitchell's, or Vandervere's brigade, he may have looked back to Chickamauga, and to twenty pitched battles besides, and may still have thought that in none of them had he had a hand in such stubborn work as that at Bentonville. And then he has been doubly amused as he has read in the *Memoirs* this sentence:

"I doubt if, after the first attack on Carlin's division, the fighting was as desperate as described in Johnston's narrative." He has probably thought that his old chief, whom he deeply loved and respected, could have learned all about that by asking some one nearer home than General Johnston, and he has felt like rising to a personal explanation, and a statement such as I have here attempted. It is due to the gallant troops who so heroically did their duty in that deadly breach, and to the commanding officers, — to Henry W. Slocum, to Jefferson C. Davis, to Morgan and Carlin, and their brigade commanders, — whose cool judgment and quick intelligence aided to conduct the fight to so fortunate an end, that the truth about the battle of Bentonville, as about all other battles, should be told.

The reputation of the general commanding-in-chief is of such strong and stalwart stuff that he can easily afford it. There may be men who would not have made the mistake at Bentonville; but they are men who could not have made that masterly five months' campaign, when every hour brought its skirmish, every day its fight, and every week its battle, which secured the fall of Atlanta. Nor could they have planned and executed that great march, without example or precedent, which in its demoralizing effects crumbled the rebellion in the minds of its stanchest upholders, and showed them that its end was near. History may admit, and will admit, that there was an error and a narrow escape at Bentonville in the great game played between Sherman and Johnston; and yet she will find remaining enough of brilliancy and genius in the many masterly moves and combinations of General William T. Sherman throughout the struggle to lift him into the front rank of great captains, and enough to dwarf most of the military reputations of modern history.

Alexander C. McClurg.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Few of us feel much interest in the reign of the fierce and vicious son of the Norman conqueror of England. We remember his strange death by the arrow of Walter Tyrrel, in that New Forest which he had made ready for his pleasure at the cost of so many ruined homesteads. We know that he was hated in life and abandoned in death, and we turn to some brighter theme. And yet to any one who cares to study the origin of our institutions, his reign is full of interest; for in it that feudal system was formed under which England was governed for centuries. The Red King made no written code, but he shaped the nation. Mr. Freeman¹ makes this important period more real to us than ever before. We feel now that we know the man, with all his strange ability and shocking vice. The general effect is no more striking than the picture of him in the Norman Conquest, but here we have the details before us from which to make up our own opinion; and that opinion is somewhat more favorable to the political genius of William Rufus than Mr. Freeman is ready to grant.

There was no courtly dignity about the Red King. In bodily form he resembled his father. "He was a man of no great stature, of a thick, square frame, with a projecting stomach. His bodily strength was great. His speech was stammering, especially when he was stirred to anger. He lacked the power of speech which had belonged to his father, and had descended to his elder brother; his pent-up wrath or merri-ment, or whatever the momentary passion might be, broke out in short, sharp sentences, often showing some readiness of wit, but no continued flow of speech.

He had the yellow hair of his race, and the ruddiness of his countenance gave him the surname which has stuck to him so closely." His character was a curious compound of savage impulse and sound judgment, of foxy cunning and profound statesmanship, of bravery and cruelty, of falseness and chivalry, of filial reverence and contempt for everything that man holds dear. He united the political genius of his race with its vices in their most detestable shape. Passionate and vicious were all his house, but in him excesses took a form so hideously repulsive that even his callous contemporaries shrank from him. It is hard for a modern writer fairly to weigh virtues against such a frightful accompaniment of crime; the work of Rufus is the harder to judge because he avoided new legislation, and one can judge his course only by comparing the English kingdom which he left to Henry with that which he had received from his father, the Conqueror. During the dozen years thus spanned a novel system of government arose. A form of feudalism, not only new to England, but unknown anywhere else, had been created, without the approval of the people, and against the vehement opposition of the nobility and the church; a system which held its own for hundreds of years, until a new form of civilization grew up, in which the old organization was no longer necessary.

One of the most marked characteristics of the English people was their determined opposition to any new burden. They never asked for a new reform. The freedom of their forefathers was ever their demand. The main stress of the anger which the new institutions of the Red King aroused naturally fell upon

¹ *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN. VOL. I. — NO. 299.

MAN. Two volumes. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.

their introducer, and it was intensified by his capricious violence and hardness of heart. The monkish historians from whom we get our account of him bitterly resented the burden of institutions, the value of which they acknowledged in later reigns. And thus the Red King gets the blame for the faults of a system, the benefits of which are credited to his successors. But it appears plainly enough, from Mr. Freeman's story, that both fairly belong to him. He had a difficult political problem before him, one which his father had not solved. The Conqueror's irresistible personal influence had kept the kingdom quiet. He had understood the situation, and had introduced forces which were certain to modify its constitution profoundly; but he had adopted no broad plan, and their operation was as yet uncertain. Under the Red King these forces were combined in a novel form of feudalism, which Henry I. kept in essence unchanged. That cold and crafty king profited at once by the insight and the errors of his brother William, whom he succeeded. He kept the system, but by alleviating its hardships and giving it regularity, and above all by making a good many promises, which he took little pains to perform, he succeeded in keeping its advantages, while the odium of it was thrown upon his brother. And as by that time the detested novelty had worn off, and the advantages to the community were more evident, he was greeted as the lion of justice for carrying out the far-reaching schemes of the detested Red King. These schemes may very probably have originated in the subtle brain of the unscrupulous justiciar, Randolph Flambard, who was certainly responsible for many of the abuses in their execution; but the king, by whose command and under whose direct supervision they were carried out, must be regarded as the real author. To give the credit to his Norman lawyers, and impute to the king the blame,

as some historians have done, is surely unreasonable. Mr. Freeman is too fair-minded a historian for this; but he does not appear to appreciate sufficiently the merit of these vast designs, or to give his hero due credit for the power displayed in them. He is too much influenced by the judgment of William's contemporaries, who were not likely to appreciate any new feudal constitution, and hated as much as they feared the king.

William Rufus came to the throne with no better claim, to say the least, than his older or his younger brother. He was not personally popular; the old constitution gave him too little power, and his position involved him at once in a contest for supremacy with his turbulent nobility on the one hand, and the church on the other. And yet, during his reign of thirteen years, no rebel force dared meet him in the field on English soil; he conquered Wales, colonized Carlisle, and won Normandy. He was a vigorous and daring soldier. He was hunting in the New Forest when he heard the unexpected news of the capture of Le Mans. "Let us go beyond the sea," he said; and without a moment's delay put spurs to his horse for Southampton. There was nothing there but an old and crazy ship; the sky was lowering, the wind was contrary, the waves were high. "I never heard of a king being drowned. Make haste," he said to those who urged delay; and the next morning he had reached the haven of Touques, and his messengers were out gathering a force before which the enemy fled in despair. Like all his race, he loved the din of battle, and swung his battle-axe in the thickest of the fight. Like them, he could unhesitatingly doom the vanquished to mutilation or death. Yet he had a fitful generosity and aspiration, which made him take up the new doctrines of chivalry with enthusiasm. At times he would release his prisoners on parole, and even set them free without a ransom; and

he seems never to have abused women. With all his faults, he never did anything so atrocious as did the admired Henry when he blinded his own grandchildren.

Mr. Freeman dwells with deserved emphasis upon the importance of his hero's appeal to the loyalty of his people, at the very beginning of his reign. It was the foundation of his power. He was a despot because the people liked to obey him. They did not care for his vices. They knew that they were well off under his firm rule, and that was enough for them.

It was this popular support that enabled him to feudalize England. When he came to the throne, much was still unsettled. William the Conqueror had not sought to impose any new code upon England. The people were too conservative to bear it. He had begun by making no more changes than were necessary to reward his followers. Afterwards, as he found his power insecure, he had placed nearly all the great offices in Norman hands, and brought the sheriffs, through whom the local administration was conducted, directly under his control. The wager of battle, and some legislation establishing separate ecclesiastical courts and attaching the peasantry more closely to the soil, is traced to him. One other thing he did: he made extensive re-grants of the English estates in a manner which, later on, the astute lawyers of the Red King held to establish feudal obligations. We may be sure, however, that the Conqueror did not wish to introduce into England anything like the feudalism of France, which crushed the poor, annihilated trade, and allowed the king to act only through great vassals, whose power was so extensive as to make the sovereign's control little more than nominal.

William the Conqueror left England quiet, but agitated by strong passions, and assuredly not feudal. The Saxon and the Norman had not yet coalesced.

They were governed by different laws. The Englishman recognized in the foreigner a superior and irresistible force, but he hated him none the less. The Norman repaid the hatred with scorn. His ordinary imprecation was, "May I become an Englishman!" and he strengthened his denials by the phrase, "Do you take me for an Englishman?" Had William been followed by a weak king, like his son Robert or his grandson Stephen, there would have been immediate anarchy, in which the fruits of the Conquest might have been lost. His oldest son, Robert, a feeble ruler, was little known in England, and the claim of primogeniture was far from conclusive. Henry, the youngest son, was English born, and better liked, but he was far away. William Rufus, with his usual energy, had crossed to England, received the assent of the Witan, and been crowned king before his brothers thought of doing anything. His Norman nobles soon resented his firm control, and rose in rebellion under the lead of Odo of Bayeux, in behalf of Robert. But the Red King had already grasped the principle by which his race kept what looked like despotic power, — that of meeting the approval of the English people by identifying himself with the national feeling.

Foreigner though he was, he appealed to them without a moment's hesitation, and they rallied round him in irresistible force. For the second and last time the Saxon and the Norman met in battle, and now the conflict was finally settled by the triumph of the Saxon under the Norman king. There were later quarrels; there was anarchy under Stephen and John; there was constant bickering between the great Norman houses until their fiery strains died out; but there was no more fighting between the Saxon and the Norman after the overwhelming success of the English king. No attempt was made in behalf of the Saxon Atheling, and the rest of the reign of

Rufus was accepted by his English subjects without any opposition, except the quickly crushed rebellion of Robert of Belême. When he wanted troops he had only to call his "young men" around him, and they came from far and near. Thus the fundamental question of a new government, its basis, was settled by the Red King in a way that seems natural enough to us, but which was far from being so then. Most probably William took this bold step with the approval of his minister Lanfranc, but he was too headstrong for us to doubt that the act was entirely his own.

A more complicated question was as to the form which his government should assume. Odo's rebellion showed how largely the power of the Conqueror had been due to his mere personal influence. It was plain that there must be a closer organization, and above all a larger revenue; for it was an age when money was very powerful, and the Red King's system was based on it to a degree formerly almost unknown. He was ambitious, and when he died he had possession not only of his own island, but of Normandy and other fair French provinces. The best of his foreign victories were the bloodless triumphs of wealth. The Norman duke, the French king, even the Pope, bent before that golden hoard at Winchester. Without his great revenue he probably could not have kept England quiet, much less have made her a great power. This he did, and he did it in the face of the bitter opposition with which the English always met a new tax. The way in which he accomplished it was by the introduction of a new form of feudalism, whose design deserves examination.

Feudalism was not unknown in England before the Conquest, but it was alien to Saxon instincts, and had attained but slight development. It was an institution of Frankish origin. It differed from the early political customs of the Normans and the Saxons in that it was

founded on land, and was not a relation of tribesmen to their chief, but of tenants to their landlord. Each feudal tenant was thereby a soldier in an army to which he must furnish armed men in proportion to the extent of his farm, at the command of his landlord; and that lord himself held of an overlord, who was his military commander; and so on everywhere, in an order of which the king was the head. This organization had the defects and advantages of a martial as contrasted with a civil government. As an organization for the government of a half-civilized people of mixed blood, it was probably unsurpassed. Every man was a soldier with a fixed status, independent of race, in a national army. On the other hand, in the early forms of feudalism, the king's power reached the lower class so indirectly that he was not able to save it from oppression; and even the nobility often defied his power, knowing that the weightier force was theirs. On its civil side the king's power was very weak. It extended directly only to his private estates; and the law was too much localized everywhere. Each noble laid the taxes and held the court in his own estate. Every hill was crowned with a castle, which was little better than a robber stronghold, where each petty lordling was separated from his tenantry, whom his position tempted him to abuse.

The Normans, with their power of rapid assimilation, had quickly adopted this feudal system from their French enemies, and their kings had experienced its defects. The problem of how to keep its strength and avoid its weakness was the one which they had to meet on their settlement in England; and especially it was desirable to combine the better organization of the lower classes in England with the firmer feudal union of the upper class which prevailed on the Continent.

As it was worked out by the Red King,

the yeoman was protected and the power of the nobility limited in many ways, both civil and military. The great estates were not in compact masses, but were usually scattered through several counties. Castle-building was strictly forbidden except on the Welsh and Scotch borders, where it was necessary for military defense. The lord lived as his tenants lived, and felt the value of their goodwill, and grew one in feeling with them. The judicial power of the local courts could not be taken away, but it was slowly sapped by extending the jurisdiction of the king's courts, under pretense, sometimes very far-fetched, of the king's power of equitable relief, or of the relief and protection of the king's revenue. Thus the royal courts were soon preferred, on account of the ability which the king's appointments secured. The power of the lords to lay taxes was generally limited to fixed and moderate rents, which they collected of their tenants, to certain dues for markets, feries, and the like, and to feudal assistances and relief. The only general tax was the Danegeld, a tax levied on land by the king, which had its origin in an occasional assistance to meet a Danish inroad, but which became a regular yearly levy under the Norman kings. From this, and from the revenue of the king's own estates, nearly the whole revenue of the government was derived, until William Rufus introduced reliefs and other feudal sources of revenue. By these causes, and by the protection given to the villein and the commercial classes, the power of the nobles was brought within reasonable limits. The king had an extensive civil as well as military authority, and kept a firm hold over the church, which had already become a great landed power. And thus William Rufus was able to summon his Witan year after year, with the certainty that no one would venture to oppose his will.

The element of the feudal system

which was more especially due to the Red King was the extension of military tenures, with the new features of wardship and relief. He maintained that, inasmuch as the great estates were held directly of him on the condition of military service, it must follow that when the tenant died, leaving only minor or female heirs, unable to render this military service, the condition of the grant was broken, and the estate reverted to its royal grantor, who should enjoy its revenues until the boy came of age or the girl married. The king held as owner, not guardian, and the revenues went into the royal coffers. The heir had to pay a relief before he could take his father's place, — something between a succession duty and a reward paid for a new grant; and so had the man whom the heiress should marry. Similarly, the estate of a bishop or abbot was held by the king while the office was vacant, and a relief demanded from the new appointee. These new regulations brought the king a great revenue, but there were many abuses in their collection, and they met with much opposition.

There was, however, much to be said in their favor, if imposed with moderation and regularity. The relief was a succession tax like the Roman *vicessimo hereditatem*; and many political economists consider this the best of all taxes, because it does not diminish the reward of labor, but falls upon unearned wealth, and tends to restrain the overgrowth of great fortunes. In England, at that time, there were special reasons for its imposition. There was no rich middle class to tax, and no considerable foreign commerce upon which to levy duties. Any increase of the local trade dues, if it had been possible, would have been very unwise. Forced loans were still more objectionable. It would have been poor policy to increase the land tax, the Danegeld, which fell directly upon the small farmer. The burden of wardship and relief, however, fell directly

on the large landholders, where it could best be borne, and whom it was difficult to reach in any other way; and though some part of it was transferred to the small tenant, the greater portion of it was not. The yeoman was no worse off for having his rent go to the king, while his lord's heir was a minor, or the bishopric was unfilled. Indeed, the king's custom of granting long leases at a low rent for a bonus was directly for the benefit of the farmer. The great lords, it is true, claimed the same feudal privileges of wardship and relief of the lesser nobility, who held of them, and also asked assistance of their tenants to meet the burdens laid upon them. Still, rents were generally low and unalterable. If we compare the Red King's plan with the method in vogue on the Continent, there can be no question as to its superiority; for abroad the burden fell almost exclusively on the poor, and crushed them in hopeless destitution, while the English peasantry prospered, and the towns grew in wealth, under William and his brother, in spite of wet seasons and bad crops.

The system had other advantages, quite as important in the keen eyes of the Red King. It required no new legislation, but was legally inferred from some doubtful grants of the Conqueror; and it fell at any one time only upon a few scattered and masterless estates, so that there could be no concerted opposition. It very sensibly diminished the power of the great nobles and of the high dignitaries of the church, both of whom were still too masterful. It was from the church, indeed, that the most strenuous opposition came; but it was the church organization, not religion, which suffered. No priest lost his living, no parish flock was untended, while the king was appropriating the rich income of the benefices. Had the system been justly administered, there would have been little injury from it. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The king's

plans were good, but it was hard for him to let a chance to make money go by. Unreasonable sums were demanded instead of a fixed rate, and heiresses and abbacies were sold to the highest bidder. Thus there was much occasional hardship and wrong, but the principle was so vital that William's successors were compelled to continue it in a more regular form; for a revenue had to be raised, and this was the best way to get it, until the advent of the rich middle class brought in a new form of civilization. We talk of the modern worship of the dollar, but money brought far greater prizes in those days of chivalry, when heiresses and high preferment and even rich kingdoms were bought and sold, and the worst crimes were openly committed to obtain it. In the absence of safe dividend-paying investments, men spent their money more lavishly, but there was less public spirit than now. William Rufus was actually blamed for building London Bridge, Westminster Hall, and the Tower. But no one was surprised at Henry's leaving that last fatal hunting party the moment he heard of his brother's death, to ride full speed to Winchester, where the treasure lay.

We have dwelt upon the fiscal side of the administration of William Rufus because it has received such exaggerated blame. Free from grave faults it was not, but it had important merits, which we have to put ourselves in his place to recognize. The Red King showed in other ways the same far-sighted ability. It is hardly possible to doubt that, like his father and brother, he desired to improve the condition of the lower classes. The servile laws, which seem to us so near slavery, were a necessary safeguard, in those lawless times, both to the laborer himself, who was placed under a lord whose interest it was to protect him, and to society, which needed to have its labor supply made certain and its morality and conservatism strengthened by the force of public opinion in an

immovable population, — a force which was the main reliance of the community, in those days of inefficient legislation and feeble police supervision.

Under the Red King trade was safe, without any increase in the burdens that embarrassed it. He granted no monopolies. He favored the hated Jews, and when Earl Robert of Mowbray seized the goods of some Norwegian merchants, the king made them whole again and punished the earl. Evidently, he appreciated the advantages of commerce. He had not reached the modern view of it. He believed, no doubt, in fixing prices by statute, and in regulating supply. But we must remember that the great law of supply and demand did not work then with any trustworthy certainty. The scarcity of money, the poorness of roads, the dangers of travel, the difficulty of obtaining intelligence, and the almost total absence of modern commercial facilities made business an entirely different thing from what it is to-day; and government interference was expected and obeyed, both in fixing prices and in regulating the movement of labor. The Englishman did not desire competitive fluctuations. His ideal was a steady market, with moderate profits, at the same prices that his fathers paid, and this the government regulation helped powerfully to secure. Enforced as the laws were in England, they gave the peasant and the merchant a better chance than he had anywhere else in the world, and he prospered accordingly.

In the difficulties with the church, it was not so much the Red King's plans as his way of executing them that we must blame. He had good reason to dread the spread of the Pope's power. The sending of Peter-pence to Rome was a great evil in those days, when the want of currency often reduced trade to barter. Even before the Conquest, the monasteries and other religious foundations had obtained a dangerously large

portion of the fertile land of the kingdom; and as society grew more orderly and prosperous, the Pope sought to strengthen his own power as well, and to exercise over the English church a control until then unknown, not so much from the ambition of the pontiff as from the nature of his system.

Twice under the reign of Rufus did bishops claim the right of appeal to the corrupt court of Rome; and although neither Stephen nor Anselm cared to press it after having escaped from the king's clutches, it would have been very poor statesmanship for an English king to acknowledge such a claim, or to allow the church lands to escape the duties of feudal service. But, as usual, the Red King's course was rapacious and violent. He not only kept sees vacant for years in order to enjoy the revenue, but he carried his irreligion to the point of blasphemy. He was not an atheist. He abused the Deity as a personal enemy. "God shall never see me a good man," he once said. "I have suffered too much from him." And again, "He knows nothing about crimes, or else he weighs them in unjust balances." At another time he offered to join Judaism, if it should prove the victor in a public contest, which was really held, though of course with indecisive results. Compared with this childish blasphemer, the saintly prelate Anselm appears in such sharp contrast that it is hard not to forget on which side England's needs really lay. "Treat me as a man," said Anselm, in a speech which Mr. Freeman does not quote, "and I give myself and all I have to your service. But if you treat me as your slave, you shall have neither me nor mine." Anselm's great work, the *Cur Deus Homo*, played a great part in the religious movement of the age, and helped to bring in the purer view of the Atonement, that Christ died to satisfy the divine justice, and so make possible the pardon of man without a violation of eternal law, in place of the

primitive theory, that it was a ransom paid for man to Satan, who found out too late that his supposed victim had a divinity that could not be confined in hell. Mr. Freeman does not mention these religious controversies, probably because Rufus cared nothing for them; but the persecution of Roscelin by the king, when he fled to England under banishment for denying the reality of abstractions, should not have been omitted.

There were other hardships in the Red King's reign besides the religious and financial ones. His guard of troops was generally quartered upon the people, and this caused much suffering, as it did in other reigns. Then the king, like all of his blood, was passionately fond of hunting, and extended his forests with little regard to popular outcry. The farmers complained not only on account of their eviction from fertile land, but because of the destruction of crops by the game which it cost a man's life to destroy. In modern eyes this protection of forests and encouragement of manly out-door sport seems hardly criminal, but the farmers did not think so then, and when the weakness of Stephen's reign gave an opportunity there was at once an enormous slaughter of game.

If we compare the progress of this Norman empire with similar triumphs elsewhere of imperfectly civilized but highly gifted races, we shall find in the reign of the Red King the two principal evils by which those races have been arrested in their march. One is the tendency to overburden the conquered people with taxation; to draw away their life-blood in order to make the administration strong, and supply the natural desire of the victors for luxury. It was this over-taxation that ruined the Italian farmers under the Roman Empire, until population fell off to a point at which

the foreigner had to be called in to recruit her armies, and at last, when the misery had grown so intolerable that even anarchy had lost its terrors, to rule the sacred city. The same evil, in a much more oppressive form, accompanied the march of the Turkish Empire in later times, and we may well believe that it was one of the most important causes of the decay of the great empires that preceded Rome. The same danger threatened England under the Normans, but the sturdy independence of the people and the political ability of her rulers averted the misery in which the yeomanry of the Continent were plunged.

One other evil has usually accompanied a conquering race,—the tendency to vicious excesses. It is not that luxury in itself is enfeebling. We know, by the statistics of modern times, that in itself it is strengthening, not enervating. But the absence of accustomed occupations and modes of working off surplus excitement, the loss of old ideals of living, and the elevation to new spheres of life where the old habits of self-control seem out of place, and public opinion loses its restraining force, all tend fatally to criminal laxity. The outspoken Latin historians describe plainly enough the frightful immorality of Rome. Modern travelers hint at it in the harem of the Ottoman. More than once the same hideous bestiality has soiled the English throne which flaunted itself under the Red King. The taint did not spread, however, in that healthy race, and with a new king a purer *régime* came in. If we cannot acquit William of degrading vice, we can at least credit him with his true powers. Brutal as he was, he was not a mere beast, but, like all of that strange bastard brood, he mingled with his vices a statesmanship and power which may fairly be called genius.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

THE history of Christianity is the history of a Person, and the history of any religious movement under it is very largely the history of persons. Indeed, we may assert that the profounder the movement, the more positively will it be the expression of personality. It is not thought alone, but thought transfixed by will, which works religious revolutions and changes. There have been two great movements in English religious life during the last century which illustrate this, the Wesleyan and — but the second fails to answer to the name of any one leader. There was a time when the nickname of Puseyite was given to it, but no one hears that name now. Newman did not give it a name, nor did Keble, nor Ward, and yet all these and others were distinctly leaders. Mr. Mozley, in his *Reminiscences*,¹ speaks of it as the Oxford Movement, and that is perhaps as comprehensive an historical title as the facts warrant. Oxford was the visible birthplace of the Movement, and Oriel College was the innermost nest; but it is in the idea of a college as a society, not as an educational centre, that the name gets its fitness.

Mr. Mozley leaves to more philosophical minds the task of methodizing the Movement and accounting for its origin and force. His pleasure is to recall the figures of the persons who were engaged in it, and to give them a new vitality in the printed page. He is a gossip who has an apprehension of the greatness of the period of which he writes, but who was himself on too familiar terms with the persons of the period to overestimate their consequence. We say apprehension; it is open to doubt if Mr. Mozley comprehended the scope of the Oxford Movement; he

frankly admits his own shiftiness of mind, and one unacquainted with the great change which has taken place in the English church would hardly surmise it from Mr. Mozley's pages. Yet this low tone in which he paints the figures of the actors has its advantage: it gives one a view of a hero midway between that of the hero's valet and the hero's worshiper.

We confess to having been singularly affected by the view of Mr. Mozley which Mr. Mozley gives. He does not despise himself, nor does he think more highly of himself than he ought to think. There is something whimsical in the half-puzzled and quite commiserating way in which he contemplates Mr. Mozley's critical condition, when he had been pushed by circumstances and doubts and Mr. Newman to the edge of the precipice. He watches him with some concern, as he sees him crawl away on all fours, and he worries himself to find reasons for a decision which was no more a conscious and deliberate act than were the successive steps by which he had reached dangerous ground. We like his frankness, as where, when Newman bade him take two years to think over his final resolution, he says, with pathetic self-justification, —

"Two years are not too long for a consideration affecting one's eternal happiness, and the present and future happiness of many. But I had always found it not easy to concentrate my attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes. There was sure to be some irrelevant idea shooting right athwart the range of my speculations. It is so invariably the case that, sometimes in charity to my poor self, I have tried to account for it physically. Was

¹ *Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*. By the REV. T. MOZLEY,

M. A. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

it a peculiar working in the organ of vision? Had I a bee in my bonnet? I know the Provost, who himself could work his mental apparatus with perfect regularity, thought sometimes I was light-headed. I can, however, return to a point again and again."

This is a most ingenious account of Mr. Mozley's mind, and it serves to explain the general drift of his Reminiscences, whether they regard himself or his associates. He was a lively, good-hearted busybody, very much interested in everything that went on about him; and, swept into the current of the Oxford Movement, he was carried forward both by a loyalty to his friends and by a repulsion from the spirit of the opposition. When he came to that point where the roads divided, it was not so much indecision which kept him from going to Rome as weakness of conviction. He could explain away objectionable features of Romish theology and practice, but he could not invest the Romish system in its entirety with sufficient force to draw him irresistibly. Newman believed profoundly in a superior act of volition overruling and containing his own. Mozley, and thousands of Englishmen like him, believed lightly in the same act, and never feeling its force upon his nature remained where he was. He acted upon the common rule: in case of doubt, do nothing.

It is pardonable to linger at the person of Mr. Mozley, because it is by getting some notion of his temperament that we are able to determine how far his reminiscences of other men have a value, especially when those men, as in the case of Newman, are ardent and visionary spirits, restless and unsatisfied until they have found the key to the problems which perplex them. As might be expected, we get but glimpses of the real life of the persons associated in the Movement. Yet, if we know the men through fuller and deeper revelation, there are shrewd side-lights thrown upon

them here, which help to enlarge, or at any rate to adjust, our knowledge. Of this character is the chapter on Keble, and this anecdote, in which something of Mozley's own nature appears:—

"Keble was a latitudinarian, if not a utilitarian, in architecture. He could see a soul in everything, if he could only be allowed to enjoy the illusion. Traveling with me on the top of a coach, he came in sight of the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, and fell into raptures. 'They do nothing like that in these days.' I let him go on for some time, and then had the wickedness to tell him that only a year before I had seen the entire front chopped and chiseled away, sheets of copper laid on the rough wall, big nails driven in, tarred cords stretched from nail to nail, and all the niches, saints, and angels of the old work reproduced in Roman cement upon this artificial backing. I received a very sharp rebuke indeed for not letting him remain under an illusion, which had been honestly intended, and which had contributed to his happiness. 'What good could it do to him to know how the thing was done?'"

The figure of Newman flits across the page throughout the two volumes, but he receives less substantial notice than some of the subordinate characters. This may be due in part to the personal relations subsisting between them, for Mozley married Newman's sister; but the natural separation of the two men may sufficiently account for it. The external characteristics of the great leader offered few points of description, the incidents in his career were uneventful, and the movement of his mind lay outside the range of Mozley's power of analysis. Yet the affection which he had for his great friend has made him set down many little incidents which are of value in constructing his personality. Such is his account of Newman's love of nature:—

"One striking peculiarity in New-

man's character must have been often noticed by his walking companions. It was his admiration of the beauties of earth and sky, his quickness to observe the changes overhead, and the meaning he put into them, sometimes taxing the patience of a dull observer. Flowers, especially certain flowers, he was as fond of as a child could be. He could seldom see a flower without it reviving some memory. Old English forest trees he delighted in. . . . The walk from Oxford to Littlemore, especially if taken every other day, might be thought monotonous, but it never palled on Newman. The heavens changed if the earth did not, and when they changed they made the earth new. His eye quickly caught any sudden glory or radiance above; every prismatic hue or silver lining; every rift, every patch of blue; every strange conformation, every threat of ill or promise of a brighter hour. He carried his scenery with him, and on that account had not the craving for change of residence, for mountains and lakes, that most educated people have. Unless his voyage with Froude to the Mediterranean in 1832 be excepted, he never made a tour for pleasure sake, for health sake, or for change sake. He did move about a good deal, but it was to the country parsonages to which so many of his friends were early relegated. He had much to say; he had to advise, to direct; and he had occasionally a note to make. He looked for progress of some sort or other. These visits sometimes took him into districts singularly wanting in the features constituting 'scenery' and 'landscapes.' But even in Salisbury Plain, where there are no trees, no hedges, no water, no flowers, no banks, no lanes, and now not even turf, and seldom even a village or a church in sight, he would walk or

run with a friend as cheerfully as the prophet ran before the king from Carmel to announce the opened gates of heaven to Jezreel."

To the reader who is not over-anxious to be instructed, but likes an association with scholars and gentlemen, these two volumes afford abundant opportunity. It is in the picking off of small game that Mr. Mozley excels, and although the reader unfamiliar with the Oxford Movement will find many names here of men utterly unknown to him, who yet appear to have had some degree of notoriety, he will assuredly find few for whom he will not thank Mr. Mozley for an introduction. A more entertaining company of gentlemen it would be hard to discover within the same compass, and Mr. Mozley's good-breeding guards him against any idle tale-bearing. He has known many persons who were deeply interested in a great religious and semi-political movement. His memory is tenacious of little things, and he spins and spins his yarns to what must surely be a delighted audience. One person, named once or twice, we miss from the book, but it is to Mr. Mozley's credit that he has not shown us more of his singularly able brother, J. B. Mozley. What a contrast there is between the two men! What searching analysis Canon Mozley could have given, if he had undertaken to draw the portraits of this company of Oxford gentlemen! Yet, with all the limitations of this book, we repeat that it has, besides its own worth as a delightful picture of society, an important place as a contribution to history. It will always remain to humanize and correct a too exclusively theological or polemical consideration of that great movement in the English church, which has lifted the church to a higher plane of spiritual activity.

LECKY'S ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE fifty years which elapsed between 1765 and 1815 cover the most memorable period in modern history, if not in the history of mankind and of human civilization. This half century is one of the great eras of history, like that of the Reformation. In the latter, men shook off the tyranny of the church; in the former, they began the movement for social and political freedom. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, modern democracy, the greatest fact of our day, rose in its strength, bearing with it the principles of equality before the law, and of hostility to privilege in any and every form. It was the uprising of the people, who had been till then almost as much forgotten as the beasts of the field. This vast power had been so chained down that men had almost ceased to reckon upon it, and when it burst its bonds in France, and made Europe quiver from centre to circumference, every one was aghast at the mighty force which had slumbered hardly dreamed of at their side. The first effects of this unfettering of the popular strength and energy were of course terribly destructive, and then came the ebb of the tide; but the democratic movement has, through all, gone steadily forward, and is to-day the dominant impulse and influence in the affairs of men.

Upon this great period Mr. Lecky has now entered, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, and in the volumes just published¹ he has described the first act in the drama, which, opening in a Massachusetts village, closed on the plains of Waterloo. The preceding volumes, thoroughly admirable in all respects, are still fresh in every one's mind. They dealt with the early years of the century, when Eng-

land and America were resting and drawing breath after the long period of political conflicts and dynastic wars, which may be said to have closed with the death of Anne. No one needs to be reminded of the masterly manner in which Mr. Lecky handled those years of sloth and inaction, the days of Walpole and Fleury. It is a time too little known and too little understood, or was so until Mr. Lecky took it up, and displayed it in its true character as a formative period, and showed beneath the sluggish stream of current events the gathering forces which, rising to a torrent, were to sweep on, as the century closed, with a blinding, maddening rush. There Mr. Lecky had the advantage of presenting to the public in a strong and novel manner the history of a time of which they knew comparatively little. He has now entered upon a period which is illustrated almost every week by some new and minute study of character and details, which is known like no other past time to every intelligent man, and on much of which it is impossible for any one to cast new light. Yet this period is so momentous, so grand in its incidents, in its actors, and in its effects, that it is impossible to tire of it. Mr. Lecky can touch nothing without adding to our knowledge of the subject which he discusses, or without helping us to understand it better; but the chief interest of these volumes lies in their disclosure of the author's views upon an epoch of surpassing importance, with which we are particularly familiar. Mr. Lecky is, as we believe, one of the very small number of historians who make up that final judgment on past events which is known as the verdict of posterity. In this capacity his opinions are looked for

¹ *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

Vols. III. and IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

with eagerness by all students, and excite the interest of the public from this as well as from other causes. The present volumes have a peculiar attraction for Americans, inasmuch as they cover the period of the war of the colonies for independence, and are chiefly occupied with that subject, on which Mr. Lecky has expended his best thought and exercised his utmost skill.

The reigns of the first and second Georges, closing with the brilliant episode of Pitt's administration, form the preface to that of George III., which covers the whole of the great era of revolution and of change in politics and thought. Mr. Lecky begins his third volume with a sketch of the character of George III., who for fifty years was an important factor in English history. As we read the opening sentences of this analysis, it seemed as if Mr. Lecky were going to fall into the common English practice of dwelling on George III.'s domestic virtues, his manners, and his courage, of attributing his errors to stupidity, and counting his personal influence and liability to censure as of small moment. There was no danger of this. With true artistic sense, Mr. Lecky enumerates fairly and justly the good qualities possessed by George III. as an individual, and upon these, as a bright background, he paints in strong relief and with dark colors his vices as a public servant. The contrast thus obtained greatly heightens the effect. "All these things," says Mr. Lecky, "have contributed, very naturally, to throw a delusive veil over the political errors of a sovereign of whom it may be said, without exaggeration, that he inflicted more profound and enduring injuries upon his country than any other modern English king." Then follows a list of the political misdeeds of George III., too long for quotation, but given with telling effect, and exhibiting his narrowness, treachery, and hostility to every good thing, until "insanity extin-

guished his powers of evil." "In a word," this powerful passage concludes, "there is scarcely a field of politics in which the hand of the king may not be traced, — sometimes in postponing inevitable measures of justice and reform, sometimes in sowing the seeds of enduring evil." Cool, impartial, and perfectly candid, there is no one who has done such exact and terrible justice to George III. as Mr. Lecky. It is to be hoped that his summing up will destroy forever that utterly false view of George's character, founded on respect for his domestic virtues and pity for the miseries of his old age, which has become so common, owing largely to the delicate sentiment and magic style of Thackeray. The truth is that George III.'s virtues were a great misfortune to his people, for they strengthened enormously his power of evil. This is always the case. The utter profligacy of Charles II. made him a far less dangerous man than either his father or his brother. The austere and rigid virtue of John C. Calhoun made him infinitely more evil in his influence than a shallow libertine like Aaron Burr. If a ruler or political chief is dangerous in his public principles, it is far better for the people whom he governs or leads that he should be a man of abandoned private character than one of strict virtue, because his power of ill is thus greatly diminished, and in the end generally destroyed.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Lecky through these elaborate and able volumes. We can only touch on one or two of the leading points. He shows at length and with great force, as no English historian has ever done before, the deliberate effort of George III. to extend his prerogative and break down constitutional government. The scheme was reasonable enough, and the king proceeded for a long time very well and with every prospect of success. To effect his purpose, George III. counted on

the demoralization of the whig party, on the factions among the great family connections, and on unlimited corruption, and he did not reckon in vain. England drifted steadily toward personal government during the first twenty years of the reign. But as the king, representing the spirit of the past, grew stronger, in appearance at least, the spirit of the future began to make itself felt. It was first heard in deep, inarticulate murmurs from a misgoverned and unrepresented people, little understood at the time by those who ruled the state. Then it broke out roughly, incoherently, but still full of meaning, with Wilkes and the Middlesex election. It was seen in the constant riots, the amount of crime, and the chronic disorder of the country, all of which Mr. Lecky has depicted and given meaning to in a way hitherto unknown. The same spirit of the future, of progress, liberty, and equality found vent in the press and in the savage diatribes of Junius. The expression was rude and imperfect, but there can be no doubt of the nature and magnitude of the cause. In the democratic societies of that day, historically neglected until now, but of which Mr. Lecky gives a very striking account, and in the utterances of advanced liberals, including many men of high rank, we find the same spirit rampant. While the king was straining prerogative and buying votes, while privilege seemed omnipotent, men could be heard publicly demanding annual Parliaments and manhood suffrage. The truth was that England was on the very verge of a terrible revolution. This great fact has been becoming more and more apparent with the progress of historical research, but it was reserved to Mr. Lecky to put it in the clearest and strongest light. That this revolution did not occur Mr. Lecky attributes to the influence of a growing and free press, and to the troubles in the colonies. Whatever the effect of the free press may have been, it was

the second cause which was decisive. The revolution came in reality, but in the colonies instead of in the mother country. It is not a little striking that it should have broken out in the least oppressed and least taxed, the freest and best governed, portion of the British dominions. Laws which would have been borne without a murmur by the people of England lighted up a war in America. The colonists took arms on a question of principle, and, as Mr. Lecky points out very forcibly, and with that clearness of perception which distinguishes him from other English historians of this epoch, the severance of the empire was due to the blunders of a stupid ministry and of the king, was wholly unnecessary, and had nothing arising from the character or condition of the colonies to render it inevitable.

To the colonies and to their revolt Mr. Lecky gives many chapters. It can be said without exaggeration that while in perfect candor no Englishman except Mr. Green has at all approached Mr. Lecky, there are but few historians, native or foreign, who, treating the subject in a large way, have written about the war for independence so thoroughly and so well. To the early leaders of the opposition to England, Mr. Lecky does scant justice, and fails to treat fairly their character and motives. This is especially true in the case of Samuel Adams, who was really a great revolutionary leader, and who is here wholly misconceived and misunderstood. Mr. Lecky also gives a great deal of space to showing that the loyalist faction was very large and respectable, that indifference was wide-spread in America, and that revolution was brought about and carried through by an active and energetic minority. In all this we are disposed to agree entirely with Mr. Lecky, but he is open to criticism in having failed to point out that these very facts which he emphasizes so strongly heighten the praise which is due to the

patriot party for courage and persistence, and ought especially to excite and increase our admiration for the greatness of Washington. It would be impossible, probably, for any English writer to satisfy Americans with his estimate of Washington. Mr. Green did so when he said that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." Mr. Lecky is so cool and careful in all his judgments that, while we cannot say that he does not do justice to Washington, we yet do not feel fully contented with his elaborate sketch of that great leader.

As an instance, however, of Mr. Lecky's candor and frankness we must refer to his treatment of the West Point treason. He is the first English historian who has had the moral and intellectual honesty to admit that, however much André was to be pitied, his execution was just. He is the first to admit the force of the obvious facts that André was a spy, and as such amenable to the severest laws of war; that he was engaged in aiding the consummation of the blackest treachery; and that he was fairly tried by a board of officers of the highest rank and character, among whom were three distinguished foreigners, and that there was no dissent from the justice of the sentence.

Nothing is better in Mr. Lecky's work than his estimates of men. His opinions will not in all cases command universal assent, but they are singularly penetrating and impartial. The test of a man's greatness in the period covered by these volumes seems to us the extent to which he appreciated the rising spirit of the age which was to dominate the future, and which represented the elevation of the people and the spread of the democratic principle. Mr. Lecky seems inclined to put Burke at the head of the statesmen of that time. Yet with all his profound philosophy and depth of political thought and reasoning, with all his brilliancy as an orator, his gor-

geous rhetoric, and his fervid imagination, Burke was blind to the truth. He saw health and safety in a parcel of noble whig families, and he degenerated into a fanatical conservatism, insensible to all existing facts. He aimed at reform, but his reforms were skin deep, and he shrank with horror from the changes which were sure to come. He died hugging to his bosom the corpse of a worn-out political system, which rested on a handful of aristocratic whig "connections." No man so gifted as Burke, who failed so terribly to grasp the essential needs of the time, and fell back so madly and blindly in his efforts to resist the truth, deserves to stand at the head of the great men of his epoch. With all his weaknesses, Chatham was nearer the light. The days of his glory were when he was known as the "great commoner," and in the darkest times he still reverted to the people, and saw beyond kings and lords and squires a mightier force than either or all. In a still greater degree was this true of Fox, to whom Mr. Lecky fails to do justice, except when he sets forth very strikingly the correctness of Fox's objects in seeking by the coalition to break down the royal influence. This work was done by the victor in that struggle, and Pitt, when he rode into power, destroyed prerogative as well as his rival could have done it. Pitt, then, was above Burke, and imbued partially at least with the truth, and so continued until he sold himself to retain office. But Fox, with all his short-comings, his hankering for whig "connections," and his relapses in his brief tenure of office, was the great Englishman of the age. The spirit of the past and the spirit of the future contended in him, because he was typical of his time. But it was to the latter that he gave himself. He looked beyond the mob of lords and gentlemen, and was one of those rare men who represented great ideas. He was the first of modern English states-

men. He felt for humanity and for the people, and the fierce current of reaction swept by him in vain.

Let us say in conclusion that Mr. Lecky's volumes are contributions of the first importance to the most difficult

of sciences, the science of history or of human action. When we consider the period with which Mr. Lecky deals, we cannot praise him more highly than by saying that he has proved himself equal to his task.

LELAND ON THE GYPSIES.

By a connection of sympathies not difficult to understand, Mr. Leland has made himself as well known to a smaller audience in the character of a gypsologist as to the general public by his *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*. In his new work¹ there are elements which ought to appeal to both branches of his constituency. In these chapters about the gypsies of Russia, England, America, Wales, and India, one finds material for the general reader no less than for the ethnologist. Indeed, the volume is one especially well adapted to those who wish to loiter along pleasant by-ways rather than to climb the steep path of systematic investigation. And yet it is precisely because the author knows his subject so well that he is able to present it so easily, and with such charming glimpses of landscape and adventure and personal reminiscence; as, for instance, his mention of Oatlands Park (in which readers of Mrs. Kemble's *Autobiography* already feel at home), his account of Cobham Fair, or of The Pious Washerwoman, or the Philadelphia crocus-pitcher — street-quack — and the gypsies in a New Jersey camp. Americans are inclined to regard the Romany as a creature remote from the sphere of their exceedingly practical interests, and hence are sometimes skeptical as to his active existence in their

midst. Many will therefore be surprised at Mr. Leland's statement that "America is a far better place in which to study the [gypsy] language than England." His own collection of Anglo-Romany words (still unpublished) embraces four thousand terms, while George Borrow limited the vocabulary to fourteen hundred. Not less surprising in its way is the belief — which by its *naïveté* escapes blasphemy — entertained among gypsy wanderers that Christ himself was of their tribe, because he was poor and went about upon a donkey. Surprise, however, becomes, if we may say so, an established state of mind in looking through the pages of Mr. Leland, which abound, like his subject, in quaintnesses and the unexpected.

The section devoted to Russian gypsies is very properly given the place of honor, since it is the most elaborate of the studies here presented, and contains perhaps the greatest share of novelty. The music of the Zigani, as heard in St. Petersburg and Moscow, is described with an enthusiasm that can hardly fail to communicate itself. "These artists," it is said, "with wonderful tact and untaught skill, have succeeded, in all their songs, in combining the true, wild Eastern music with that of regular and simple melody, intelligible to every Western ear. . . . There is no self-consciousness,

¹ *The Gypsies*. By CHARLES G. LELAND, Author of *The English Gypsies and Their Language*, *Anglo-Romany Ballads*, *Hans Breitmann's Bal-*

lads, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1882.

no vanity, — all is real. The listener feels as if he were a performer; the performer is an enraptured listener." Among these interesting folk Mr. Leland had the curious experience of telling their fortunes to professional chiromancers, and also of being asked by them what kind of people they really were and whence they came. This gave him an opportunity to set forth a theory, which he likewise elaborates in a special chapter on the Origin of the Gypsies. The hypothesis that they came from India is not especially new, having been advanced by Rüdiger in 1782. Still, it is here developed in accord with the latest and fullest research. The Jats, who were driven from India by Mahmoud in the eleventh century, are accepted as the main stock, supplemented by the Doms, — still extant in India, — who are simply Roms (the D and R being interchangeable in Hindustani and English Romany). There are other wandering Indian tribes that resemble the gypsies: the Nuts, as well as some not mentioned by Mr. Leland, such as the Thuba-raja and Chandala outcasts, and the Tchingani robbers at the mouth of the Indus; these last presenting a coincidence of name which is worth noticing. The author of *The Gypsies*, however, supplies a valuable link of evidence in his account of a Hindû, seen by him in London, who in youth had lived with a roving tribe in his native country, known as Trablus (Syrians), but "calling themselves and their language *Rom*." They were not really of Syrian blood, but were Hindûs, and gypsy, as their language proved. This is certainly a very important contribution, and goes a good deal farther than Bishop Heber's statement that he met with a camp of gypsies on the banks of the Ganges, who spoke Hindustani as their mother tongue.

Concerning Mr. Leland's explanation of the meaning and origin of the term Zingan or Tchenkan, we feel less confi-

dence, although it is doubtless plausible. He derives it from two words, — *chen*, the moon, and *gan* or *kan*, the sun, — thus making this all but universal appellation of the roving folk signify the moon-sun people. Indirect evidence in favor of such a derivation is afforded by a legend current among Roumanian gypsies about the marriage of the sun and moon, which were regarded as brother and sister. The gypsies of Turkey have the same story, which with them becomes a tradition concerning the early history of their people: *Chen*, having been a gypsy chief, who wedded his sister *Guin*, soon after the departure of the tribe from its home country (presumably India). It was this unholy union that gave their nation a name, and also drew down upon it a curse, dooming them to perpetual migration. We could wish that Mr. Leland had here discussed the fact to which Francis Hinde Groom refers, namely, that when Sultan Selim conquered Egypt, in the sixteenth century, many of the inhabitants refused to submit to him, revolted under a chief named Zinganeus, and on being subdued agreed to disperse in small bodies through various countries. Mr. Leland's ingenious derivation leads back to a period so much earlier than the date of Selim's conquest that he is disinclined to consider any other theory; and perhaps he would account for the appellation Zinganeus as merely a type name. Another distinct addition to our knowledge of obscure dialects is made by the author in his discovery, entirely new to literature, of the Minklers Thari, or Shelta Thari, — the language of tinkers. How he came to make this discovery is narrated in picturesque and attractive fashion; and an interesting though brief vocabulary is given, one end of which was picked up in Wales, and the other in Philadelphia. The Shelta Thari appears to be Celtic, though quite independent of Old Irish, Welsh, or Gaelic. "I have always

supposed," says Mr. Leland, "that the tinkers' language spoken of by Shakespeare was Romany; but I now incline to think it may have been Shelta." Indeed, it seems likely enough that we have here a new proof of Shakespeare's wide-reaching observation, in his allusion to a kind of speech which for two hundred and fifty years since his death has remained unnoticed and unknown.

It is to be regretted that in the translation of the gypsy letter given on page 275 so much that does not appear in the original should have been interjected, since this gives to the whole the air of a fancy-piece. Much more satisfactory are the gypsy stories in Romany and English, which form one part of this diversified collection of curious matter. New and useful, also, is the list of gypsy names, with appended notes on the characteristics of families bearing them, and a classification of those that are represented in America. Mr. Leland's style is not in all respects to be commended. "A sufficient cause for wits calling it Lindsay-Wolsey" (page 98), while embodying a clever witticism, is an example of certain inelegant forms that occur. There are passages of rhyme printed as prose; and nearly the whole paragraph on page 129 (which is, by the way, a totally irrelevant one) turns out to be blank verse. The author's predilection for coining eccentric words, like "carnivalers and carnivalentines,"

"womanity," and "traveler-esque," amounts to a failing. These peculiarities, taken with a tendency to the grotesque and a species of cumbrous playfulness, give the reader occasionally a sense that he, and possibly the subject, is being trifled with. Yet Mr. Leland has so much of that genuine humor, which is rather a pervasive atmosphere than the definite electric flash of a jest, that we may easily forgive the minor blemishes of a book so exceptional in merit, so full of erudition and originality, as this one. It contains probably more information, more variety of fact, about gypsies than any other single volume devoted to them; and it presents this with all the charm of an autobiography tinged by romance. The mood in which the theme is approached abounds in warm human interest and a fresh out-of-door feeling that verges upon the poetic. The author regards gypsies as the types of a simple, direct, mute love of nature, and as possessing "an unexpressed mythology," the sentiment of which he tries to preserve. He succeeds so well that the book acquires added importance as an indirect protest against the pseudo-artistic and intensely artificial way, now in vogue, of regarding the things of nature. Being healthy in that regard, it is of a sort to lend strength to current literature, at the same time that it enlarges its resources for entertainment.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE unrecognized influences of our late war in moulding and quickening certain of our American qualities, because of our nearness to the events, has been little considered; but it is quite clear that the effects of the struggle, working perhaps with other factors, are

wide-reaching and important as touching our national character. There occurred a sudden and prodigious deflection of the nation's energies from peaceful, private occupations to matters of great and vital concern to the whole country. Certain it is that the years

since the war have given birth to a livelier and more energetic participation in civil duties and in the discussion of public questions, and have witnessed a very considerable diminution in that neglect of political duties, and the apathy arising from a good-natured submission to public abuses, which may almost be said to be synonymous with the word "American." The war plunged us at once into the settlement of extraordinary problems of taxation, government, international law, and political economy, and proved that we had no class of carefully trained men in this country from whom successful publicists could be recruited in the time of our greatest need. The ready adaptability of the American mind was shown clearly enough by the way these demands upon us were met, and by the discussions which, while often discreditable to our experience and honesty, were yet generally based on an honest desire in the mass of the people to face the difficulties; but the vast number of financial blunders with which the course of our war was strown were sad evidences of the lack of training in our public men, even though they were proofs of such unbounded resources as make gigantic blundering but a harmless diversion. The stimulating effect of great national necessities on our political thinking is undoubtedly to be seen in an increased avidity for instruction, attended by a corresponding increase in publication, and even by the endowment of special schools of political science in the great universities of the country. And now American publishers boldly offer large and costly works on these subjects.

The present book ¹ is an example in point, and so far as it answers our undoubted needs it should have a warm welcome. As a people we need instruction, and we need the best. It is al-

ways a question whether the lack of unity in treatment by a wide range of writers conduces as much to clearness of thinking as to breadth of thought; but in this encyclopædia we miss the guidance of a strong and vigorous editor, one who could so arrange the selection of articles as to lead up to a complete and rounded whole, and restrain the vagaries and hobbies of specialists within the limits of a general purpose. It is a reckless waste of space in a book of political science, intended for American readers, to admit papers on Bourgeoisie, Brahminism, Buddhism, Chivalry, Cæsarism, Crusades, Christianity, Churches, Congregations, Councils, even though they are written by men like Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Bluntschli. Had the account of Brahminism explained what life is in the inmost fold of the Boston social onion; had that of Chivalry pointed out why Blaine was "a plumed knight;" or had Cæsarism disclosed the secrets of Washington political life in past administrations, it would have been quite another thing. But the articles on Brahminism and Buddhism, moreover, do not deserve a place because they are behind the times. The religion of the Hindus is spoken of as if it could have come from "a person who first conceived the system," or as if we were to say that the Reformation was conceived by Luther, and took place at a certain date; while in fact Buddhism was a thing of gradual growth. The author maintains the old idea that Nirvâna meant annihilation of the soul, without hinting that later scholars, like Rhys-Davids, think it was the extinction of lust in the human heart. We note great irregularity of spelling. The Hungarian Csoma de Kőrös appears as Cosma; and, from ignorance that *dh* was one letter, we find such a division into syllables as Budd-hism (as if we

¹ *Cyclopædia of Political Science, Political Economy, and of the Political History of the United States*. Edited by JOHN J. LALOR. Vol.

I. Abdication—Duty. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1881.

were to write Athens). The remark in the preface that "there is no more a German, or French, or American political economy or political science than there is a German, or French, or American science of astronomy or chemistry," is no explanation whatever of the presence of these articles in a work of this nature, for they do not belong to either subject. The articles over the signatures of French writers are, as a rule, translations directly from either Maurice Block's *Dictionnaire de la Politique*, or the *Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique* of Coquelin and Guillaumin. Within about a hundred pages there are perhaps a score of papers transferred directly from these sources, and with a corresponding flavor of age about some of them. It was well to select Lavergne's account of Agriculture from Block's work, rather than H. Passy's from the other and older dictionary; but it makes one a little impatient to find that this title in a work intended, as the preface says, for "members of our state and national legislatures" should have not one word in regard to American agriculture, which is at present one of the greatest factors in our industrial activity. The unprecedented crops of a few years ago, by their effect on exports and the consequent flow of specie to this country, made resumption possible. Nor is a word said about the probable future of Western agriculture, nor about our competition with Europe in breadstuffs.

The general subject of American political history is in the hands of a most competent authority, Mr. Alexander Johnston, and the reader can always be assured of good fare at his table. The articles to be classed under political economy disclose a bias in favor of the historical school by the selection of the late Cliffe Leslie as a writer upon *Definitions in Political Economy* and *Cost of Production*. It is likely that ill health would explain much of the

captious and quibbling, although keen, criticism which this lamented economist directed against the English school. While the subject of finance is treated in most cases by men of special fitness, yet it is a disappointment to find that the really essential points in banking are not clearly elaborated. Of the three functions of banking, issue, discount, and deposit, the latter is not considered worthy of distinct treatment; while in fact the experience of the Bank of England since the Act of 1844, which separated the issue from the banking department, has shown that the difficulties of banking rest not, as people have generally supposed, with issues, but rather with the management of discounts and deposits. The intimate connection between these two items in a bank account and their relations to the reserve are not discussed here, and but briefly outlined in a too short paper by Edward Atkinson. So important a question deserved fuller treatment. It is well within the truth to say that more than eighty per cent. of deposits in this country are credits arising from discounts. And without understanding this in its effect on the reserve, no one can intelligently follow the movements of foreign or American banks, and watch the changes in coin reserves. Moreover, the title, Discount, is simply treated arithmetically, and all the principles of banking dependent on these two functions are passed over, except so far as they receive incidental attention from writers on other topics. The fact that the short article on Alloyage is a direct translation from the work of Coquelin and Guillaumin explains why it is not stated that the amount of alloy in our own coins is $\frac{1}{10}$, while previous to 1837 it was $\frac{1}{8}$. In Director Burchard's article on Coinage, he exhibits his little foible as to the cause which drove silver out of circulation subsequent to the act of 1834. He certainly knows that in this country the value of silver in the bullion market was

so much higher than its value in coin, as estimated relatively to gold by the act of 1834, that silver was worth more as bullion than as coin, was melted to gain the profit, and disappeared from circulation. And this took place wholly apart from legislation, and because of changes in the natural value of the two metals. But the director of the mint holds that silver vanished from circulation only because France and other European nations had established different legal ratios, which made it profitable to send silver abroad. As a matter of fact the trouble arose from having two legal standards in metals which could not, in the nature of things, keep the same relation to each other. The change in

value was the cause; the journey of silver to France or elsewhere was a mere accident of trade and distribution.

The articles on the American Merchant Marine and Distilled Spirits by David A. Wells, Banking in the United States by Comptroller Knox, Functions of Banks by Edward Atkinson, Chinese Immigration by Henry George, Civil Service Reform by Dorman B. Eaton, Conseils des Prud'hommes by Joseph Weeks, Customs Duties by E. J. James, Debts by R. P. Porter, and the numerous contributions of Mr. Johnston are most excellent as showing the superior practical qualifications of American writers, and would of themselves make the encyclopædia worth having.

MRS. KEMBLE'S MEMOIRS.

THE reminiscences which Mrs. Kemble has been giving to the world, under two or three different titles, form one of the largest contributions made during the last few years to biographic literature. One volume, of more than average bulk, was devoted simply to her girlhood; another book,¹ of equal compass, has just been published, which continues the narrative through the next fourteen years, and closes abruptly, leaving its heroine still in the meridian of life. It will be remembered, moreover, that these publications were preceded, long ago, by that of three or four journals, gleaned from the same experience. With all these opportunities, it is time for us to consider, a little more fully than we could do while reading the first of her *Old Woman's Gossip*, the value of what Mrs. Kemble has to tell about herself and her qualifications as an autobiographer.

¹ *Records of Later Life.* By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. London: J. A. Bentley & Son. 1882.

Biographies, like people, fall naturally into groups or sets. As one volume of reminiscence after another comes from the press, we take those which treat of similar mental phases, or introduce the same events and people, and compare their testimony; turning from one to another to form our judgments, or taking sides according to our sympathies. We recall only one recent memoir which covers to a certain extent the same ground as Mrs. Kemble's, and that is the *Life of Macready*. It is curious to compare the passages in which the two tragedians cross one another's orbits, so to speak, for a moment. In Macready's fragment of autobiography he has a passing allusion to the Kembles, and to the writer of these *Records* in particular, as being always theatrical in manner. Mrs. Kemble, on her part, tells at some length of her acting with Macready, on her return to the stage in 1848, and describes in a tone which is fairly indignant his rushing movement

on the boards, and the brusqueness of his manner in the green-room. Her sketch of him, both as actor and acquaintance, is made with a harder pencil than she usually employs; she does not bestow on him the dignity which he wears in other records, but she does justice to the amiable character of his journal, a work which could hardly fail, we should think, to soften his harshest enemy. If Macready had lived to read Mrs. Kemble's Records, he would have found in them a sincerity not very far from his own, albeit differently expressed; the simple humility of the one utterance being very unlike the spirited, gracious — shall we say theatrical? — tone of the other. For Macready's word is not contradicted by the testimony of these Records. Every page which Mrs. Kemble has written is vividly stamped with her personality. She is always a presence in her book, and we never forget that this presence is, so to speak, a royal one, — that of a person who belongs by birth and by talent to the once reigning family of the English stage.

This individual tone forms the keynote of the book, and helps us to a classification of its somewhat heterogeneous material. Rich as it is in anecdote, its place is not among the gossips, but in the higher department of personal biography; it is more nearly related by its qualities to certain French memoirs than to any recent English autobiography.

Mrs. Kemble has not the points of a great observer. Her mind is of a romantic and imaginative rather than perceptive order. Her likes and dislikes get in the way of her vision, hindering her from seeing many minor characteristics in people, and causing her to magnify their outlines. Hence her portraits are idealized in the manner of old miniatures; though full of distinction and charm, they bring out no new or striking features in the personality of her sitters. Nor has she, on the other hand, any inward experience large enough to be a

guide to the experience of others. Religious feeling, of a sincere, spontaneous kind, she undoubtedly has, and her pages are full of interesting and often suggestive thought on religious subjects, from which the involuntary cant of her more youthful speculations has in great part disappeared. This book is not, however, sufficiently spiritual in tone to please the professed readers of religious biography, while it is too conventional for the *esprits forts*. In short, Mrs. Kemble's religious faith, her intellectual powers, her vigorous common sense, and her positive idiosyncrasies are all integral parts of her personality, and could serve no "purposes" so well as they do the purpose of memoir writing. She has the art of gossiping about self without being egotistic or tiresome; she is at once garrulous and dignified, reticent and frank, and can ignore her public — even hold it at arm's length — while taking it freely into her confidence.

A critic, whose literary insight was spiritual perception, — Alexandre Vinet, — has said somewhere, "On dit souvent que l'esprit est dupe du cœur ce qui n'empêche pas que le cœur même ne soit une lumière." Many charming French memoirs testify to the value of heart as an element in biography, but we recall no English writer of this class of works who has relied upon it more frankly and gracefully than Mrs. Kemble.

Her letters to her friends show an unwearying affection, which does not falter even under the weight of life-long correspondence with one who continues to put to her such hackneyed and unresolvable questions as whether imagination makes a fair balance in heightening our pains and our pleasures. Readers who grew a little impatient of the endless reasonings of Miss Kemble and her friend H. S., in the former volume, will be alarmed at recognizing traces of the debating in this one. These relics of girlhood have their uses, however, in

connecting the personality of the two books and marking the development into womanhood. Everybody knows the reply of Punch's dowager to the young beauty who declares that no woman is worth looking at after thirty, "Nor worth talking to before, my dear." Fanny Kemble was well worth listening to in the correspondence of her girlhood, even ; but the record of her later years exceeds its predecessor in interest, as the conversation of a cultivated woman surpasses in finish that of a girl. The letters become more varied and impulsive in tone, more unconstrained in thought.

Mrs. Kemble's experiences as a resident of the United States take up about one third of the book, and are as entertaining as might have been expected, from the known energy of her pen. That instrument is in its way almost as vigorous a protestant against the minor discomforts of life as Carlyle's own. In the journey to Georgia, — the results of which have been recorded in her journal on a Southern plantation, and are therefore not detailed here, — we have a minute account of the annoyances occasioned by the scarcity, in some cases the absence, of clean towels. A community of interests, in this respect, with "voters who use the wrong kind of soap," as George Eliot puts it, was too much, in spite of abolitionism and liberalism. In fact, the problem of American equality at that day presented a good many hard knots, both speculative and practical, to the English mind, — questions which nowadays confront it nearer home. Mrs. Kemble seems to have faced them all with the same conscientious spirit in which she answered the questions of H. S.

"Did I tell you," she writes, "that the other day our farmer's wife sent me word that she had seen me walking in the garden in a gown that she had liked very much, and wished I would let her have the pattern of it? This message

surprised me a little, but, upon due reflection, I carried the gown down to her, with an agreeable sense of my own graceful condescension. My farmer's wife gave me small thanks, and I am sure thought I had done just what I ought."

A later observation on this subject is less experimental. It is called out by a short rustication at a Pennsylvania farmhouse, where the writer, her own servants, and the haymakers in their shirt-sleeves sat down at one table: —

"It is nonsense talking about positive equality. These people are sorry associates for me, and so, I am sure, am I for them."

Mrs. Kemble is not, as we have said, a particularly close observer, but she has a very charming gift of narration, and imparts to her account of her friends something of the warmth of her intercourse with them. On the other hand, she often depicts herself from the outside with considerable picturesqueness, as when she tells us of a hot night at Butler Place, during which, unable to sleep for the heat, she went out-of-doors, and walked up and down the avenue "*barefooted, et dans le simple appareil d'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil.*"

Of the London gossip, of which we have a good deal and of a very pleasant kind, nothing is more prettily told than one or two little anecdotes of Thackeray, in which all his sensitiveness is finely preserved in the sympathetic tone of the writer. We have room only for the shorter of these anecdotes:

"The last time I saw Thackeray was at a dinner at my dear friend Mr. Harness'. As we were about to seat ourselves at table, I being between Mr. Harness and Thackeray, his daughter Anne (now Mrs. Ritchie) was going to place herself on the other side of her father. 'No, no,' said our dear host. 'That will not do. I cannot have the daughter next the father.' And Miss

Thackeray was invited to take another place. She had just published *The History of Elizabeth* [Mrs. Kemble is wrong in assuming our little friend Elizabeth to be a woman with a history] in which she showed herself to have inherited some of the finer elements of her father's literary genius. As we sat down, I said to him, 'But it appears very evident, I think, that the daughter is to be *next* to the father.' He looked at me for a moment with a beaming face, and then said, 'Do you know, I have never read a word of that thing.' 'Oh,' cried I, 'Thackeray! Why don't you? It is excellent! It would give you so much pleasure!' 'I could n't, I could n't!' said he, with the tears in his eyes.

'It would *tear my guts out!*' Which powerful English expression of emotion would have startled me less in French or Italian: *Cela m'arracherait les entrailles, or mi soiscerebellero.*'"

We cannot take our leave of Mrs. Kemble without a word as to the beauty of her style, partly the result, perhaps, of her early acquaintance with the best dramatic literature. It is a more negligent style than would at first appear from its stately movement, but is never really incorrect, though some of the sentences might be difficult to parse. Such a large, easy, vigorous style very few women have written. With more condensation, it might almost deserve the epithet of great.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MANY years ago, I was one day journeying from Brattleboro to Boston, alone. As the train went on from station to station, it gradually filled, until there was no seat left unoccupied in the car excepting the one by my side. At Concord, the door of the car opened, and Mr. Emerson entered. He advanced a few steps into the car, looked down the aisle, turned, and was about to go out, believing the car to be entirely full. With one of those sudden impulses which are acted upon almost before they are consciously realized, I sprang up, and said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, here is a seat!"

As he came towards me, with his serene smile slowly spreading over his face, my courage faltered. I saw that he expected to meet in me an acquaintance, and as he looked inquiringly and hesitatingly in my face I made haste to say, "You do not know me, Mr. Emerson. I never had the pleasure of seeing you before. But I know your face,

and I could not resist the temptation of the opportunity to speak with you. You know that so many people, who are strangers to you, know you very well."

"Perhaps there should not be the word stranger in any language," he answered slowly, in a tone and with a kindly look which at once set my timidity at ease. "I do not know any good reason for it."

In a short time, with that rare faculty which he had for drawing out of each his inmost thought, he had led me into speaking to him, with half-familiar freedom, of my own personal history, and of my experience as a mother. Hardly by question so much as by tone and expression, he made me feel at liberty to confide to him some of the many perplexities and doubts with which every young mother's heart is burdened.

His replies were more in the form of suggestions than of solutions to the doubts, or direct meeting of the perplexities. He told me much of his own the-

ories, somewhat of his own experience. Many of his words remained vividly present with me for years, and more than once recurred to my mind in situations when they bore the weight and came in with the appropriateness of specific advice, in immediate emergencies.

One point I recollect as most earnestly dwelt upon was the unspeakable value of simplicity of life and surroundings as an agency in the formation of character. Of this he spoke at length, and with great fervor. He said that the children of rich men were born at such disadvantage in this respect that it was a question if all their other advantages, such as educational facilities, travel, etc., could make up for it.

"This is the true meaning," he said, half humorously, "of a scripture which is much misquoted, — that it is easier for the camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. It does not mean that the rich man must necessarily find it harder not to sin than another man; on the contrary, he is removed from some of the deadliest forms of temptation to sin. But the kingdom of heaven which the creative worker knows is shut against him. Into that heaven we have to be driven, either by need, or by the narrowing of the ministering horizons of our lives."

One sentence which he spoke in connection with this was said with such lingering emphasis that it stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. He said, "When I think how I am sparing my boy all that made me, — the barefooted chambers and the stern denials of poverty, — I know I am making a mistake. But," he added, after a pause, "I cannot help it."

In later years I had the privilege and pleasure of seeing Mr. Emerson frequently. At one time I spent a few days with him in a friend's house at Newport, Rhode Island. There was something in the dreamy serenity of the

bay, upon which my friend's house stood, that greatly charmed Mr. Emerson, and his remark on first looking out over the water was a characteristic one. It was from the dining-room windows that he looked. We had given him a seat from which he could see the bay. As we took our places for breakfast, he gazed across the shining silver surface, and said half dreamily, "And there are clocks in Newport?"

It was some minutes before any one perceived the precise drift of this question; and during the brief interval of our bewilderment the smile on Mr. Emerson's face deepened and spread, until his whole countenance beamed with humorous enjoyment of our perplexity.

How precious is every memory of those days! The tender yet beneficent way in which Mr. Emerson listened for replies to the searching questions he sometimes put had in it a certain expression of unconscious royalty, that no words could convey; and it kindled in one's breast that mingled sentiment of affection and incentive to all possible effort for which allegiance is the only fitting name. As time goes on it will be more and more sure that he is the one truest representative our republic has borne, his thought and his words the truest rendering of the republic's idea, and his life and character the truest fulfilling of the republic's ideal.

— In reading No. V. of *Studies in the South*, I noted under the head *The Talk of Crowds* mention of a lack of interest in politics among the most intelligent and public-spirited citizens, and of their conviction that the true course for the Southern people would be to let national politics alone in great measure, and give their strength to work, education, and the improvement of the laboring classes. The fact thus stated is patent to any observer, and naturally occasions comment at the North, where it is often reported, I think, with some misapprehension of its meaning. And be-

cause of this misapprehension, I have a few words to say about the significance of this apparent indifference. It seems to me that the successful shaping of our national life depends so much upon mutual understanding between different parts of the country that even a very slight contribution to such an understanding may have some value. A woman unconnected with people of political influence, coming from the North with the sole object of finding a healthful wintering place among cultivated and agreeable people; an interested observer, though an entire stranger, of the current of thought and feeling in this community for nearly a year, I should have learned something. The persons whom I meet are from all parts of the South, drawn hither by the advantages of a university town. The University of the South is situated here, an institution controlled by the Protestant Episcopal church of the ten Southern States. It is a conservative, cultivated community, where are represented the Barnwells, Elliotts, Prestons, Hegers, and other historic families of the South. In general conversation national politics are almost ignored, though state politics awaken a lively interest. There may underlie this indifference to national affairs a certain scornful despair of the republic, a feeling which does not seem strange to one who sees for the first time the ruinous effects of the years of mismanagement which followed the close of the war, more disastrous than the war itself. But this apparent indifference is not apathy. A Nashville, Tennessee, paper gives a hint of its explanation. "Too intense devotion to the dead past. That was well for a time, — perhaps not for too long a time. The time has passed. Let us have no more of it till the necessity for it again arises, *as it will, doubtless.*"

The South is as ambitious of power, and as determined to have it, now as it

was in its palmy days, when it gave presidents to the republic, and dictated to the country at large. Why, then, does it withhold its best men from an arena where, in former years, Southern men were first in eager conflict, and carried off trophies and spoils? People like these cannot be indifferent to political contests. The Southern mind is fond of theories of government, and ardent in support of them. While impetuous with all the flush and fervor of youth, Southerners begin to think and act on matters which, among us, are left to the calmer judgment of older men. These young men know far more of the causes which led to the late war, the claims sought to be enforced by it, the logic of the struggle, than Northern youth do. There are reasons for this. The marks of those terrible years are not yet effaced here, as they are at the North. In such ways as have no parallel in Northern experiences, the preciousness of a cause for which suffering and loss — whose consequences are still constantly felt — were gladly endured is impressed upon them. Privation of the social and educational advantages which were possessed almost as an inheritance by their families for generations is keenly felt. So long as we continue to suffer for an idea, we continue to find it dear. The very family names, once famous, are reminders of a vanished power and influence, which those who bear them naturally long to see again exercised in the affairs of state. And there is a strong, though rarely expressed, determination that they shall be, though it may be at a distant day.

This, then, I take to be the meaning of Southern indifference to general politics. "We bide our time. We failed once, because we were starving. Next time we shall not fail. For the present, we devote ourselves rather to the development of our resources than to political effort. By and by, we shall grow our own cereals, raise our own food sup-

plies, have our own manufactures, and we shall be in a position to enforce, without war, our demand for place and power in the government." It is not an ignoble ambition. A worse thing might happen to the country than to have power placed for a season — the *continuous* power of any section is to be deprecated — in the hands of people who, by the time they can attain it, will have gone through a discipline of such suffering and waiting, such labor and perseverance, as will make them more fit to exercise it than ever before. If only, in the mean time, fairness and consideration of Southern interests on the part of those who control affairs can have won these people to an attachment to the whole country, and to a conviction that the welfare of the whole is the welfare of each part, it will not be unwisely or injuriously exercised.

I do not fancy that the South contemplates, at any future day, a second appeal to arms. She seeks power in the Union, — not independently of it. The great, sensible majority of people, North and South, agree, I think, in the feeling that there must never be another civil war, whatever may be the braggart bluster of third-rate politicians, who hope to find their own account in stirring up strife.

I do think the South means to obtain possession of the government. Not, however, more positively, nor by any other means, than the North, the West or the East purposes to keep or to obtain such possession. No one section, in a country so immense as ours, can hold control in its own hands constantly. The wheel may have a vast circumference, but its lowest point comes highest, at last. In the success of each section in attaining the material prosperity which gives it influence, the entire country is benefited.

If only this strife between East and West, North and South, for the control of the government can be recognized as

a necessary accompaniment of healthful life in all parts of the country, it need not be alarming, nor need the success of either section be disastrous. Politicians and their newspaper "organs" still keep brethren alienated by falsehood and misrepresentation, but their devices are becoming too well known, both North and South, to be much longer successful.

When the wonderful prosperity which is a certain future for this magnificent region of our country is attained, in the development of its marvelous resources, and the people can afford to take refuge from summer heats in our homes, as we now do from winter snows in theirs, we shall value each other more justly; for I think we are always at our best beneath our own roof tree. It will be a good thing for the country when North and South learn each other. If the Southern people are unfair to us, their unfairness has an excuse which ours has not, — the pain of disappointed hope, and of the loss which we count gain. Not till we have been among them do we realize the noble and quiet patience and courage with which they accept the inevitable; and it may be, too, that we have not yet learned to judge them by the truest of rules, — that of putting one's self in another's place.

— What right have I, a coward by confession, to treat of courage, a virtue so far removed from my experience and claim? Such encouragement as I have for my presumption is derived from the fact that the most accomplished connoisseurs are seldom practically versed in the art over which they exercise the judicial authority; indeed, the most astute and fine-grained critics with whom the painter and poet have to deal are often those who never handled a brush, never pleaded guilty to the iniquity of verse-making. A confessed coward, I enter into no jealous and derisive competition with professional courage. On the contrary, I am its most hearty and

grateful reverencer. I like to see it carry off the popular prizes at all the wrestling and racing matches. I would have a temple erected to Courage (the Spartans had one to Fear), and keep incense continually burning upon its altar, and hire the Muses for its choir. Courage easily gets the votes of the whole world; has a Mercury-like faculty for making itself acceptable to the highest and the lowest. He who possesses it has an ample mantle with which to cover a multitude of his own failings and frailties. Both the savage and the man of "ultimate" culture, the desperado and the lofty idealist, admire and exalt courage, each after his fashion. The breathless admiration with which we regard obvious instances of pluck and daring might be construed as arguing the general desideratum of these qualities. Were we all born cowards, that courage should be so anomalous and phenomenal in our eyes? Perhaps courage, like heat, is of two kinds, free and latent; if so, there may be in the habitually timorous a generous allowance of latent courage, requiring only the spark of an intense occasion to set it visibly on fire. There is a volunteer courage, such as goes with a robust organization and a hot vitality, a skirmishing and buccaneering article, that follows up the war from mere love of hazard and turbulent sensation. This is best known and most admired. There is another courage, drafted by duty, that is sober and circumspect in its conduct; mindful that the lawgivers punish as severely those who throw away their shields as those who abandon their swords and spears. Another kind of courage is that which is rooted in fear, — a desperate, fearful courage. As a coward, I am always aware that my position is a signally unsafe one; theoretically, at least, I would much rather take my chances with the courageous of the vanguard than lag in the rear with the craven-minded. Our ancient

friend of the poised scales, open-hearted, frank-spoken Monsieur de Montaigne, may not have been remarkable for personal intrepidity, but he made a brave speech when he declared, "The thing in this world I am most afraid of is fear."

It is humanly comforting to us of small prowess to recall the naive confession of that old French warrior, whose soul was so calm and uninfected by the terror of battle, but whose wretched body so trembled and longed to betake itself from the field! We flatter ourselves that our spirits would be brave enough, if the body did not communicate its panic. It is the chinkiness and general insecurity of this clay garrison that so embarrasses our fighting courage. Lodge the spirit behind a spiritual rampart, and see how redoubtable it becomes! It is significant that, in acknowledging our lack of physical courage, we are always pleased to have it inferred that we possess a compensating degree of another and more excellent kind of courage, — moral courage; as though the two were in some way opposed and irreconcilable! In the best specimens of the hero, they are no doubt exactly balanced. "I am courageous enough in principle, and can do anything for it; but I am all fear in imagination, — I may add, all sympathy." Plainly, the trembling body comes in for a larger share of blame than it actually merits; after all, it is the mind's prompt presentment of danger that so demoralizes our valor, and unscrews it from the sticking point. Imagination does make cowards of us all. But he is not necessarily mean-spirited whose acute nerve and prophetic sense give him a vivid foretaste of danger; nor is he more courageous whose thicker skin and duller nervous *papillæ* allow him to advance, cool and impervious, to the very edge of battle.

"Tell me, where is [courage] bred
In the heart or in the head?"

Among all the glowing qualities referred to the human heart, is this the most powerful and inclusive, that the most generic word was chosen to express it? How would it do to put the equation marks between *heart* and *courage*?

— It might not be unedifying to ascertain how the word "mother" came to have the unreverential and reproachful signification with which one may often hear it used in country neighborhoods. Every such neighborhood has its "Old Mother So-and-So," never spoken of without a peculiar and stigmatizing emphasis. We shall find her either a shrew or a gossip, or, more likely, a flagitious blending of the two. She is not, necessarily, of advanced years; the adjective "old" being used purely *in malam partem*, as thought to indicate a certain seniority in evil-mindedness. Now, "Old Aunt What's her name" is quite another manner of person. We may not have an acquaintance with her, but we have received, through frequent neighborly mention, the most agreeable impression of her many virtues. She is proverbial for benevolence and practical sympathy. In the rustic bestowal of the title "aunt" there is no implied disrespect; on the contrary, compliment and endearment are expressed. It is the nearer and dearer word, strangely enough, that is forced to do slurring and sarcastic service.

— I should like well to have some philologist, who has leisure for such a thing, trace the history of the expression *nem. con.* We all know it to be an abbreviation of *nemine contradicente*; but this expression happens not to be Latin, — at least, not good Latin. Evidently, it should be *nullo contradicente*. It would be interesting to know how the generally tabooed ablative of *nemo* has worked itself into favor in the former phrase. I was surprised, the other day, to find a usually exact writer like Scho-

penhauer using the expression *nemine dissentiente*, the relationship of which to our common *nem. con.* is pretty plain. Another would-be foreign expression, in very general use both in England and this country, is *nom de plume*. One would like to know what Englishman first made use of this phrase, under the impression that it was French. The French themselves do not use it, but say *nom de guerre*.

— I have never wished that I had been born in some other century than the nineteenth. Our age, if not a picturesque one, — and I think it has its picturesque aspects, — is without doubt the most comfortable to live in, take it on the whole, the world has yet known. It seems to me that persons of rational mind and humane disposition cannot be too thankful to belong to it, for it is hard to see how such persons could ever have enjoyed life in earlier times as we of the latest days can. The world has certainly gone forward, and the feature of its progress that I chiefly rejoice in is its advance in humanity. The elder world — the world but a very little elder than our own — was such a terribly cruel one!

The only objection to living in the present time that I know of is the increased quantity of things one must know, or would like to know. Eighteenth-century people did n't have to read Lecky's history of their times in four volumes, or a hundred thousand other books it now seems obligatory upon all cultivated persons to acquaint themselves with. Nowadays one is required to read a small library every year, if one would have even a smattering of knowledge on the various subjects that invite an intelligent man's interest. The specialists, in the abundance of whom we glory, carry investigation so far forward, each in his own line, that the general reader cannot hope to do more than accept a number of things at second hand, or be content to have no understanding of

them at all. It is hard to resign one's self to ignorance of so many interesting matters, and yet that is what one seems driven to. One finds that the first thing to learn is "how much need not be known," which is perhaps a sort of sour-grapes wisdom, but apparently the only wisdom attainable. What is the use of expecting to know anything worth speaking of in history, philosophy, philology, ethnology, and all those kindred and mutually illuminating branches of study, and of natural science, the arts, and the languages, at the same time? We fancy that we have a small store of ideas on some subject,—let us say architecture; and it happens that we take up Mr. Freeman's *Historical and Architectural Sketches*, and by the time we have put it down our modest acquisition seems to have dwindled into nothingness, beside the writer's extensive and minute knowledge of his subject. Or it may be that a love of poetry has led us to cultivate not only an intimacy with a few of the poets, but a certain general acquaintance with the whole brotherhood; and some day we find the author of a little volume, the biography of one English poet, showing such a close familiarity with the French and English poetry of the last five hundred years that we cannot help beginning straightway to envy him the possession of his delightful knowledge. Of course it may be asked, Why envy him? Why should we care to know so much of everything, or even of any one thing? But there are people who cannot get rid of a desire not merely to be thought to know,

but really to know for the simple sake of knowing; and the having of the desire is their answer to the question why. And so the multitude of things that cannot be known remains to them a distress. The only practical thing to do is to make choice of what we will read, and what we will leave alone; and here it is well to allow our natural tastes to be the guide. One solace lies in the reflection that a slight acquaintance with some subjects is often better than none at all, and it need not be despised as mere smattering. One may gain a real insight into the principles of a given subject, when a thorough familiarity with detail is impossible. Even small knowledge, that is in any real sense knowledge, on a variety of subjects is always worth the getting, for the sake of the enlarging of our mental vision; the world of thought is so magnificently vast that the more windows we can open, the broader and more inspiring will be the outlook.

One torment that we make for ourselves is certainly very unnecessary; it comes of the notion that we must read for other people, not for ourselves. Mr. Howells has expressed the truth about this so exactly that I cannot refrain from quoting him: "We all read in such a literary way, now; we don't read simply for the joy or profit of it, but to say how it's this or that, and I've no doubt that we are sub-consciously harassed all the time with an automatic process of criticism. We don't read with the sense of those old days when people read in private, not in public."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Ages, is the title of a volume of verse by Aubrey de Vere. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) The

other legends are The Sons of Usnach and The Children of Lir. It is not given to every one to enter with hearty sympathy into Irish legendary poetry; the barbaric quarrel seems scarcely more attractive

to many than the Kilkenny row, but Mr. de Vere is always smooth, and sometimes musical, in his verse. He sings, however, for patriot ears. — In the *Saddle* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a capital collection of the best English and American poems which a lover of riding may read with delight. The motion of the subject forbids these poems from being dull, and it is curious to see how often the poet has unconsciously fallen into a canter in his verse. — *Atlas*, by Charles Leonard Moore (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is a dramatic poem which has been deliberately conceived in dignity, and if it lacks a compelling reason possibly the fault is in the nineteenth century.

Science. Essays on the Floating-Matter of the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection (Appletons) is the latest of Professor John Tyndall's works. It contains chapters on Dust and Disease, Optical Department of the Atmosphere in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection, Fermentation and its Bearings on Surgery and Medicine, and Spontaneous Generation. — To the various series of science made easy and interesting must now be added *Science Ladders*, edited by N. D'Anvers (Putnams), of which two numbers have been issued: *Forms of Land and Water and Vegetable Life*. These books are intended for children, to be used by them as readers, but they need the interpretation of an intelligent teacher. — The forty-second volume of the *International Scientific Series* (Appletons) is Sir John Lubbock's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, containing records of experiments made in a series of years with the purpose of testing the mental condition and powers of sense of these little creatures. The gravity with which Sir John goes into the experience of an ant is amusing as well as instructive. One would like to believe that the ant was not wholly aware of what his historian was doing.

History and Biography. *Mitslav, or The Conversion of Pomerania*, is a historic tale, carefully squared with the authorities, by Bishop Milman, of Calcutta. It was published in 1854, before Milman had become bishop, and has now been reissued, after lying some time out of print. The time of the tale is the twelfth century, and it purports to be told by a contemporary. It is spirited, and yet hampered by the author's recurrence to his old clothes, whenever he remembers himself. — *Charlemagne*, by the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, is a popular historical survey of the period of which he is the conspicuous person, and is furnished with a good map. Both of these volumes are publications of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.)

Law. *A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges*, by John R. Dos Passos, of the New York bar (Harpers), is devoted to a discussion of the legal nature and character of stock exchanges, to a history of the various transactions made in such places, and to a consideration of the reciprocal legal rights and duties which are evolved from the relation of broker and client, as well as to the nature and kind of securities dealt in on the exchanges. The appendix contains the Constitution and By-Laws of the New York Stock

Exchange, and the Rules and Regulations of the London and the Paris Exchanges.

Travel and Chorography. *China* is a volume of popular encyclopædic character, by Robert K. Douglas, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the New York agents for which are E. & J. B. Young & Co. It is furnished with a clear map and a few illustrations. — *Camps in the Rockies* is further explained on the title-page as a narrative of life on the frontier, and sport in the Rocky Mountains, with an account of the cattle ranches of the West, by Wm. A. Baillie-Grohman, K. C. E. H. and member of the Alpine Club. (Scribners.) Mr. Grohman, in spite of his trail of letters, is a lively writer and sensible traveler, who takes his hard knocks good-humoredly, and makes the reader agree with him in thinking nothing in life quite so worth while as roughing it in the extreme West. — *Paul Dreifuss, his Holiday Abroad*, by John W. Allen, Jr. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), is a nondescript book of travels and personal reflections, the assumed work of a man who did not go abroad to write a book, but to enjoy a holiday. It is in effect a sketch of contemporaneous life in Paris, and may be read as the notes of an intelligent American with literary affectation.

Fiction. *Marjory Graham* (Putnams) is a story of the war, a domestic story, with sincere if not always controlled sentiment. — *Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time*, by Mrs. Mary Ross Banks (Lee & Shepard), is a volume of reminiscences and stories of the ante-bellum times in Georgia. Its artlessness and unliterary character give one greater confidence in its general fidelity to manners, though there is evidently a desire on the writer's part to put in a plea in defense of Southern life. — *Lady Beauty, or Charming to her Latest Day*, by Allan Muir (Putnams), is probably to be taken as a summer novel. At any rate, it would not stand the calm light of a cold winter day; the author has been much too desirous of lightness and wit. — *A Woman's Perils, or Driven from Home*, by Mrs. James C. Cook, of Columbus, Georgia, as the title-page announces parenthetically (Peter-sons), is one of those fearful and wonderful Southern novels which lead one into the deepest mazes of improbability. — *The Marquis of Carabas* (Roberts) is the title of a new romance by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. — *Leone* is the title of a new novel in the Round Robin Series. (Osgood.) It reads curiously like a poor translation of a poor Italian story. There are brigands and artists and Americans, and all are faintly washed in on a dull canvas. — The latest two novels in the Trans-Atlantic Series (Putnams) are *At the Eleventh Hour*, by Annie Edwardes, always an acceptable writer, and *Abbé Constantine*, by Ludovic Halévy, translated from the twentieth French edition by Emily H. Hagen. — The latest numbers of the Franklin Square Series (Harpers) are *Marjory*, by the author of *James Gordon's Wife*, and *The Lady Maud, Schooner Yacht*, by W. Clark Russell, the prince of nautical story-tellers, whose portrait, topped by an insolent hat, is a frontispiece.

Literature. *Hood's Own*, with its antiquated

fun and pictures and perennial good-temper, has been issued by the Putnams in the three-column style which seems to make an easy descent from the shelf to the kindling barrel. — *Bird-Bolts, Shots on the Wing* (George H. Ellis, Boston), is a little volume of brief essays, by the Rev. Francis Tiffany. He takes his title from the passage in *Twelfth Night*, "To be generous, guiltless, and of a free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets;" and so the author applies his light and kindly philosophy to thirty or more topics which have an attachment to great themes. The reading is pleasant and not over-fatiguing to the mind. — Mrs. Oliphant, who is always to be spoken of with respect, has written *The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*. (Macmillan.) The work is in three volumes, and is inclusive of Cowper and Father Mahoney. "The aim of the author has been throughout rather to give, as fully as she was able, a history of the new departures, in poetry above all, in criticism, in fiction, and to the extent of her ability to indicate those which have occurred in history and philosophy, than to undertake an absolute commentary upon every individual writer." Mrs. Oliphant's training as a character-novelist has qualified her for a certain side of her task, and her strong sympathy with great ethical movements peculiarly fits her for tracing the under-currents of that English renaissance which was contemporaneous with the tempestuous French upheaval.

Criticism and Scholarship. The Harpers have issued in a convenient form the Revised Greek-English New Testament, containing Westcott & Hort's Greek Text and the Revised English version on opposite pages, with an introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff. As nearly as possible the English and Greek pages correspond in contents; a sized paper has been used and a wide margin given, so that the student can annotate his copy; the thinness of the paper, with ample back margins, and the good quality of the binding allow the book to lie open well on the table. The finish of the binding is not what it should be when so much pains has been taken, but in most respects this is a well-made and serviceable book. On the whole, the American student has a convenient hand-book in this edition. — An edition of *Beowulf*, edited by Prof. J. A. Harrison, is published by Ginn, Heath & Co. The present installment includes the text alone which follows Heyne's fourth edition. It is proposed to publish shortly a glossary. 'T is a pity that text and glossary could not have appeared together. — A Preparatory Book of German Prose, by Hermann B. Boisen (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is planned upon the principle of a gradation of difficulties. The editor has drawn largely from

the profuse German literature for the young, and has perhaps given a surfeit of the fantastic and sentimental.

Theology and Philosophy. Natural Religion, by the author of *Ecce Homo* (Roberts), will attract attention, but nothing like the attention given to the author's former work. That was in a sense a pioneer work; this comes to readers accustomed to the rudest and softest attacks upon traditions. Moreover, a book which discusses a system and an organism has nothing like the power of one which deals with a person. Meanwhile the book will interest many as an attempt at getting the bearings of current Christianity. — A new volume of sermons by H. W. Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) has been issued, including those preached between September, 1873, and March, 1874. Besides the sermons, Mr. Beecher's accompanying prayers are reported: it is hard to avoid criticising them; it is equally hard to imagine any one who reads the book using the prayers as means of devotion. — *National Religions and Universal Religions*, by A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology at Leiden (Scribners), is the title of the Hibbert Lectures for 1882.

Public Affairs and Politics. Our Merchant Marine, how it rose, increased, became great, declined, and decayed, with an inquiry into the conditions essential to its resuscitation and future prosperity, is an essay by David A. Wells. (Putnams.) Mr. Wells recognizes the complex character of the problem, and apparently does not transpose cause and effect. — Mr. Herbert Spencer issues his *Political Institutions*: being Part V. of the *Principles of Sociology*, the concluding portion of Vol. II. (Appletons.) Using the theory of evolution, he proceeds to develop his subject from Political Organization in general to the subsistence of the military and supremacy of the industrial type. — *Political Economy*, with Especial Reference to the Industrial History of Nations, is a treatise by Professor R. E. Thompson (Porter & Coates), who is a pronounced Protectionist, or, as he would prefer to be called, a Nationalist. It is a revised edition of a previous work, and is written by a man who warms to his subject.

Wit and Humor. William Penn, by Robert J. Burdette, is the latest issue in *Lives of American Worthies*. (Holt.) The dates 1644–1718 on the title-page at once raise an uneasy apprehension. May there not be something funny in them? If, however, one takes the book as a specimen of rank good humor, and can once settle the score with his sense of shame, he may find his entertainment quite uninterrupted. It is sometimes hard, however, to take one's history in a slouch, and we do not take kindly to such elaborate burlesque.